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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A TURKISH SPY,

Who Lived Five-and-Forty Years Undiscovered at

PARIS;

Giving an Impartial Account to the Divan at Constantinople of the most Remarkable Transactions of Europe, and discovering several Intrigues and Secrets of the Christian Courts (especially of that of France) continued from the Year 1642 to the Year 1682.

Written originally in Arabick, Translated into Italian, and from thence into English.

192867

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A NEW EDITION

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MAHMUT the TURKISH SPY.

TO THE READER.

THREE years are now elapſed ſince the firſt volume of Letters written by a Spy at Paris was publiſhed in Engliſh; and it was expected that a ſecond ſhould have come out long before this. The favourable reception which that found amongſt all ſorts of readers would have encouraged a ſpeedy tranſlation of the reſt, had there been extant any French edition of more than the firſt part; but after the ſtricteſt inquiry none could be heard of; and as for the Italian, our bookſellers have not that correſpondence in thoſe parts as they have in the more neighbouring countries of France and Holland; ſo that it was a work deſpaired of to recover any more of this Arabian's memoirs. We little dreamed that the Florentines had been ſo buſy in printing, and ſo ſucceſsful in ſelling the continued tranſlation of theſe Arabian epiſtles, till it was the fortune of an Engliſh gentleman to travel in thoſe parts laſt ſummer, and diſcover the happy news. I will not foreſtall his letter, which is annexed to this preface, for the ſatisfaction of the world, but only acquaint you, that upon the receipt of it, the perſon to whom it was directed was ſo well pleaſed with the propoſal, that he made

LETTER

FROM

Mr. DANIEL SALTMARSH to his Friend in London,

Concerning the Italian Copy of the Turkiſh Spy.

SIR,

TRAVELLING through Italy this ſummer, and coming to Ferrara about the middle of June, I made ſome ſtay in that city, in compliance with the importunity of my ſiſter, the wife of Signior Nicolao Valentini, formerly merchant in London. During my abode at her houſe, I was brought acquainted with that eminent and learned phyſician Julio de Medicis, of the houſe of Florence, and late ſtudent at Padua. This accompliſhed perſon received me with ſingular humanity and friendſhip, in all his deportment giving proofs of a diſpoſition worthy of his character and the blood which runs in his veins. He is univerſally learned, and by his prodigious reading (which cannot be hid from thoſe who converſe with him) he ſeemed to me a walking library. You cannot name an author of note with whom he is not acquainted,

being a careful collector, or rather an engroſſer, of all remarkable books. He gave me familiar acceſs to his library, which, according to the beſt computation I could make, conſiſted of no leſs than ſix thouſand choice treatiſes. You know my inclination, and will eaſily believe that I took no ſmall delight in the liberty I had, not only to ſurvey, but alſo to make uſe of this treaſure, ſo long as I ſtaid in Ferrara. I was there daily, and thought that time miſpent which my other obligations took from my ſtudy. Among other books, I chanced to open the Italian tranſlation of the Turkiſh Spy, which was ſo celebrated all over Europe, and which I had read both in French and Engliſh. I had the curioſity to peruſe it over, and found it exactly to agree with thoſe tranſlations I had ſeen, which made me aſk this gentleman, whether there were no more volumes of it printed? He preſently ſhowed me ſix more, and told me the eighth was in the preſs. Overjoyed at this news, I aſked him where I might furniſh myſelf with thoſe ſeven volumes already printed? He aſſured me the firſt impreſſions were all ſold off, but that they would be reprinted again. I expreſſed ſome ſorrow and concern that I could not procure thoſe books, when, with an unparalleled generoſity, he frankly beſtowed thoſe ſeven volumes upon me. It is true, at our firſt acquaintance, I had obliged him with a preſent, on which I believe he ſet a greater price than on theſe books, it being a watch of moſt curious workmanſhip, made by one of the greateſt artiſts in Italy; however, I fancied my gift returned ſevenfold in theſe books. I brought

them along with me through Germany into Holland, where I kept them as a ſacred treaſure, being deſirous, if poſſible, that the ſix volumes which are not yet tranſlated out of Italian might firſt ſpeak my native tongue, that ſo we may not always be obliged to the French for the moſt acceptable products of the preſs. Knowing therefore the ſingular delight you take in enterpriſes of this nature, and how much it may lie in your way to procure a tranſlation of theſe volumes, by reaſon of your great acquaintance with learned and ingenious men, I offer you the refuſal of this undertaking, both for the friendſhip that is between us, and becauſe I know none ſo fit to manage this deſign as yourſelf. I will willingly venture a ſhare in the coſt, but I would have no more than a third perſon concerned in it. If you accept of this propoſal, I will ſend you the Italian volumes, and leave the ſucceſs to your conduct. I can aſſure you that none but the firſt part is as yet tranſlated into French, or any other language, except the Italian, and the following tomes are not to be had for money; therefore we have a fair opportunity of obliging the nation with a work ſo long expected, and ſo much deſired by all that have ſeen the firſt volume. My occaſions require me to ſpend this winter at Amſterdam, but I hope in the ſpring to ſee you at London. In the interim, am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

DANIEL SALTMARSH.

AMSTERDAM,
Sept. 9. 1690.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

A SPY AT PARIS.

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I KNOW not whether it be a vice or a virtue to be fearful in my circumſtances. I am no ſtoic, nor can I pretend an exemption from the common paſſions of men. However, it is not for myſelf I am ſolicitous, but I conſult the good of my commiſſion. There is a difference between caution and fear; and apprehenſion of danger is not to be termed puſillanimity.

I have written ſix letters to Carcoa at Vienna, but have received no anſwer theſe four moons. This neglect puts me upon thinking; and I am puzzled to find out an excuſe for him. I would fain continue my good opinion of his honeſty, without forfeiting my ſenſes; for, although I am not naturally ſuſpicious, yet experience has taught me to number jealouſy among the cardinal virtues.

Not to amuſe thee, I am afraid of treachery. Carcoa knows the ſecret of my commiſſion, and it lies in his power

to do much miſchief. Yet I may wrong the man; perhaps he is dead: and there are no poſts that bring news from the grave. If he be in the region of ſilence, and expired in his integrity, the two black angels ſhall have no power to hurt him. But I wonder I ſhould have no intelligence of his death, neither from the miniſters of the Porte, nor from Eliachim the Jew. I tell thee, I am uneaſy till I know the truth.

When I ſit in my chamber, and hear any diſcourſing in the houſe, I imagine it is about me; when I go along the ſtreets, if any man faſtens his eyes on me, he arreſts me with fear and apprehenſion. It is true, I am willing to undergo the worſt they can inflict; but it would extremely enhance the ſorrows of death, to ſee the ſecrets of the Sublime Porte become the ſcorn and deriſion of infidels.

For theſe reaſons, I have removed myſelf about a league from Paris, pretending it is for my health, truſting the conveyance of my letters, and other buſineſs, to Eliachim, who, for ought I know, may prove a reed of Egypt.

I deſire thee, nay, I conjure thee, to ſend a ſpeedy ſupply of money, without which it is impoſſible for poor Mahmut, the vileſt ſlave of the great and invincible Ibrahim, to perform what is expected of him.

The great God reward thy fidelity with unfading treaſures.

Paris, 10th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642,
According to the Chriſtian Style.

II.—*To the* Aga *of the Janizaries.*

The god of war ſeems to eſpouſe the quarrel of the Swedes; and all the planets contribute to their proſpe-

rity; even Venus herſelf has for a while laid aſide all her uſual ſoftneſs, appearing now in the field armed cap-a-pee, with a train of Swediſh Amazons at her heels.

Thou wilt think I romance in telling thee this, and only temporize with thy genius, having often heard thee paſſionately admire the valiant acts of Semiramis, and other Eaſtern viragos: But aſſure thyſelf, that the Swedes, after ſome late battles, when they went to bury their dead, ſtripping them of their clothes, found ſeveral of the fair ſex under the diſguiſe of men, among which there were ſome of quality.

It is ſaid, that one of theſe was ſeen to engage Duke Albert himſelf, with a matchleſs bravery and courage; the duke being twice unhorſed by her, and as often remounted by his vigilant ſquires.

Thoſe that pretend to know more than the common ſort, ſay, that revenge was the motive which brought this lady into the field, having received a groſs affront from Duke Albert in the German court. However, the duke died of the wounds he received of this Bellona, and ſhe ſurvived not to triumph over her dead enemy.

After this, the Swedes, under the command of General Torſtenſon, marched into Sileſia, took Glowgow by ſtorm the 12th of the 5th moon, and Sueiniez on the 7th of the 6th moon.

And, as if nothing were able to diſcourage or baffle the indefatigable mind of this great general, he inveſted the ſtrong town of Olmitz in Moravia, and took it after fourteen days ſiege. The poſts are arrived this morning with this news.

Be ſtrong and of good courage, and God ſhall give thee victory in battle, when thou fighteſt againſt the infidels. Abſtain from wine, and from oppreſſion. And

receive this advice, as a teſtimony of my eſteem and friendſhip.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642.

III.—*To* Ibrahim Chanregil, *Chief Boſtangi, or Gardener to the Sultan.*

Thou that art daily converſant with the eldeſt products of the earth, and canſt call the whole vegetable family by their proper names, tell me whether there be ſuch a plant, as, by its baneful influence, blaſts all that grows within ten cubits of its root. I would not put ſuch a queſtion to thee, had I not lately ſeen ſomething in the garden of a certain nobleman near Paris, which makes me think it is true. They call it here, The ill neighbour; becauſe it preys, they ſay, on all the herbage that is near it, riſing and flouriſhing by their fall. Indeed, at the time I ſaw it, there was a withered circle round it; whilſt this devouring ſprout looked gay and full, augmented by the ſpoils of neighbouring graſs—a proper emblem of oppreſſion. I wiſh it were growing in the gardens of all cruel tyrants, that in this natural glaſs they might behold their voracious ſpirits.

I will not thus call in queſtion thy knowledge of an herb which ſhuns all human touch. Here is one in the ſame garden, which the nobleman boaſts was by thy hands cropped from the Sultan's gardens, and being ſet in a pot of earth, preſented to him. Thou didſt not well conſult thy ſafety, in ſuch a grand preſumption, nor yet the honour of thy ſovereign maſter, who (ſhould it ever reach his ears) would ſoon tranſplant thee from the garden of the ſeraglio to the Elyſian fields.

Thou oughteſt to receive this reprimand with higheſt

gratitude, ſince it will not ſhut thee out of thoſe pleaſant walks and groves within the high imperial walls. Uſe more prudence another time; and ſcorn ſuch eaſy condeſcenſions to infidels. Say, that I am thy friend in this advice: and, in recompenſe, I only deſire this good office of thee, to watch the motions of my enemies. There are no leſs than three great officers of the ſeraglio, hammering out my ruin. Thou knoweſt who I mean. Keep thy integrity. The ſly inſinuating words of Shaſhim Iſtham, the black eunuch, ſpoken not long ago in my diſgrace to the principal ſecretary of ſtate, quickly echoed to my chamber in Paris. Be ſilent and wiſe.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642.

IV.—*To* Muzlu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State at Conſtantinople.*

If it were lawful for me to take the oath of our Holy Prophet, I would ſwear by the hour of the evening, that thy news is welcome.

I had ſcarce finiſhed our appointed devotions after ſunſet, when the poſt brought me thy diſpatch, which informs me that Carcoa at Vienna is dead.

I rejoice not at the death of an honeſt ſlave to Ibrahim: Let flowers ſpring from the duſt of his grave. Neither can I mourn for a man, that may be gone to new and richer poſſeſſions; yet I am pleaſed that he quitted the old fairly, and has left behind him an odour of virtue. A man in his poſt is attacked with ſtrong temptations; and he that reſiſts to the end, merits a wreath gathered from the tree of life.

Thou mayeſt think, it is with more eaſe I receive the news of Carcoa's death, than of his infidelity; nor that

I value the rack, or any other tortures with which the policy of ſtate uſes to draw confeſſions of capital crimes. But I would not have the grand affairs of the Ottoman Porte come within the verge of a ſcrutiny.

This news is the beſt cure for the illneſs I pretended, when I exchanged Paris for the country air, ten days ago; whereof Bekir Baſſa has received an account.

I am now returned to my old lodging, and am congratulated for my ſpeedy recovery, by them that knew not my true diſtemper.

Thou informeſt me, that, by the order of the Divan, one Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew, is appointed ſucceſſor of Carcoa: I wiſh he may acquit himſelf as well.

The five hundred zechins thou haſt ordered me by him, will be very welcome to a man, who has been forced to retrench many charges, that he might the better ſerve the Grand Signior.

The King of Spain may wiſh, that he could conclude a peace on as eaſy terms with the French King, as the Sophy of Perſia has with the Sultan Ibrahim.

None but God and his Prophet know the zeal with which I ſerve the Sublime Porte.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642.

V.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

I SHALL now acquaint thee with the death of the Queen-Mother and Dowager of France, who fell a ſacrifice to the ambition of the Cardinal of Richlieu, as thoſe of her party do commonly ſuggeſt. For being highly diſguſted at his counſels and intrigues, eſpecially his playing the incendiary, and inflaming thoſe of the blood royal one againſt another, ſhe departed from France,

and, by a kind of voluntary baniſhment, expoſed herſelf to ſo many inconveniences, hardſhips, and rigours of fortune, as ſeemed to haſten her end; her great ſpirit chooſing rather to break than bow to the turbulent cardinal.

She ſojourned in Flanders, Holland, England, and the Empire; her travels being checquered all along with a mixture of good and evil: Here meeting with reſpect, there with indifference and coldneſs, if not contempt. In ſome places, her misfortunes were pitied, and the cardinal blamed for perſecuting ſo great and good a queen: In others, the cardinal was juſtified, and her conduct cenſured and condemned; and ſhe accuſed herſelf for raiſing him to the power of doing her thoſe injuries. At length, tired out with the fatigues of ſtate, and grown ſick of the world, ſhe betook herſelf to a monaſtery in Cologne, where, after ſhe had ſpent ſome time in religious preparations for another world, ſhe expired the 3d of this inſtant moon.

It was placed among the remarkables by ſome, that the ſame day ſhe died, the Cardinal of Richlieu fell ſick; which ſickneſs yet continues upon him: But, whether to appeaſe the ghoſt of his deceaſed miſtreſs, whom he had ſo unjuſtly perſecuted, or to mollify the reſentments of the people, is uncertain. Yet, notwithſtanding his dangerous illneſs, he every day ventures to the temple, and performs the myſteries of their law for her ſoul. The whole court and city are in mourning for this great queen, and general murmurings and complaints are raiſed againſt the cardinal on this occaſion, eſpecially among the common people, who are ſo far from entertaining a better opinion of him for his daily appearance at the altar on behalf of the queen's ſoul, that they eſteem it but an officious hypocriſy, a medley of prieſtcraft and ſtate artifice.

Here is a report about the city, that the queen's ghoſt appeared to the cardinal, as ſoon as ſhe was dead, ſeverely reproaching him with his ambition and ingratitude, and telling him, that though he was laying the foundation of an immortal project, yet he ſhould never live to ſee it thrive; but warned him to prepare for judgment, for that he ſhould not ſee another year in mortal ſtate; upon which, they ſay, he immediately ſickened: and here are prophecies privately ſcattered about, foretelling his death in a ſhort time. This is certain, he labours under an unaccountable diſtemper, his body ſtrangely waſting, as if it would evaporate itſelf into air; for he ſeems to be in a manner dried up.

My duty and devoir to thee, ſage miniſter, would not let me be at reſt, till I had prevented the poſts, by giving thee a more timely account of theſe occurrences, by a merchant for whom his veſſel waits at Marſeilles. To-morrow he takes his leave of Paris, and, once aboard, he makes directly for Conſtantinople, whither he will bring the firſt news of the death of one of the greateſt queens upon earth, in whoſe royal veins ran the blood of the Emperors Ferdinand and Charles V. She was married to Henry the Great; and, beſides her ſon now reigning in France, ſhe matched her daughters to the two potent monarchs of England and Spain.

The moſt High and Omnipotent, ſole Monarch of heaven and earth, reward thy ſervices and fidelity to our Invincible Sultan, with the ſupreme joys of paradiſe.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642.

VI.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Sovereign of the True and Undefiled Faith.*

PERMIT me to enter into thy preſence, and withdraw thy raviſhed eyes a while from the contemplation of ſublimeſt objects, to caſt them on a ſpectacle of mortality. It is the great and renowned Mary de Medicis, Queen-mother of France, who lies now dead at Cologne.

I will not trouble thee with impertinencies; but becauſe I know that various reports will reach thy ears concerning the Cardinal of Richlieu his being inſtrumental to her death, by driving her to ſuch a height of indignation, as was the cauſe of her voluntary exile and wandering from France, and from one country to another; I will here inſert a letter from the ſaid cardinal to her majeſty, wherein he vindicates himſelf, and diſcovers, if not his integrity, yet the beſt counterfeit of that virtue that I have ſeen anywhere penned. It was written to her when ſhe was in Holland, and runs thus:

"MADAM,

"I cannot but eſteem it the greateſt infelicity that ever befel me, that my enemies have prevailed ſo far as to draw upon me your majeſty's diſpleaſure. That they have, by all the arts of malice, faſtened the public odium on me, is a great unhappineſs; but this is the maſterpiece of their enmity, to render me ſuſpected by you. I could pardon their frequent attempts upon my life by private conſpiracies and aſſaſſinations, though human nature recoils at thoſe who are our murderers; but to deprive me of that, without which life itſelf is a burden to me, I mean your royal favour, tranſports me beyond myſelf; and I beg that it may paſs for an excuſe of this preſumption. I could eaſily have paſſed over in ſilence all

their barbarous plots againſt me! I could eaſily have parted with my life, and all thoſe honours and dignities with which it has been bleſſed; but to rob me of your eſteem, which firſt raiſed me to this envied greatneſs, and which I value more than all the grandeurs of the earth, breaks the bars which awed my tongue and pen, and makes me bold to throw myſelf at your royal feet, and all that I have; for I received all from your princely hands. Deal as you pleaſe, Madam, with your own creature, I cannot murmur at your proceedings: But, Madam, let your native piety prompt you to favour the purple of the church, with which your bounty has inveſted me; let it not loſe its proper luſtre and eſteem, becauſe the enemies of the church and ſtate have caſt ſuch dirt upon it. Is it poſſible that a man, the moſt obliged of all his race, ſhould become the only pattern of the baſeſt ingratitude? Beſides the ties of conſcience, and the natural force of inclination, my intereſt chains me to your ſervice: How can I then withdraw myſelf from it, and not proclaim myſelf at once a traitor to the beſt of queens, and the moſt unaccountable of fools to myſelf?

"This conſideration, Madam, being well weighed, is enough to acquit me of all guiltineſs before your majeſty.

"But if it be my deſtiny to be condemned unheard, I ſhall not appeal from your royal ſentence, ſince I owe a perfect reſignation to your will. I may complain to Heaven of my misfortune, but I will not expoſtulate with my ſovereign patroneſs, nor make the leaſt oppoſition againſt the courſe of your anger, not even by carrying my fortune to Rome; for whereſoever I go, all my ſtudy ſhall be to recover your majeſty's favour, if it be not a crime; and if ever I obtain that happineſs, I ſhall not care whither I go, though it be out of the world itſelf; becauſe

I die hourly, while your majeſty ſuſpects that I am not what I ever was, and ſtill continue to be,

MADAM,

Your majeſty's

Moſt humble, moſt faithful,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

ARMAND, Card. of Rich."

I ſend thee this tranſcript of the cardinal's apology, that thou, comparing it with what befel afterwards, mayeſt give a judgment whether this great miniſter deſerved the cenſures that were paſſed upon him; for he falling ſick the ſame day the queen-mother died, people ſaid it was a judgment on him, and that her ghoſt appeared to him, as thou wilt more at large inform thyſelf by the letters I ſent to the kaimacham. But others are of opinion, that his preſent illneſs proceeds from grief of mind for the queen's death, eſpecially in that ſhe died before he was reconciled to her majeſty; and they plead in defence of his innocence, his daily zeal in ſaying maſs for her departed ſoul, and that at a time when he has more need to keep his bed than go to church. This I have heard diſcourſed, even by ſome who bore no good will to the cardinal, yet now begin to relent towards him, ſeeing the very lineaments of ſorrow in his drooping looks, and tracing the footſteps of a profound grief in his macerated body. Hence they take meaſures of his real innocence and fidelity towards that great queen. I will not interpoſe my particular opinion on either ſide, but ſtand neuter among theſe conteſting infidels, though my inclination and regard would rather ſway me to the cardinal's ſide. But I leave the determination of this matter to thee, who art the oracle of wiſdom, from whoſe ſentence there can be no appeal.

In the mean while, the body of the deceaſed queen lies, as I have ſaid, at Cologne, where ſhe ſpent her laſt days in a religious convent; a practice not ſo common now-a-days as it has been formerly among crowned heads; and thoſe who thus deſcended voluntarily from the height of human glory to the auſterities of a devout life, have commonly been canonized for ſaints. Nor do the creatures of this queen ſpare to whiſper about that ſuch an honour were but a condign reward to her extraordinary merits, being already canonized in the eſteem of the bigotted vulgar, while her body is yet above ground.

The royal carcaſe will be brought and interred in the temple of St. Dennis, about three leagues from this city. This is eſteemed the richeſt church in France, being a repoſitory of ineſtimable jewels, gold and ſilver, belonging to the relics of their ſaints. Here alſo is generally lodged the duſt of all the royal blood of France. The ſaint to whom this church is dedicated is eſteemed the patron of this kingdom; for, according to their doctrine, the ſaints have the patronage of certain kingdoms, provinces and cities, committed to them by God, and therefore they addreſs themſelves to them and to the guardian angels both in public and private. Every one alſo has his peculiar patron-ſaint and guardian angel aſſigned him at his own choice.

But if theſe Chriſtian ſaints are ſet over ſuch places and people as they favoured particularly in their lifetime, then one would think, when this great queen is canonized and inſtated in her ſaintly government, the Hugonots here may claim her patronage, in that ſhe ſhowed much kindneſs and friendſhip to them while ſhe was alive.

Pardon, great oracle of truth, the length of this epiſtle; and excuſe my preſumption in deſcanting on matters of religion, which belong to thee to determine. I kiſs.

the hem of thy ſacred veſt in profound humility. Vouchſafe to pray for thy faithful ſlave Mahmut.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642.

VII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

It is now paſt midnight, and being called out of my bed by the people of the houſe where I lodge, I knew not how to beſtow my time better than in giving thee an account of this occurrence.

Here is now ſo violent a tempeſt of thunder, lightening and rain, that the whole hemiſphere ſeems to be on fire; and the ſuperſtitious are overwhelmed with panic fears, concluding this ſtorm will uſher in the day of judgment. It has continued theſe two hours, and they tell me, that no leſs than twenty houſes are burnt to aſhes already. I had ſcarce taken my pen from the laſt word, when a flaſh of lightening dyed all the papers and books on the table whereon I now write as black as ſoot, whereof this ſcorched paper may be a teſtimonial, which I ſend encloſed. Obſerve but the colour and ſmell, and thou wilt ſay, it is ſtamped with the mark of the thunderer. It is that whereon I had begun to write to thee; but this thirſty fire at a moment licked up all the ink, ſo that the impreſſion is wholly effaced.

The reaſon of their calling me out of my bed was to go to prayers with them, according to the cuſtom of theſe infidels, who in time of thunder light certain conſecrated candles, and fall on their knees round about them, imagining, that whilſt they are within the room where theſe candles are, the thunder cannot hurt them. I excuſed myſelf from keeping them company, by telling them I had a hallowed candle in my chamber which I

would light, and ſay my prayers there. They were ſatisfied with this anſwer; and ſprinkling me with holy water, to bleſs me from the danger impending, I retired.

There is a private ſtaircaſe in my chamber, which leads to a terrace on the top of the houſe. My curioſity carried me thither, where methought I beheld Nature in her frolics and rants. The greateſt part of the ſky was clear and ſerene, and innumerable ſtars appeared; but round the brims of the horizon a growing bulk of clouds encompaſſed the earth, ſpouting forth cataracts of fire from oppoſite parts. One would have thought they were impregnated with bombs and carcaſſes, and that ſome armies were embattled in the air.

After this, as if theſe had been the heralds of the laſt and fierceſt combat, the clouds drew up into a point, and mingling with each other, ſhot forth ſuch ſhowers of fire, as made the world look like a furnace. For my part, I had not courage enough to ſtand longer in the open air, but came down to my chamber, and falling proſtrate on the ground, recommended myſelf to the "great Creator of all things, Lord of Nature, and ſovereign diſpoſer of the lives of men."

Neither do I think myſelf ſuperſtitious in this, any more than I ſhould be in humbling myſelf in the duſt before the terrible Ibrahim, when he is out of temper.

Methinks Nature ſeems to be in a choleric fit when it thunders; and it is neither good manners nor policy to draw her fury on our heads by daring carriage.

Our holy law, which preſcribes prayer to us at the firſt appearance of the ſun and moon, ſeems to intimate, that in any emergency which gives us a peculiar occaſion to contemplate an Omnipotent Power, we ought to fall down and adore the High and Eternal One.

I am almoſt deaf with the bells which are rung in eve-

ry church of this city on this account, it being the opinion of the Nazarenes, that this noiſe will chaſe away the tempeſt, with all the evil ſpirits that infeſt the air; and this opinion is grounded on the ceremonies which are uſed at the conſecration of their bells; for the biſhop, or, in his abſence, the prieſt, hallows them with a kind of baptiſm and a form of prayer, wherein, among other petitions, they deſire of God to endue them with a virtue to reſiſt the devils.

I am no friend to ſuperſtition, neither do I give much credit to charms; yet I cannot deny but the ringing ſuch a vaſt number of bells muſt needs cauſe a violent concuſſion of the air, even to the diſperſing of the clouds, and producing a calm; and experience aſſures us, that this is the common effect of a battle, which, if it happen in tempeſtuous weather, yet the diſcharge of many thouſand great and ſmall ſhot has quieted the ſtorm, and huſhed the elements into a very ſerene condition.

Though this noiſe of bells be very troubleſome in a time when people ſhould take their repoſe, yet here we are uſed to it in a leſs degree every night throughout the year.

For the Chriſtians law requires the derviſes to riſe at midnight to ſay their prayers in their chapels; and ſome are ſo devout and regular, as to make this their conſtant cuſtom; ſo that as ſoon as the clocks have ſtruck twelve, the ſmall bells in ſome convents begin to jangle. About two or three hours afterwards, other religious houſes ring their bells, and ſo continue at certain hours day and night all the year long.

The ſtorm is now quite blown over, the clouds diſperſed, and all things huſh and quiet.

He that brings forth light out of darkneſs, and converts the terrors and ſadneſs of the night into the cheer-

ful joys of a fair and propitious morning, have thee in his keeping, and perpetuate our friendſhip.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1642.

VIII.—*To the ſame.*

THERE lives a derviſe in this city, with whom I often converſe with the ſame freedom as I do with thee; and it is no ſmall alleviation of my melancholy to vent my thoughts to one of an agreeable ſpirit.

He is a religious of Mount Carmel, a man of ſingular piety and virtue; and were he not ſo zealous a patron of the Chriſtian ſuperſtitions and idolatry, I ſhould eſteem him a ſaint.

I have often attempted to wean him by degrees from the errors which he imbibed with his mother's milk, and which ſeem to be rooted in him through the influences of his education.

Sometimes I plant a battery of arguments againſt images and pictures; but I can neither beat them down from the poſts they are allotted in his oratory, nor am I able to demoliſh the chapels which he has built for their ideas in his own breaſt.

Yet, after a long and cloſe ſiege, I have reduced him to terms of compoſition. In the firſt place, he has ſurrendered up a picture which hung up in his cloſet, in form of a very ancient man with hoary hairs, deſigned by the painter to repreſent the perſon of God. He yields, that it is not lawful to make any reſemblance of the inviſible Divinity. Next, he allows, that it is not lawful to bow, or ſhow any other external reſpect to the pictures and images of Jeſus, Mary, and the reſt of the ſaints, but only to uſe them as hiſtorical remembrancers.

of thoſe holy perſons, and as natural helps and ſpurs to devotion and virtue.

I tell thee, my friend Oglou, on theſe capitulations I could not but raiſe the ſiege, and yield him the uſe of pictures thus far a blameleſs practice. For, it ſeems to me unreaſonable to debar thoſe who believe the hiſtory of the goſpel, the privilege to read it in what language they pleaſe, whether this of images and pictures, or that of letters.

Letters are but the images of ſuch and ſuch articulate ſounds, by which we expreſs our inward conception of things; but images and pictures are the lively immediate characters of the things themſelves; and it ſeems as eaſy to me to look on a picture or image without the danger of idolatry, as it is to read a chapter in the Alcoran without adoring the letters that compoſe it. Was not the tabernacle of Moſes adorned with images of cherubims? Was not the temple of Solomon decked in the ſame manner? If the preſence of images in temples be a profanation, why for ſo many ages have our venerable muftys ſuffered the two ſeraphims to remain under the cupola of the moſque of Sancta Sophia in Conſtantinople? Why do they not deface the picture of Mary the mother of Jeſus, the two images of angels, with other pieces of ſculpture and painting in the ſame place? Are the devotions of a muſſulman in this ſacred temple tainted with idolatry, becauſe he prays before theſe images?

Let me unboſom my thoughts to thee with freedom; images and pictures are no bugbears to me; I can uſe them as inſtruments of devotion, in the ſame manner as I do books. Yet every one cannot do this without danger of idolatry; neither is a public toleration of images and pictures in temples to be approved. For, though

ſome men may look on them without hurt, yet it is hard for the generality to avoid falling into a culpable reverence; for, while the eye is drinking in the fair idea, the ſoul is apt to loſe her force, and fall into admiration of the carver's or the painter's art, adoring the elegant ſymmetry of a beautiful picture or image, inſtead of the original and increated beauty, the Majeſty which has no reſemblance.

Therefore wiſely has our law provided againſt this inconvenience, by diſcouraging imagery throughout the ſacred empire of the muſſulmans.

He whoſe habitation is in the myſterious and inacceſſible height of an eternal receſs, whoſe glory is beyond all figure and expreſſion, augment thy virtues, which are the trueſt images of the divine nature.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon, of the year 1642.

IX.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THE preſent war between France and Spain, however begun, ſeems to be carried on by a principle of honour, rather than of enmity. Theſe two nations are perfect antipodes to each other in their humours; yet this averſion between them is diſcovered more in peace than in war. The queſt of glory has invited many brave men on both ſides into the field; and the heroes ſtrive to conquer each other, by civilities, rather than by arms.

Catalonia and Rouſſillon were the ſtages of this war in the beginning of the year; where the Mareſchal de Breze, and the Sieur de la Mothe-Houdancourt, combated with all the hardſhips of the winter, as well as with valiant enemies. The rigour of the ſeaſon did not cool the courage of theſe generals, nor divert their reſolution

from taking the field. All the country appeared like a frozen lake, and there was no place for them to encamp but in deep ſnows or ice: Yet, for all theſe diſcouragements, the Mareſchal de Breze blocked up Perpignan, a town of great ſtrength in Rouſſilion, whilſt the Sieur de la Mothe kept the Arragonians in play, and baffled the enterpriſes of the Caſtilians, having given them two ſignal defeats.

Theſe ſucceſsful actions of the French generals, invited the king their maſter to give them a viſit, being very deſirous to take Perpignan, and ſettle the affairs of Catalonia. He therefore ſends another army under the command of the Mareſchal de la Meſleraye, which he ſoon followed in perſon.

There was now a generous envy raiſed between ſo many great commanders, every one ſtriving to advance himſelf in the king's eſteem by his ſervices; and the particular merits of the Sieur de la Mothe, drew a favourable eye on him. The king made him Mareſchal de France, the ſtaff, which is the badge of his office, being preſented to him by the Mareſchal of Breze at Barcelona, to the general ſatisfaction and joy as well of the Catalonians as the French.

This honour was conferred on him, preſently after the great victory obtained over the Spaniſh forces at Ville Franca in Catalonia.

In the mean while, the Mareſchal de Meſleraye inveſted the ſtrong caſtle of Calioubre, which was ſurrendered to him upon honourable terms by the Marquis of Mortare, general of the Spaniſh horſe in Rouſſilion, and governor of that caſtle.

The king, fluſhed with conqueſts and ſucceſſes, would not ſuffer his army to lie idle, but in good earneſt laid cloſe ſiege to Perpignan.

Yet ſuch was the generoſity of this prince, that before he tried the force of his cannon, he ordered the Mareſchal de Meſleraye to ſend a herald to the Marquis de Flores, governor of the town, to put him in mind of the great ſtraits the beſieged were in for want of proviſions, of which his majeſty was not ignorant; and, that there was no hopes of relief from the Marquis de Povar, general of the Spaniſh forces in Arragon, there being left alive but a few companies of all his army, after the great defeat which was given them near Ville Franca.

He offered the governor all fair and good uſage, if he would ſurrender before things came to extremities; and, to convince him of the entire loſs of the Spaniſh army (to which he truſted) he promiſed ſafe-conduct to any officer of the garriſon as far as Terragone, where lay all the little remnant of the Arragonian army, that ſo he might inform and aſſure himſelf of the bad condition the Spaniſh affairs were in.

This favour was received with much civility by the Marquis de Povar, who returned humble thanks to the king for ſo generous a condeſcenſion, aſſuring him withal, that the garriſon was not reduced to thoſe ſtraits as was pretended, but that he nevertheleſs accepted his majeſty's ſafe-conduct to a meſſenger; entreating him, that he would permit him to go to Madrid, that ſo the King of Spain might have advice of his circumſtances.

Thou wilt confeſs, illuſtrious Kaimacham, that it was a great magnanimity of ſpirit in the king to grant this requeſt to an enemy, who might be ſuſpected to deſign no more in it than to gain time; yet he ſent the meſſenger back again, with full aſſurance of his royal love.

Whilſt this was in agitation, many other civilities paſſed between the French and the beſieged. Many priſoners of note were exchanged, and all things ſeemed to

ſpeak a fair underſtanding between both parties; when, on a ſudden, the cannon of the town played furiouſly on the king's quarters, and at the ſame time the beſieged made a vigorous ſally, attacking a redoubt which the Mareſchal de Meſleraye had raiſed.

This contempt of the king's favour raiſed his choler, and animated the ſoldiers with a deſire of revenge. All ran to their arms, and quickly beat back the beſieged. Thus was the face of affairs ſuddenly changed in the camp. It was too late now for the governor to expect the courteſy he before abuſed. However, he ſent two deputies again, to know if the king's reſolution continued to grant leave to ſend to Madrid; for they had not as yet ſent.

The Mareſchal de Meſleraye ſent back the deputies with this anſwer, that if they did not engage to ſurrender by a prefixed day, and give two hoſtages for ſecurity of their performance, the king would not grant their requeſt.

This put the beſieged upon deſperate reſolutions; they made frequent ſallies, and all things tended to extremity.

Whilſt matters were in this poſture, the king, by the advice of his phyſicians, withdrew from the camp to take the waters of Maine for his health. This was in the laſt moon, and Perpignan holds out ſtill.

I have been the more particular in relating this ſiege, in regard it is the chief ſubject of diſcourſe among ſuch as are deſirous of news, which is the reaſon alſo, that I begin this letter with a relation of what has been tranſacted in Catalonia, ever ſince the beginning of this year, that thou mayeſt be able to form a regular idea of this preſent war between France and Spain: I will continually ſend thee an account of the progreſs the French make in Catalonia.

God augment thy honours, and prolong thy days to ſee the ſons of thy grandchildren.

Paris, 26th of the 7th Moon, of the year 1642.

X.—*To* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

I ſhould be unfaithful to my truſt, and merit a bow-ſtring, ſhould I conceal from thee any thing which reflects upon the honour of the ſacred empire, and the law brought down from heaven by the angel Gabriel.

Thou knoweſt, that it is the cuſtom of the Chriſtians, to make pilgrimages from all parts of the world to Jeruſalem, and other places in the Holy Land; even as the faithful Muſſulmen do to Mecca and Medina Talnabi in Arabia, where is the ſepulchre of our Holy Prophet.

Here are two noblemen of the firſt rank and quality at Court, who out of devotion to their Meſſias, went to viſit his ſuppoſed ſepulchre; and, in their travels, paſſed through part of Egypt; but when they arrived at a place called Salhia, bordering on the Stony Arabia, they were made a prey to the ſub-baſſee of that place; who, underſtanding from the captain of the caravan, that theſe two were all the Franks he had with him, and that they were men of money, he exacted from them twenty dollars a-piece for their heads, contrary to all law, juſtice, or precedent; which they refuſing to pay, as indeed it was unreaſonable, the covetous old ſub-baſſee commits them to priſon, commanding them to receive an hundred haſtinadoes a-piece on the feet, thinking by this means to frighten them to a compliance with his extortion; but they would not pay the money, chooſing rather to ſuffer, than encourage ſuch oppreſſion in corrupt officers. In

the mean time, the caravan departs, leaving theſe impriſoned lords to the mercy of the ſub-baſſee, who finding them inflexible, cauſed his commandments to be put in execution, and not content with this, orders his ſlaves to beat them out of town.

The poor lords knew not what to do under this misfortune; for they were ſo ſore with the blows they had received on their tender feet, that they were incapable of travelling a-foot; but with money they prevailed on the ſlaves to direct them how they might procure camels, with a guide. This done, they overtook the caravan at Gaza, and ſo finiſhed their pilgrimage. They are now at the court here, and have made known the buſineſs to the king, who, it is ſaid, has diſpatched an expreſs to his ambaſſador at Conſtantinople, to demand juſtice on the aforeſaid ſub-baſſee; threatening, that if it be denied, he will cover the ocean with ſhips, and raze the palace of the ſultan to the ground: for theſe two noblemen are nearly allied to the royal family.

I know thou wilt deſpiſe the bold bravado of this king, and ſo do I, being aſſured, that the invincible ſultan can ſet his foot on the necks of forty ſuch petty kings as this. Yet, let us be the advocates of juſtice, by which the refulgent empire of the Muſſulmen was firſt eſtabliſhed. Should ſuch a villany as this go unpuniſhed, it would encourage others in like caſes, and then there would be nothing but extortion and cruel inſolence practiſed by governors of towns and cities on the road. So, barbarous and inhoſpitable uſage, would provoke all the princes of the Chriſtian law to take up arms againſt us. Thus would the moſt glorious empire in the world become a prey to infidels.

I know this would be miſrepreſented, were it to come to other hands than thine. They would ſay of me open-

ly, what they have already whiſpered in the cabals of the ſeraglio, that Mahmut is in penſion with the French King. They ſeek my life without a cauſe. But I truſt it to thy generous and right noble hands, of whoſe friendſhip I have had ſo late experience.

May the Firſt Mover of the heavenly orbs, lead thee as by a clue of thread through the dark labyrinth of ſtate-affairs, and bring thee, after a long and happy life, to the fields of endleſs light. Amen! thou Lord of Paradiſe.

Paris, 26th of the 7th Moon, of the year 1642.

XI.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

I KNOW thee not, and it is probable, thou art as little acquainted with me: Yet, I have often obſerved more durable friendſhips contracted between ſtrangers, than betwixt thoſe of the ſame blood. Good offices equally deſerve and attract love. There are many opportunities for travellers to ſerve one another; and he that obliges me in a ſtrange country, makes himſelf my brother.

I received a diſpatch from the Reis Effendi at Conſtantinople, informing me of the death of Carcoa, one of the happy ſlaves of him whom God has ordained to diſpenſe felicities to the world: I mean the Grand Signior, poſſeſſor of the moſt exalted throne on earth. He tells me likewiſe, that I muſt expect from thee the continuance of Carcoa's office. I congratulate thy honour, in that thou art thought worthy to ſerve the great viceroy of the Lord of the univerſe, to whom is committed the flaming ſword of juſtice, that he may reward virtue, puniſh vice, and reform the corrupt manners of mankind.

I am a muſſulman, that is, reſigned to God, or elſe it would have miſed ſome thoughtfulneſs in a man of my circumſtances, what ſhould be the reaſon of Carcoa's ſo long ſilence, not having received any anſwer theſe four moons to the many letters I ſent him. He was intruſted with the ſecrets of my commiſſion, and had another been in my place, he would have ſuſpected treachery.

Well, he is gone! gone to the inviſible regions, to the receptacles of juſt and faithful men, to the pleaſant woods and groves, the eternal blooming ſhades and verdant fields of paradiſe. Follow his ſteps, and be happy.

He was a man true to his truſt, ſedulous and active in buſineſs; punctual in his appointments; temperate in a town flowing with debaucheries; juſt toward all men, and devout to God.

It is neceſſary for him that would attain theſe virtues, to begin gradually at the loweſt ſtep; to guard his ſenſes, and ſet a watch upon the avenues of his paſſions. For a man becomes neither perfectly virtuous nor vicious all at once: And a wiſe man of thy own nation, Jeſus Ben Sirach, hath ſaid, "He that contemns little things, ſhall fall by little and little."

I deſire thee to ſend me Carcoa's Journal, with what other papers he left behind him, except ſuch as concern his particular eſtate and affairs.

Let me know alſo, how the late deſign of the Turks upon Rab, is reſented at the German court; whether the emperor talks of ſending an ambaſſador to the ſultan about it; and whatſoever alſo of moment occurs.

The Reis Effendi tells me, that Bechir Baſſa, the treaſurer, has ordered me five hundred zechins, by the way of Vienna. I deſire thou wouldeſt be ſpeedy and careful in remitting them to Paris.

Thou needeſt no inſtructions concerning my lodging,

or the name I go by here; thoſe who appointed thee this ſtation at Vienna, have informed thee, no doubt, of all things neceſſary to the diſcharge of thy duty.

Write often to me, and preſerve thy integrity free from ſtain.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon, of the year 1642.

XII.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

I know thy genius, and have obſerved with what complacency thou wert wont to peruſe thy uncle Shela Haphim's Travels, a journal writ in Arabic, and full of profitable and wiſe remarks, eſpecially that part of it which treats of France. I will not pretend to add to his obſervations; but only acquaint thee with a novelty which France itſelf never knew in his days.

The women of quality here of late, do addict themſelves to the ſtudy of philoſophy as the men; the ladies eſteeming their education defective, if they cannot confute Ariſtotle and his diſciples. The pen has almoſt ſupplanted the exerciſe of the needle; and ladies cloſets, formerly the ſhops of female baubles, toys, and vanities, are now turned to libraries and ſanctuaries of learned books. There is a new ſtar riſen in the French horizon, whoſe influence excites the nobler females to this purſuit of human ſcience: It is the renowned Monſieur Des Cartes, whoſe luſtre far outſhines the aged winking tapers of Peripatetic philoſophy, and has eclipſed the Stagyrite, with all the ancient lights of Greece and Rome. It is this mateldeſs ſoul has drawn ſo many of the fairer ſex to the ſchools; and they are more proud of the title Carteſian, and of the capacity to defend his principles, than of their noble birth and blood.

I know our grave and politic muſſulmen will cenſure the indulgence of the French to their women, and accuſe them of weakneſs, in giving ſuch advantages to that witty ſex. But, notwithſtanding this ſeverity of the Eaſtern parts, I cannot altogether diſapprove the Weſtern gallantry. If women are to be eſteemed our enemies, methinks it is an ignoble cowardice thus to diſarm them, and not allow them the ſame weapons we uſe ourſelves: But, if they deſerve the title of our friends, it is an inhuman tyranny to debar them the privilege of ingenious education, which would alſo render their friendſhip ſo much more delightful both to themſelves and us. Nature is ſeldom obſerved to be niggardly of her choiceſt gifts to that ſex, their ſenſes are generally as quick as ours, their reaſon as nervous, their judgments as mature and ſolid. Add but to theſe natural perfections, the advantage of acquired learning, what polite and charming creatures will they prove, whilſt their external beauty does the office of a cryſtal to the lamp, not ſhrouding but diſcloſing their brighter intellects? Nor need we fear to loſe our empire over them by thus improving their native abilities; ſince where there is moſt learning, ſenſe and knowledge, there is obſerved to be the greateſt modeſty, and rectitude of manners. I ſee no reaſon, therefore, why we ſhould make ſuch bugbears of women, as not to truſt them with as liberal education as ourſelves.

I believe, thou ſometimes beſtoweſt a compaſſionate thought on the exiled Mahmut. Wouldeſt thou do ſomething to alleviate my melancholy, the next time thou goeſt to the Atmidan, tranſcribe what is engraven on the pedeſtals of the obeliſks and columns ſtanding there, and ſend it encloſed in a letter.

He that is Lord of the Eaſt and the Weſt, from whoſe

throne hang millions of ſtars in chains of gold, increaſe thy virtues and bleſſings, and preſerve thee from the poiſon of ill eyes, and malicious tongues, and bring thee to the fields of endleſs light.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon, of the year 1642.

XIII.—*To* Cara Haly, *a Phyſician, at Conſtantinople.*

There is a garden in this city, ſo near reſembling that of the invincible Viſier Azem, on the eaſt of Pera, that I cannot but fancy myſelf near Conſtantinople, when I am walking in it. It is called the King's Garden, being allotted by the royal bounty of the Kings of France, to the ſervice and improvement of ſtudents in phyſic. There is a yearly ſtipend ſettled on an approved phyſician, to take care that no kind of phyſical plant or herb be wanting in this royal ſeminary; who alſo during the whole ſummer is obliged to read a Latin lecture every morning, on the ſimples there growing; whilſt a great auditory of young ſtudents, with books, pen and ink in their hands, wait on him up and down the alleys, and write down his diſcourſe. He that is now employed in this office, is a very learned and ingenious man: He takes great pains to make all his young diſciples perfect herbaliſts; for, all the way as he paſſes along from one herb to another, he ſtoops down, handles the ſimple, and explains his verbal deſcription with his fingers ends; giving a moſt accurate account of the minuteſt difference between ſuch as ſeem to be alike, and demonſtrating to the eye, that thoſe are two diſtinct plants, which many take to be but one; tracing out their different families, in the number, texture, ſhape or colour of their leaves and flowers; and this he does with ſo graceful an action,

ſuch eloquent language, and ſo compoſed a ſpirit, that he charms all that happen to be preſent at his lectures, and makes every body in love with the botanics. The garden ſtands open to all gentlemen, provided they leave their ſwords with the keeper of the gate, to prevent quarrels and miſchief.

I enter daily among the reſt, and when the phyſic lecture is over, I retire myſelf into one of the moſt pleaſant ſhades in the world; it is a gravel walk, the whole length of the garden, on each ſide of which grow lofty trees, planted ſo thick, and intermixing their leaves and branches ſo cloſely at the top, that they compoſe a perfect natural umbrella over the walk, from one end to the other, ſo that not a beam of the ſun can enter; and that which creates in me the greateſt complacency, is, that the farther end of the walk is not ſhut up by a high wall, as is the cuſtom in ſome gardens; but whether you are ſitting, or ſtanding upright, it opens to you a very agreeable and large proſpect of the country adjacent to Paris, which affects the eye with incredible delight; and mine ſo much the more, becauſe it perfectly reſembles the country lying eaſt of Pera and Conſtantinople, which you ſurvey out of the grottos of the aforeſaid moſt illuſtrious Viſier Azem. It is when I am in this walk, I imagine I breathe the air of Aſia, and am within the verge of the imperial ſeraglio, the ſanctuary to which all the diſtreſſed princes in the world have recourſe.

There are in Paris above an hundred magnificent palaces, and beautiful gardens belonging to them; but none wherein I take ſo particular a delight, as in this royal phyſic garden. Here I ſpend many a ſolitary hour, and ſometimes I meet with company.

I tell thee, dear Haly, that though the French are naturally the moſt poliſhed and refined people in the world,

yet I am many times willing to make excuſes, and leave their ſociety; being by the force of a powerful inclination either drawn to this garden, or to a famous library in this city, in the cuſtody of certain religious derviſes, who at certain hours of the day, are obliged to give attendance to all gentlemen who are pleaſed to ſit there and ſtudy.

Toward the evening I viſit the hoſpitals, which are the fineſt that ever I ſaw in the world, and I believe the beſt governed. There is one named the Hoſpital of God, where perſons of quality themſelves, and thoſe of the firſt rank, come every evening, and wait on the ſick and the wounded, doing all the meaneſt offices of inferior ſervants, and this with abundance of tenderneſs and humanity. I have ſeen the niceſt and gayeſt ladies of the court, dreſſing the moſt ſqualid and putrified ſores of wounded men, not ſeeming in the leaſt to be diſguſted at the loathſome ſight and ſtench of their ulcers. When one firſt enters the place, one would imagine it to be a chamber of young janizaries; it being a very long and wide gallery, with rows of beds on both ſides, wherein the ſick are diſpoſed according to the order of their coming, or the nature of their diſeaſe. The curtains of the beds are all of pure white linen, prettily wrought here and there with flowers of needle-work; their ſheets as white as the curtains; and by each bed ſtands a baſon of clean water, and a fine towel lying by it. At the farther end of the gallery ſtands an altar railed in, where the prieſts perform their religious myſteries for the ſick. In fine, all things in this place ſpeak an exquiſite decorum and order, with a generous regard to the health and life of man. Three of theſe galleries make up the whole hoſpital; and it is as pleaſant to me ſometimes to walk up and down in them as in a beautiful garden.

Certainly if any argument could be of force to recommend ſickneſs as a deſirable thing, it muſt be taken from the circumſtances of this hoſpital, or an equivalent ground. I, for my own part, have often thought, that death itſelf would not be formidable amidſt ſo many ornaments, ſweets and comforts. If this public and charitable regard to the ſick be an effect of their religion, I cannot be ſo partial to deny it a due acknowledgment, but muſt own, that heroic virtue and piety are to be found in an eminent degree even among the very infidels.

Thou wilt pardon me for detaining thee ſo long in the theatre of the ſick and wounded, and preſenting thee with the tragical ſcenes of mortality, ſince it is thy proper profeſſion to converſe with the infirmities, diſeaſes and dolours of human bodies, and to be frequently preſent in the antichambers of death.

Suffer me to preſs thee to an integrity of continual love and friendſhip between us. Let not miſtakes or miſapprehenſions cool this generous affection. It is pity that either the ſpiteful miſrepreſentations of inſinuating backbiters, or our own groundleſs jealouſies and ſuſpicions, ſhould diſſolve the union of faithful and loving friends. I had rather ſuffer a thouſand ſmall injuries, which I know muſt proceed from frailty and human neceſſity, than not continue to love where I have once pitched my true affection. Nothing but apparent wilful perfidiouſneſs and treachery ought to break the ſacred and inviolable band of friendſhip. Fidelity and love cover a multitude of leſſer faults. He that breaks with his friend for ſmall errors, diſcovers the raſhneſs and inconſtancy of his mind, and that his friendſhip was never well grounded; for, had he been a wiſe man, he would either have been more ſlow and cautious in the choice of his friend, or having once contracted friendſhip, he would not break it again for a

leſs crime than manifeſt diſloyalty: But thou, who haſt ever purſued me with all the offices of a generous and faithful friend, bearing with my many infirmities and failings, doſt not deſerve this cenſure; yet, conſidering the inſtability of all human affairs, I could not forbear putting thee in mind of theſe things, leſt, through the malice of fortune, or the envy of men, or any other cauſe, thou ſhouldſt withdraw thy affection from me, which I value above all temporal bleſſings; for, beſides the many favours I have received at thy hands, whereby I am obliged in honour and gratitude to love thee perpetually, a ſpark of natural, or rather of divine affection, was kindled in my breaſt, from the firſt time I converſed with thee. Whether it proceeds from agreeableneſs and harmony of ſpirits, or ſome other ſecret operation, I know not; but ſure I am, and would have thee reſt confident, that there is not a man in the world who loves and honours thee with greater fidelity than I do.

The Great and Eternal Lord of the Univerſe increaſe and multiply thy virtues and bleſſings, and make thee illuſtrious in thy generation; granting alſo this happineſs to me, that after a laſting and true friendſhip between us on earth, I may drink with thee of the rivers of pleaſure which glide along the fields of paradiſe, and that I may ſee thy face brighter than the ſtars of heaven. Amen, amen, O thou Lord of the Worlds!

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XIV.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

I TAKE the beſt meaſures for intelligence, yet I cannot gain a ſight or a copy of all the expreſſes that come to this court, nor can I learn their import as ſoon as they

arrive. The miniſters of ſtate here are the ſepulchres of news, they bury all in ſilence.

This is the reaſon that I ſometimes have been forced to ſend thee an account of many events long after they happened. My laſt letter was an abſtract of the French conqueſts in Catalonia, from the beginning of the year to the moon laſt paſt.

After the King of France had retired from the camp before Perpignan, the Mareſchal de Meſleraye applied himſelf vigorouſly to perfect the batteries, redoubts, and other works, whilſt the King of Spain was hourly perplexed with cares and anxieties for this important place.

The extremities to which it was reduced haſtened his preparations for an effectual relief. He ſent orders to the Marquiſſes of Tarracuſe, of Leganez and Mortaire, to raiſe the flower of Arragon and Caſtile.

The Viceroy of Naples furniſhed out a conſiderable fleet, it being the Catholic King's reſolution either to ſuccour Perpignan, and raiſe that ſiege, or take Barcelona by way of repriſal.

In the mean while, the new Mareſchal de la Mothe, fluſhed with the late favour he received from his maſter the French king, and ſpurred on with the thirſt of glory, entered like a torrent with his troops into Valentia, which at that time lay naked and unguarded.

The firſt thing he did was to ſurpriſe a convoy of the Marquis of Leganez, who were carrying an extraordinary piece of cannon to Viveros.

The French broke through their foot with their accuſtomed fury, and killed more than thirty horſe, taking as many priſoners. They ſent the cannon to the camp at Reoux.

Thou ſeeſt, ſage miniſter, how neceſſary a qualification it is in a ſovereign prince to diſcern and reward the me-

rits of his ſervants. Men of virtue are animated with freſh vigour when their actions are acknowledged. Of this the ever-victorious ſultans of the Ottoman empire are very ſenſible, who value the abilities and ſervices of their ſlaves before any conſideration of noble blood or riches, raiſing men from nothing to the higheſt dignities of the empire.

The Mareſchal after this exploit took the towns of Tamarit and Monſon; but the caſtle belonging to the latter was ſurrendered upon articles the fourteenth of the laſt moon.

Whilſt theſe things were tranſacted on the land, the navies were not idle by ſea. The Marquis of Breze ſet upon the Spaniſh admiral as he lay at anchor near Viveros, and not being able to diſengage the veſſel from the ſhallows, he ſet it on fire, together with another of equal burden.

This was only an exploit by the by, and as it lay in his road to Barcelona, where the whole Spaniſh fleet were arrived, with deſign to aſſault the town by ſea.

The Marquis de Breze made all the ſail he could toward them; but the wind not favouring his deſign, he was forced to make uſe of his galleys. In a word, the Spaniards loſt four ſhips in this fight, and three more on the firſt of this moon.

Thus Perpignan is in no likelihood of relief. I will ſend thee all the intelligence I receive of this important ſiege.

Paris, 10th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XV.—*To* Isouf, *his Kinſman.*

I HAVE received thy letter, and congratulate thy ſafe return to Conſtantinople. The bleſſing of Mahomet be upon thee for the ſacrifice thou madeſt on Abraham's mountain in my behalf, and for the alms thou gaveſt to blot out my ſins. Hadſt thou ſent me the ſacred relic I deſired, I would multiply benedictions on Iſouf my couſin. It is but a trifling excuſe to ſay, thou couldſt not procure that which is denied to no pilgrim. The emir of Mecca expects that every one who viſits that holy of holies ſhould purchaſe a piece of the old hanging, when it is yearly taken down. This is his fee, and thou haſt at once defrauded him of his due, fruſtrated my hopes, and weakened the merit of thy pilgrimage.

But I will not be querulous; perhaps thou wert afraid of wanting money in the reſt of thy journey. Thy letter is very ſhort, and full of reſerves, hardly vouchſafing to make an apology for thy long ſilence, though it be now the nine-and-thirtieth moon ſince thou firſt partedſt from Conſtantinople, without giving me any account what was become of thee.

Sometimes I thought thou wert overwhelmed in the ſands of Arabia, or that ſome wild beaſt had devoured thee; at other times, I imagined thou mighteſt die of thirſt in thoſe dry and barren deſerts. When the caravan returned at the accuſtomed time, and no tidings of Iſouf, I could not divine that thou wert gone into Perſia, or that thou wouldeſt travel through all the eaſt, as thy letter informs me.

I ſhould be proud of my kinſman, were I ſatisfied what improvements he has made in ſo tedious a journey. Thy letter ſpeaks thee not a traveller; thou art a churl, in not

communicating to me thy adventures and obſervations in ſo many countries as thou haſt paſſed through.

Tell me, Iſouf, what was the motive which put thee upon ſuch a hazardous fatigue? Thou wert a man of great faith to truſt thyſelf to the conduct of the Perſian who invited thee along with him. It is a ſign thou haſt a roving ſoul, or elſe thou wouldeſt not, upon ſuch eaſy terms, have abandoned the company of thy fellow-travellers and friends, to join thyſelf to a ſtranger, an enemy to thy nation, a heretic. It is true, a peace was juſt then concluded between the Grand Signior and the Sophi of Perſia, and ſo there was no danger of thy being ſnapped for a ſpy, and ſacrificed to the jealouſy of ſtate; but thou expoſedſt thyſelf to the capricios of fortune, and the wavering temper of a man, who, for ought thou kneweſt, might have ſome ill deſign upon thee.

Tell me, didſt not thou meet with great temptations at Iſpahan? Couldſt thou withſtand the charms of Perſian luxury? It muſt needs be a ſurpriſing novelty to ſee the ladies of the court frolicking and revelling in the houſes of pleaſure without the city, ſo contrary to the auſtere cuſtoms of our women at Conſtantinople.

Well, I will believe thee chaſte in the midſt of courtezans, ſober in company of drunkards, and that the ſpark who picked thee up at Medina, made no attempts to debauch thy virtue; yet thou canſt not blame this raillery, when thou conſidereſt the diſſolute manners of that nation. And I will tell the ingenuouſly, that I find it very irkſome to abſtain from wine, in a country where every body drinks it but myſelf.

But thou giveſt me no character of thy Perſian friend, or his quality. He might, for ought I know, be ſome knight errant, and thou his ſquire, and ſo you rambled together up and down Aſia to ſeek adventures; for thou art not ſo complaiſant as to tell me the effects of thy travels.

Had I been in thy place, I ſhould have made it my buſineſs to inquire into the laws and religions of thoſe countries through which I paſſed. I ſhould have taken notice of the ſtrength and ſituation of their cities and caſtles; their manner of building and fortifications; the diſcipline of their ſoldiers; what navigable rivers they have, and which were the moſt eminent places of commerce and traffic.

When thou wert in the court of the Great Mogul, it had been worth thy obſervation, to ſee the grandeur of this monarch, who never goes into the field with leſs than two hundred thouſand men. Thou ſhouldeſt have remarked alſo the uſe the Indians make of elephants in their battles. It had not been amiſs to have caſt an eye into their temples in this country, where thou wouldeſt have beheld the execrable devotions of theſe idolaters, who worſhip the devil under hideous forms. But, above all, I ſhould have been greedy to ſee the Indian women throw themſelves into the funeral pile after their dead huſbands; and before I parted from the country, I ſhould have ſought the converſation of their Gymnoſophiſts or Brachmans. Theſe are in ſo great reputation for their wiſdom, ſanctity, and incorrupt manners, that the greateſt potentates have recourſe to them in all difficulties, as to divine oracles.

China alſo would have afforded thee matter of obſervation and remark.

Theſe people ſay of themſelves, that they ſee with both eyes, the Mahometans with one, and all the reſt of the world are ſtark blind. But, in my opinion, the Chineſes can be but purblind themſelves, ſince they ſee no farther than the mountains which environ their own country, it not being permitted to the ſubjects of that empire to travel. Yet, to give them their due, they are

a very ingenious people, envied by all the world for their art in making porcelain.

I ſhould be glad to know, if, whilſt thou wert in this country, thou ever ſaweſt any of thoſe ſailing waggons which are ſaid to be uſed there.

It would be very obliging, to ſend me a particular relation of thy travels theſe three years. Thou wilt not be angry, that I am ſolicitous for thy good. The end of travelling, is to gain experience and wiſdom. If thou haſt attained this, I ſhall rejoice. The deſire of knowledge has cauſed many famous men to roam about the world. This led Pythagoras into Paleſtine and Egypt; this made Plato to leave Athens, to go and learn of Archytas the philoſopher at Tarentum in Italy; and the ſame motive carried Apollonius through the greateſt part of Aſia and Africa.

But I would not have thee confine thy ſearch to their meaſures; for they only coveted for to know the myſteries of nature. Whereas, if thou travelleſt again, I would adviſe thee to acquaint thyſelf with the conſtitutions of kingdoms and ſtates, whereby thou mayeſt be ſerviceable to our Great Maſter, the Grand Signior, Lord of the Seven Climates, for whoſe ſake the elements are reſtrained within their bounds, and nature itſelf keeps on her courſe.

Couſin, I pray the great God to poliſh thy ſoul with rational principles, and make thee uſeful in thy generation; for no man is born for himſelf. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1641.

XVI.—*To* BERBER MUSTAPHA, *Aga at Conſtantinople.*

I SENT thee a letter in the concluſion of the laſt year, concerning the Duke of Lorrain, and the loſs of his eſtate; ſince which he ſeems to have loſt himſelf, being excommunicated by the pope, who is to the Chriſtians what our mufti is to True Believers.

If thou knoweſt not what it is to be excommunicated by the pope, I will inform thee in few words.

Thoſe who lie under this cenſure, are forbid to enter into any of their churches, or in the leaſt to partake of what they eſteem holy. All chriſtians are commanded to ſhun their company; they are eſteemed as bad as heretics, baniſhed human ſociety, and given over to the devil.

The occaſion of paſſing this ſo ſevere a ſentence on a ſovereign prince, thou wilt imagine was great; and yet it was only for putting away his firſt wife, and marrying another; a thing commonly practiſed all over the Eaſt. Should our muftíes have the ſame power, there would be but few muſſulmen in the ſacred moſques.

But theſe infidels call marriage a great ſacrament, and eſteem it as violated when a man repudiates his wife; divorces being not allowed in any part of Chriſtendom, unleſs in caſe of adultery.

People talk variouſly of the pope's cenſure. Thoſe who favour the Counteſs of Cantecroix, murmur at the excommunication, calling it a breach of privileges, an unheard of innovation, an attempt upon the life of the prince. They add alſo, that he ought firſt to have been cited, and his caſe heard by the court, according to the canons and decrees of councils.

On the other hand, there are who juſtify this proceeding of the pope, and accuſe the duke of barbarous ingratitude, for leaving his lawful wife, by whom he got his eſtate, and with whom he had lived many years.

However, the Duke of Lorrain has publiſhed a proteſtation againſt the pope's proceedings, and cauſed his procurator-general to do the like; writing letters alſo to the preſidents and counſellors of the ſovereign court of Lorrain and Barois, commanding them not to take any notice of the pope's cenſure; it being actually null and void, becauſe contrary to the fundamental laws of the church.

It is to be obſerved here, that this excommunicated prince, in the concluſion of his proteſt, appeals nevertheleſs to the ſovereign biſhop, when he ſhall be better informed, ſtill profeſſing an eternal obedience to the church.

It is a ſtrange unaccountable power the popes of Rome claim over emperors and princes. In his public letters, briefs, or patents, he ſtyles himſelf, The Servant of the Servants of God; yet, in his actions, he aſſumes a ſovereignty over kings, calling all the princes in Chriſtendom his ſons, and chaſtiſing them as ſuch, when he ſees occaſion. All this proceeds from the difference they make between the temporal and the ſpiritual ſword; ſo that, when their forces have been routed, the city of Rome ſacked, and themſelves taken priſoners by the force of the former; yet they have, at the ſame time, by the dint of the latter, ſubdued their conquerors, and in the midſt of captivity celebrated a triumph.

Spare not to command me, if thou canſt propoſe any method of doing thee ſervice.

God, the Eſſence of Eſſences, purify us, and waſh away our imperfections.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XVII.—*To* BEDREDIN, *Superior of the Derviſes of the Convent of Cogny, in Natolia.*

ART thou alive, venerable old man, or muſt I expect my anſwer in the other world? I have often writ to thee, and more often inquired after thy health, when I had opportunity; but have received no anſwer, nor heard any news of thee theſe ſeven moons, which ſeem ſo many years, to a man who would be ready to die for joy, could he receive the leaſt aſſurance that thou art yet alive.

Without doubt, thou liveſt wherever thou art, and liveſt in perfect joy and peace, the rewards of thy conſummate ſanctity and virtue. Either thou ſtill enjoyeſt a heaven on earth, thy incorrupt ſoul being a paradiſe to itſelf; or, thou haſt tranſlated thy reſidence from earth to heaven, to augment the number and joys of the bleſſed.

Well! I will ſuppoſe and hope thou art alive, and that this letter will come to thy hand: I will therefore make thee an acceptable preſent.

Thou haſt often ſpoke with much affection and reverence of JESUS, the Meſſias of the Chriſtians, as all good muſſulmen ought to do, being taught by the Alcoran in ſeveral chapters, that he was a holy prophet, and in the number of the divine favourites.

I have met with an authentic deſcription of his perſon in the king's library, and have tranſlated it into Arabic for thy ſatisfaction. Publius Lentulus being preſident of Judea, ſent it to the Senate of Rome, when the fame of Jeſus began to ſpread abroad in the world: Theſe are his words:

"THERE lives at this time in Judea, a man of ſingular virtue, whoſe name is Jeſus Chriſt, whom the barbari-

ans eſteem a prophet; but his own followers adore him as the offspring of the Immortal Gods. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all ſorts of diſeaſes with a word or a touch. He is tall and well ſhaped, of an amiable reverend aſpect; his hair of a colour that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls below his ears, and very agreeably couching on his ſhoulders, parted on the crown of the head like the Nazarites. His forehead is ſmooth and large, his cheeks without other ſpot ſave that of a lovely red; his noſe and mouth formed with exquiſite ſymmetry; his beard thick, and of a colour ſuitable to the hair of his head, reaching an inch below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork; his eyes bright, clear, and ſerene. He rebukes with majeſty, counſels with mildneſs; his whole addreſs, whether in word or deed, being elegant and grave; no man has ſeen him laugh; but he has wept frequently; he is very temperate, modeſt, and wiſe; a man for his excellent beauty and divine perfections ſurpaſſing the children of men."

I ſend thee this picture of the Chriſtians Meſſias, not drawn by the pencil of the painter, but by the pen of a Roman governor; and therefore it may paſs for authentic. I have often heard thee praiſe the original, and condemn ſome too ſuperſtitious muſſulmen, who, in their miſtaken zeal for the Alcoran, have blaſphemed this Holy Prophet; a man whom the Alcoran itſelf mentions in ſeveral chapters, ſtyling him, The Breath and Word of God.

Certainly, malediction becomes not the mouth of a true believer; and he who curſes God, or any of the hundred and twenty-four thouſand prophets, ſhall be excluded their ſociety in paradiſe.

I give thee a final adieu, O holy derviſe! deſiring, that this character of the Meſſiah may be tranſcribed in letters of gold on ſilken paper, and laid up in the library of thy convent. Adieu. Live for ever.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XVIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

VARIOUS are the diſcourſes of people in this place concerning the reduction of Aſac; for Paris, like Athens of old, is the receptacle of all the news in the world.

The French are naturally a martial people, delighting much in the affairs of war; and when the news came laſt year of the raiſing the ſiege of Aſac, with all the particulars of the defendants bravery, notwithſtanding the union of ſo great forces againſt them, they highly applauded the valour and conſtancy of the Coſſacs, whom neither threats nor promiſes, gentle means nor vigorous aſſaults, could prevail upon to ſurrender up their town, but forced their beſiegers to return home with the loſs of above twelve thouſand Turks, beſides Moldavians, Walachians, and Tartars.

But now they begin to change their notes, and to admire the invincible force of the Ottoman arms, which hew their way through the moſt formidable difficulties, to lay empires, kingdoms, and ſtates at the feet of our victorious ſultan.

I have received a particular account from Nathan Ben Saddi, of the taking of that city. He tells me, that at the news of thoſe great preparations which were making by land and ſea againſt it, the inhabitants being denied the protection of the Muſcovites, which was their ſole refuge in this extremity, abandoned the town, carrying

with them their goods, and demoliſhing their houſes, ſo that there was but ſmall prey left for our ſoldiers.

It is the general diſcourſe of this court, that there is a ſon born to Sultan Ibrahim. I ſhould heartily rejoice, were I aſſured the news were true; but there is no diſpatch as yet to confirm it. Beſides, I have received advice from Conſtantinople, which almoſt diſcourages me from ever hoping for ſo fortunate an event.

God lengthen thy days, and make thee happy both in this world, and in paradiſe.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XIX.—*To* Mustapha, *Baſſa of Siliſtria.*

Thou haſt no reaſon to repine at the exchange of thy government, though thy preſent power be circumſcribed within narrower limits than it was in Egypt. That granary of the world never afforded thee ſuch a harveſt of laurels as thou haſt reaped on the banks of the Black Sea. The conqueſt of Aſac has loaded thee with honours, and the moderation thou haſt in the midſt of triumphs, has captivated greater numbers of the Coſſacs, than could the dint of thy cymetar. Though the foundations of kingdoms are laid in blood, yet the ſuperſtructure is cemented with clemency; and the Roman Cæſars, by timely ſheathing their ſwords, faſtened to their empire the provinces they had won by drawing them.

I am bound to write often to the miniſters of the Porte; and all my moments are conſecrated to the ſervice of the Grand Signior, who has a right to command all mankind: Yet the fame of thy late victory reaching theſe parts, and giving occaſion of diſcourſe, I ſtole this time from myſelf, not from my great maſter (it being

the hour of ſleep), to tell thee what the world ſays of thee.

They do not compare thee to Hannibal, Scipio, or Alexander the Great: Thou thyſelf wouldeſt take him for a flatterer, that ſhould uſe ſuch an expreſſion: But they ſay, the method thou haſt taken to ſweeten the calamities of the Coſſacs, and invite them back to their abandoned habitations, has ſome reſemblance with the conduct of Selim, a general of Orchanes's army, who, after he had taken the city of Pruſa, forbid his ſoldiers, on pain of death, to touch the goods of the inhabitants, or commit any inſolent action. The moderation of this conqueror not only rendered the citizens eaſy and willing to ſubmit to their new lord, but the fame of it ſpreading abroad, he, with little bloodſhed, reduced all the adjoining countries under ſubjection.

It is reported of the great and victorious Saladine, that he took more pleaſure in winning the hearts of his enemies, than in conquering their perſons. This prince had a ſaying very common in his mouth, "That he did the office of a barber and gardener, ſhaving the ſuperfluities, and pruning the excreſcences, of overgrown kingdoms and ſtates, not deſtroying them root and branch." It is certain, he endeavoured, in all his conqueſts, to mollify the averſion of his enemies, by acts of generoſity.

Thou wilt expect ſome news from a man in my poſt; and I cannot entertain thee with more agreeable intelligence, than what is the common theme of diſcourſe at this time.

Edward, Duke of Parma, has entered into the pope's territories with three thouſand ſelect horſe, where he marches, dragooning up and down the country, bringing terror and confuſion wherever he comes. He conquers

without drawing his ſword, the pope's army flying before him.

This prince is by nature very fierce and active, and has a peculiar gift of obliging his ſoldiers, by treating them with a frank affable carriage, free from the ſtately reſervedneſs to which men in authority are accuſtomed. By this deportment, he has inſenſibly ſtole their affections; they are ready to follow him all over the world.

When the princes of Italy fall out with one another, they generally engage the French and the Spaniards in the quarrel. But the Duke of Parma refuſed the aſſiſtance which the former proffered him, of two thouſand men, provided they might be diſpoſed in garriſons: He was jealous leſt the French deſigned to play their old game; and that, when they were once houſed in his cities and ſtrong holds, it would be difficult to unkennel them.

He has a new way of winning towns, carrying with him neither infantry, cannon, ammunition, nor any other proviſions neceſſary to a campaign: Yet, when he approached towards Smola in his road to Bologna, the governor ſent the keys of the town to him in his march; which he made no other uſe of, than to give his troops a paſſage through the place, reſigning them up again. By theſe noble acts, he paved himſelf an eaſy way through the Eccleſiaſtic State, his army being furniſhed with victuals in abundance, without plunder or inſolency.

The firſt occaſion of this quarrel proceeded from ſome contempt put upon the Prince of Parma, at the court of Rome, by the nephews of Pope Urban; and the diſguſts have ſince been improved to that height, as to engage the State of Venice, the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, the Duke of Modena, and other princes, in the care of the general intereſt of Italy.

They proceed with mediations and overtures of peace in one hand, whilſt the ſword is brandiſhed with the other, amuſing one another with treaties to gain time. The loſs of Caſtro, a ſtrong town on the borders of the Eccleſiaſtical State, ſpurs on the Duke of Parma to revenge himſelf on the Barberini's; whilſt the Republic of Venice ſtrives to mitigate his fierceneſs, and accommodate affairs, eſpouſing his cauſe, but fearful of his raſhneſs, leſt his impetuous humour ſhould carry him to the walls of Rome, and bring things to extremities; for all the princes of Italy profeſs an inviolate obedience to the pope, who ſeems to inherit the authority of the ancient Roman emperors.

Thou mayeſt comprehend by what I have ſaid, how eaſy it were at ſuch a juncture, when all the principalities in Italy are, as it were, disjointed, to bring them under the yoke of a foreign power. This is what the Spaniards and French have for a long time been nibbling at, and whereof the Republic of Venice are ſo jealous, that they never ſide with one party to the ruin of another, but endeavour to keep all the intereſts of Italy in an equilibrium, till they are reconciled and united, leſt the party which finds itſelf moſt weakened, ſhould ſeek the protection of one of thoſe potent crowns, who would not fail to ſtrike two ſtrokes for themſelves, if they are deſired to ſtrike one for the oppreſſed Italian.

The Chriſtians call Italy the garden of Europe; and if the alluſion may hold, the King of Spain has poſſeſſed himſelf of two ſtately grottos in it, Naples and Milan: Yet it is a queſtion, whether the coſt in maintaining theſe two cities, will countervail the honour of being their ſovereign at ſuch a diſtance. The ſame may be ſaid of his dominions in Mexico and Peru. This is the peculiar happineſs of the Ottoman Empire, that all the members of ſo vaſt a body lie contiguous to each other.

The Monarch of the World above, and this below, increaſe the territories of our invincible ſultan; and by continually ſupplying our armies with ſuch fortunate leaders as Muſtapha, ſubdue all nations to the true faith.

Paris, 9th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XX.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

I have heard with ſorrow, the diſappointment the Sultan's forces met with in the taking of Rab. The Chriſtians accuſe him of breach of the capitulation, on which a peace was concluded for twenty years, between the Happy Porte and the Emperor of Germany.

If the ſtratagem by which they deſigned to take this town be truly related to me, it ſeems to be a copy of the Grecian artifice in taking Troy, bating the difference of many carts, and one wooden horſe.

That officer who diſcovered the intrigue, though he had hunted in vain all the former part of the day, yet returned with good game at laſt, when he had enſnared our carted ſoldiers within the toils, got them within the walls of the city, and drawn up the drawbridge upon the ambuſh which lay behind. The emperor, it ſeems, takes it mightily to heart; and, as I hear, has ſent an ambaſſador to the Porte, to complain of this tranſaction.

The court here is not very ſolicitous for his intereſt, nor will they be much troubled to find that his ambaſſador has but a cold reception at Conſtantinople; for the differences between the Kings of France and the Houſe of Auſtria are too deeply grounded, to ſuffer any good underſtanding or affection to take place between them.

And the Cardinal of Richlieu was heard to ſay, not

many days ago, "That ſince the German Eagle was ſo greedy, he would give her a bone to pick would break her bill." This was ſpoken in relation to the Emperor's encroachments on the Palatinate, and his ſeizures of Juliers and Treves.

I am glad to hear that the league is renewed between the Shiming Porte and the King of Perſia, that ſo the nerves of the Sacred Empire may be wholly employed in Hungary.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXI.—*To* Enguruli Emir Cheik, *a Man of the Law.*

This Weſtern World lies drowned in wickedneſs, or rather is ſet on fire with ſin. I ſweat while I am within the confines of the air of Chriſtendom. An univerſal peſtilence infects the ſouls of men, from whence their words breathe nothing but contagion. Even ſuch as one would take for holy ſaints, are mere cheats; and, like thoſe fruits that grow on the banks of the Lake Aſphaltites, they are fair and beautiful without; but bring them to the touchſtone, and you will find them mere corruption and rottenneſs within. The Laity openly wallow in all debauchery and licentious practices; nor are the Clergy leſs exempt from ſecret enormities; while the Eccleſiaſtic veſtments ſerve but as cloaks to pride, ambition, covetouſneſs, and other concomitant vices. The ſword of juſtice itſelf, or, at leaſt, that which ought to be ſo, ſerves to divide the ſpoils of the poor, the widow, and the orphan. In court and camp all offices are bought and ſold, without regard to merit or the public good. He that bids higheſt, is firſt preferred; and the beſt monied chapman is the moſt meritorious candidate. Theſe

are the eſcapes of princes, and the deſigns of favourites; whilſt the eaſineſs of the one, abuſed by the craft and ſubtlety of the other, expoſes places of higheſt truſt, as in an exchange, to become the merchandiſe of every peddling huckſter; and brave and generous ſouls are many times put by, though the royal promiſe itſelf has paſſed in their behalf. This is eminently the unhappineſs of the French court; and it is thought the late Duke of Luynes, and the preſent Cardinal Richlieu, both of them favourites to the preſent king, could not have ſwelled their coffers with ſuch heaps of gold, but by theſe finiſter methods.

I am credibly informed by an old French courtier, that Monſieur Belville, a gentleman of the province of Languedoc, ſpared not to paſs this reflection on the Duke of Luynes, even in the king's preſence. Being at Bourdeaux, while the King celebrated his nuptials with the Infanta of Spain, in a moſt magnificent manner, one day coming to the court in his mourning coach (his father being newly dead), he was reprehended by Monſieur Cadinet, younger brother to the Duke of Luynes, for appearing at court in ſuch an extraordinary time of joy with a mourning coach: "O, Sir (ſays Belville), the bravery of your brother's coach may excuſe the meanneſs of mine, ſince he borrowed all the gold I had to equip himſelf for this triumphant ſeaſon." This I was told by one that was preſent, and heard the words; and the occaſion of them alſo he was not ignorant of, which was this:

Monſieur Belville being a gentleman of a noble family, and one whoſe eminent virtues and ſervices might have entitled him to ſome ſuitable dignity, but being low in his fortune, was not regarded or taken notice of, till he addreſſed himſelf to the Duke of Luynes; who, upon the

receipt of fifteen hundred crowns, promiſed him to make him Cavalier of the Order of the Holy Ghoſt, a dignity next to that of the Peers of the Realm, and which is a fair ſtep to it. But, inſtead of performing his promiſe, after he had got his money, he, by underhand practices, procured him to be baniſhed the court; neither did he ever come near it till this marriage aforeſaid was taken in hand, at which time his father dying at Bourdeaux, and being there alſo buried, he, by the mediation of ſome friend, procured a repeal of his baniſhment, that he might have an opportunity of making the king ſenſible of the duke's injuſtice. But it took not the deſired effect; for he was, upon thoſe words immediately impriſoned, where he ſoon after died of grief. Thus is oppreſſion, murder, and violence countenanced by authority among theſe infidels.

But thou, Sage Interpreter of our Law, and Patron of Virtue, vouchſafe me thy counſel, that I may learn not to be corrupted by converſing with theſe uncircumciſed.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXII.—*To the Moſt Illuſtrious* Visier Azem, *at the Porte.*

The enemies of the Ottoman intereſt, ever ſince the time that our late Invincible Sultan Amurath had cauſed his uncle Muſtapha to be ſtrangled, flattered themſelves with the vain hopes of ſeeing that royal line extinct, it being blazed abroad in all the courts of Chriſtendom, that Sultan Amurath, by exceſſive uſe of wine, had quite enervated his natural vigour, and rendered himſelf incapable of getting any more children. And the private charge which he gave to the Baſſas and Grandees of the

Empire, that in caſe he died iſſueleſs, they ſhould tranſlate the imperial diadem to the Tartar, was no ſecret here. Every body looked upon our preſent happy ſovereign, Sultan Ibrahim, as a man deſigned for a ſacrifice to his brother's hatred, and that he would not long ſurvive the fate of his uncle Muſtapha.

I have heard a grave and experienced ſtateſman ſay, that he hoped to ſee the Ottoman empire (after the death of Amurath) rent into as many and fatal diviſions by the ambitious beglerbegs, baſſas, and other governors of provinces, as the empire of Alexander the Great was by the commanders of his army after his death, who ſhared it among themſelves, and cantonized it into as many principalities as there were captains to make pretenſions, either by merit or the ſword.

But praiſe be to God, Lord of the Univerſe, the Sovereign Protector of the empire eſtabliſhed by his own hands, the hopes of the Infidels are defeated; Ottoman is not left without an heir to ſit upon the throne, an heir of his blood, as well as of his empire.

The birth of Sultan Mahomet is no ſmall news to Europe, after it had been generally reported, that his father Sultan Ibrahim was impotent. The ladies of the court here begin to entertain a better opinion of him, and the grandees frame more maſculine ideas of our glorious monarch.

God augment the Imperial offſpring, and perpetuate the Ottoman ſway, till the day of the balance.

I bow my forehead to the carpets whereon thou treadeſt, and kiſs the hem of thy rich veſt. God increaſe thy graces and felicities.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXIII.—*To the same.*

It is not lawful for a slave to pry into the actions of his sovereign lord, much less to censure his conduct with boldness; but miserable is that prince, who, amongst all his pretended friends and servants, has none so faithful and discreet as to warn him of dangers which are ready to devour him.

I cannot but highly applaud the severity of thy justice in taking away the life of that Persian traitor last year, who, by his accursed insinuations and example, hastened the death of our late victorious sovereign Sultan Amurath, upon whom be the mercies of God.

That heretic, though an emir, of the race of our Holy Prophet, and adorned with the immarcessible colour which is appropriated to sanctity and virtue, yet refrained not from idolatry, being a daily votary to Bacchus. He it was who first taught the unfortunate sultan to drink wine, which he afterwards practised to that excess as betrayed him to many inconveniencies, and at last to death itself.

But suffer me to ask thee why thou dost not also take an equal revenge on Mustapha Bassa, who was as guilty as the Persian, being not only a companion, but a zealous promoter of the royal debauches? It was he who first proposed that fatal match of drinking which cast the sultan into a mortal fever, of which he died in less than a week.

I should not presume to say these things to thee, nor to call past miscarriages to remembrance, were I not certainly informed, that the same Mustapha is practising his old trade with the present Sultan Ibrahim, endeavouring to enervate the royal blood, and withdraw the sultan from the just observance of our holy law, to the impious pro-

fanations of the Infidels. I am commanded to give intelligence of all important affairs to thee and the other great miniſters of ſtate: I thought none more weighty than that which regards the life of my ſovereign.

I have done my duty; I leave the proceſs to thee, who art the oracle of government.

God direct thy feet in the path of juſtice, which will aſſuredly lead thee to the gardens of Eden, where thou ſhalt enjoy eternal repoſe and ſupreme felicity.

Paris, 16th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXIV.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Prince of the Religion of the Turks.*

I RECEIVED the diſpatch of thy ſanctity, wherein thou haſt renovated my ſoul, and reſtored me to a ſound conſiſtence of ſpirit. My doubts are vaniſhed; I am no longer racked with torturing ſcruples about my conduct; thy abſolution has obliterated the ſentence my fears had pronounced upon me.

As to the penance thou haſt enjoined me, it is rational, and adapted to the quality of my crime. I have counterfeited a Chriſtian, that I might the better perform the duty of a Muſſulman: I have ſeemed devoutly attentive to the Roman Miſſal, that I might be inſtrumental to propagate the Alcoran; and for this religious fault, thou requireſt that I ſhould inform thee how the Chriſtians behave themſelves in their temples, where I have been ſo often a ſpectator of their ceremonies. I ſubmit with an abſolute reſignation and a willing compliance to thy venerable injunction, and will briefly relate what I have obſerved.

Theſe infidels ſeem to be ambitious of imitating the

undefiled religion, and yet they prove but bad mimics; for as we are taught to wash our bodies before we enter the sacred mosques, so they, at the entrance of their churches, dip their fingers in certain vessels filled with water and salt, and sprinkle their foreheads therewith, as though their purity lay in a swoon, and were thus to be recovered to life again; or, that the uncleanness of their whole bodies were contracted into the face. They esteem the water holy, and yet they trifle with it as an indifferent thing. One would think they should be desirous to bathe themselves all over, and let every pore in their skin imbibe the sanctified liquor; but they seem rather to use it as a charm; for after they have sprinkled a few drops on their faces, and muttered to themselves two or three words, they think they have chased all impurity from them in a fright, and boldly present themselves before the altars. Herein also they deviate from the practice of former Christians, who (if their own church histories be true) were accustomed to wash their arms and feet in certain cisterns before they entered the temples, whereof the fountains and lavatories remaining yet on the south side of the holy and magnificent mosque of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople are a standing testimony; for the Greek inscriptions show that some of them at least were contrived by the builders of this glorious temple in the time of Justinian the emperor, for the purification of such as came thither to worship; by which it is manifest that these modern infidels degenerate from those more ancient ones.

Another thing offends me also, which is this: They believe the Divinity is present in their temples after a peculiar and extraordinary manner, and yet they suffer dogs to profane them with their vilest excrements: They spare for no cost to adorn their churches, and their altars are

enriched with invaluable treasures of silver, gold, and precious stones, and yet, after all, they must become the receptacles of the dung of sordid animals.

These wicked wretches also walk up and down in these sacred places, talking of their common affairs, as though they were on the Exchange or in the market-place.

But that which is to be had in greatest abomination is, that it is common for men to make love to the women in churches. They present themselves before the altars, but the saint whom they invocate is some beautiful female. She engrosses all their devotions, to her they make their vows. The amorous youth adores his mistress that kneels by him, laden, perhaps, with more sins than himself. His eyes may be fixed on the altar, or on the pictures and images, but his tongue addresses to the more charming idol near him; or, if his eyes are attentive on his prayer-book, he teaches it to speak nothing but the soft and effeminate things of love. Thus assignations of lust are made in the house of prayer, and the affairs of Cupid managed under the mask of religion. They fight the battles of Venus under the banner of their God.

I tell thee, venerable interpreter of the divine law, that the sight of these things has sometimes inflamed my zeal to that height, as, had it not been for an earnest desire to do some extraordinary service to the Grand Signior (which obliged me to take care of myself), I should certainly have transfixed these profane mockers of God on the spot, and sacrificed them to a zeal, which thou, who art piety itself, wouldst not, I believe, reprehend.

I fold my arms, most venerable sovereign of religion, and wrapping myself in profound humility, I fall prostrate to the earth, begging thy effectual blessing and intercession, that I may be admitted into the number of the happy in paradise.

Paris, 26th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXV.—*To the* VISIER AZEM, *Prime Director of the Affairs of the Ottoman Empire.*

THE notices I have of the preſent ſtate of England, in compliance with thy commands, are not gained without ſome difficulty. It is not eaſy for a man that ſits in his chamber in Paris to pry into the cabinets of foreign courts; yet I will communicate to thee ſome intelligences which thou couldſt not learn from the Engliſh ambaſſador at the Porte, nor from all the travellers of that nation reſiding at Conſtantinople, Smyrna, and Aleppo.

There is a Jew whom they call De Lopez, a confidant and emiſſary of Cardinal Richlieu, whom he employs both at home and abroad in ſeveral private negotiations and intrigues. I have inſinuated into this man's familiarity, and (if I may ſo expreſs it) I have rivetted myſelf into his heart. He treats me with an aſſurance void of jealouſy; and there is no folding or angle in his breaſt which I do not eaſily penetrate. I make uſe of him as an optic, through which I peep into the cardinal's ſecrets, and as a mirror, in which I behold the true face of many diſguiſed affairs tranſacted in the remoteſt corners of Europe, there being hardly any thing of moment done in the courts of Chriſtian princes wherein the cardinal has not a finger. He ſeems to be the genius or ſoul of Chriſtendom, communicating motion, activity and heat, to all the grand intrigues now on foot in theſe weſtern parts of the world.

The commotions of England ſeem to be a complicated diſtemper of the ſtate, ariſing from ſeveral cauſes, drawn to a head by the dexterous artifice of this buſy ſpirit. The preſent king of that iſland came to the crown with no ſmall diſadvantages, his father having exhauſted the treaſury, and left him deeply in debt. He had no ſmall

number of the blood-royal to maintain, which kind of charges, thou knoweſt, our glorious ſultans, though they be maſters of infinite riches, endeavour to avoid, by marrying their daughters and nieces, whilſt yet infants, to ſome of the moſt potent and wealthy baſſas, that ſo their port may be kept up without burdening the royal coffers. But the infidel Princes are wanting in this frugal providence. In the reign of King James (this king's father) England lay at eaſe, ſlumbering in the downy bed of peace; ſhe wallowed in pleaſures, and had no other unhappineſs but in being too happy. Her affluence and idleneſs affected the ſtate with a plethory. The public health cannot be long conſerved without the moderate exerciſe of war. Charles, after the death of the old king, being eſtabliſhed in the throne, committed the affairs of ſtate to the management of his miniſters, never examining his treaſury, nor calling to an account his officers, but indulged himſelf in the pleaſures moſt agreeable to his youthful genius. He hunted in the foreſts, whilſt the grandees, whom he intruſted with his revenues and the public conduct, had another game to purſue, poſtponing their maſter's intereſt and that of the nation to their own private avarice. The favourite miniſter held a ſecret correſpondence with Cardinal Richlieu, and by this means the court was filled with French penſioners, countenanced alſo by the authority of the queen, who was the daughter of France.

It had been before agreed in the articles of the marriage, that the Queen of England ſhould have a preſixed number of French ſervants; but they, not content with their domeſtic employments and attendance on her perſon, ſought the management of that eſtate which King Charles had ſettled on her as a dowry. This would by no means agree with the conſtitutions of the Engliſh,

That iſland is a little world by itſelf; and the inhabitants boaſt of an original freedom of birth, which is not ſo much as dreamed of in all the dominions of our invincible ſultans. Though the Engliſh have ſeveral times been invaded and ſubdued by the Saxons, Danes, and French, yet it has been rather by compoſition than extremity of war; or, if it may be called a conqueſt, the victors have been forced to yield to the vanquiſhed, in aſſuring them their ancient laws, privileges and cuſtoms. There is no nation in the world more jealous of this their pretended birthright; and therefore, to avoid all occaſions of giving offence to the nobles and gentry, the king, perceiving the inſolent demands and carriage of the French courtiers, commanded them all, ſave a few creatures of the favourite duke, to depart the kingdom. This much diſguſted the queen, and Cardinal Richlieu was glad of the opportunity to incenſe the King of France. Lewis was nettled at the affront offered to his ſiſter; yet, by the dexterity of the Mareſchal Baſſompierre, his ambaſſador at the Engliſh court, things were in a way of accommodation, when all was quaſhed by the ſeizure which the French made of ſeveral Engliſh ſhips; and ſo a war commenced, far more fatal in its conſequences to England than to France.

The King of England, roufed from his pleaſures and divertiſements by the preparations of his potent neighbour, began to look about him, and conſult the public ſafety; but when he examined his treaſury, he found it empty, or at leaſt at a very low ebb.

Behold here, ſupreme baſſa, a ſtroke of deſtiny, a concurrence of cauſes, ſeeming remote and ſmall in their firſt appearance, but in their proceſs uniting and involving that kingdom in ruin.

Charles could not carry on a war with France without

aſking aid of the Sovereign Divan (which they call the parliament) of that nation. It is a ſenate compoſed of above ſeven hundred of the nobility and gentry of the land. Theſe have the power to make laws, raiſe taxes, and redreſs the grievances of the kingdom. It was an ill ſeaſon to aſk the aſſiſtance of his ſubjects, who had already conceived an averſion for the royal dignity. However, a mighty fleet was ordered to be rigged and manned out. Cardinal Richlieu from afar beheld the approaching ſtorm, and knew not how to divert it from falling on France, but by corrupting the Engliſh favourite. De Lopez, from whom I received this intelligence, was employed in the affair; he was ſent to London, which is the metropolis of England, and the place where the king uſually keeps his court. It was an expenſive negotiation, and coſt the cardinal forty thouſand dollars, which is equivalent to three millions and two hundred thouſand of our aſpers. With this vaſt bribe he proſelyted the favourite duke to the intereſt of France. The Engliſh navy conſiſted of an hundred and fifty ſail, having alſo twelve thouſand landmen on board. It was agreed between them, that the Engliſh miniſter ſhould procure himſelf to be made admiral of theſe marine forces. His indulgent maſter could deny nothing to the man whom he had entruſted with the ſway of the government. Now the King of France might ſleep at quiet, ſince the Engliſh ſhips ſailed with a French wind. They landed upon the iſland of Ree; but their actions were altogether theatrical, a mere ſhow of war, without any real execution, the Engliſh general manifeſtly omitting the proper methods and favourable opportunities of winning that iſland, his conduct ſpeaking as if he came there rather to compliment than to fight.

Theſe things made a harſh ſound in England, and the

nobles reſented ill the double dealing of the duke of Buckingham (ſo was the Engliſh general called). In fine, the bad ſucceſs of their forces, the expences they had been at, and the diſgrace they ſuffered in this war (four-and-forty of their colours being carried to Paris, and hung up in the chief temple of this city as trophies of the French victory), incenſed the generality of the Engliſh nation againſt the king and the government; they began to accuſe him in their cabals of mal-adminiſtration, and the favourite duke was a while after ſtabbed by a ruffian, whom the malcontents had hired to execute their revenge.

The affections of the Engliſh appeared every day more and more alienated from the king; and Cardinal Richlieu had there his agents, who were not wanting to foment the public diſcontents, and by divers artifices to draw the credulous people into factions. The French penſioners were inſtructed to deport themſelves in a manner every way offenſive to the nation. Black and threatening clouds ſeemed to hang over the court of England, exhaled from the ill blood of the ſubjects. The royal dignity went retrograde, and all things tended to obſcure the luſtre of the crown; yet there paſſed ſome years before things came to extremities, and matters, though ripened, yet were not brought to an open rupture till Scotland lanced the ſore.

This nation is ſubject to the crown of England, and makes one half of the iſland of Great Britain. They are a warlike people, patient of labour, accuſtomed to the rigour of an extreme cold climate, great travellers, ſubtle, proud and inconſtant.

After that which ſome call Hereſy, others a Reformation, had begun to alienate many kingdoms and provinces from the Roman church, the Scots, greedy of novelties, and ſpurred on by the ambitious pretexts of one of their

grandees, who, under the maſk of religion, ſought the crown, introduced innovations into their church. They ſhook off at once all their obedience to the Pope, and ſet up ſuch a form of religious diſcipline as was altogether antimonarchical; and their preachers ceaſed not to inſtil into the hearts of the people democratic principles. Thus continued affairs, till King Charles, not inſenſible of theſe things, and willing to new-model that church, they took up arms againſt him, knowing that he would not be able to raiſe forces to chaſtiſe them, without calling a parliament. The parliament of England was at that time full of Scottiſh proſelytes, men of ſeditious and turbulent principles; ſo that the king was like to find but little favour among them. However, by the aſſiſtance of ſome loyal nobles and gentlemen, he marches into Scotland at the head of an army. Not a blow was ſtruck on either ſide; but all differences were compoſed, and huſhed up by a treaty. Yet, ſoon after, the Scots entered into England with an army, being underhand invited in by their partizans in England. The king is a ſecond time forced to throw himſelf upon his parliament for money; but they, inſtead of granting him any, fell to examining his paſt conduct, complaining and deſiring a redreſs of ſeveral irregularities in his adminiſtration. There were thoſe who failed not to put in execution the deſigns and inſtructions of Cardinal Richlieu; he had his agents up and down the kingdom, who inſinuated jealouſies and heart-burnings into the gentry and people of the land. The king was repreſented every where as a tyrant, and all his actions were miſconſtrued.

Signior Roſetti, the pope's nuncio at the Engliſh court, beſides his inſtructions from the Roman pontiff, held a ſtrict intelligence with the cardinal. His buſineſs at this court was publicly to the queen (who profeſſed

an obedience to the ſee of Rome), but privately he was ordered to negotiate an accommodation between the Roman and Engliſh churches. Cardinal Richlieu thought to ſtrike two marks with one blow, that is, to embroil the ſtate of England, and procure himſelf the greater eſteem with the Roman court. He appears very zealous for the converſion of England; and in order to it, allows a conſiderable penſion to Signior Roſetti; inſtructing him withal, to ſhew his utmoſt dexterity, in gaining the courtiers and grandees of that nation to his ſide.

He knew the genius of the Engliſh, and that there was nothing ſo offenſive to that nation, as the papal power and religion. Wherefore De Lopez was ordered to pay Signior Roſetti vaſt ſums of money, that ſo there might be nothing wanting to proſelyte the courtiers; knowing that they would act inſolently, and diſguſt the proteſtants, and ſo increaſe the public averſion for the regal authority. There was alſo another agent at the Engliſh court, who was ſecretary to Cardinal Barbarini, a man no leſs induſtrious than the other in advancing the Roman intereſt. He held a ſtrict correſpondence with ſome of the chief miniſters, eſpecially with the principal ſecretary of ſtate. Whilſt theſe were doing their maſter's buſineſs at the court, there were others no leſs active in the city, where they endeavoured to create a party, and raiſe factions, inſinuating themſelves into the acquaintance of the moſt eminent merchants and other citizens; repreſenting to them the dangerous conſequences of Signior Roſetti's reſidence at the court; glancing at every thing which looked like a falſe ſtep in the king's conduct; alarming them with fears and apprehenſions of being ſubjected to a foreign power; and uſing all their arts to nouriſh popular diſſatisfaction.

The Scots about this time made another incurſion into

England. A parliament was called, but no good done. The king's neceſſities made them grow high in their demands and carriage, and all things tended to a general defection.

A while after, the Iriſh revolted, and maſſacred above a hundred thouſand Engliſh. The king is accuſed of being privy to it: Tumults are raiſed, who, in a threatening manner, ſeemed to beſiege the royal palaces, calling out for juſtice; not much unlike the ſedition of our janizaries, when they are diſpleaſed with the conduct of our glorious ſultans, or his prime miniſters of ſtate.

In fine, the miſunderſtandings between the king and the parliament grew to that height, as induced the king to withdraw from the capital city, about the beginning of this year; and, in the following moon, he ſent the queen with her daughter into Holland, that they might paſs away the time in the court of the Prince of Orange, until this ſtorm was blown over.

In the interim, the king ſends letters to the parliament, perſuading them to conſult the public peace; but all was to no purpoſe; they ſeize upon all the ſtrongholds and caſtles they could; ſo that when the king came to one of his garriſoned towns, the gates were ſhut againſt him, and he was denied entrance by the governor. The parliament liſts an army, and the king ſet up his royal ſtandard in the laſt moon; ſince which, there has been nothing of action between them, but the armies are drawing near each other.

I will inform thee of all particulars as they come to my knowledge. But the packet-boats from the iſland come not ſo frequently during the diſturbances, as they have done formerly.

I beſeech the Creator of all things, to defend our invincible ſultan from the ſeditious practices of his ſubjects;

and make thee instrumental to establish and aggrandize the Ottman empire.

Paris 29th of the 9th Moon, of the year 1642.

XXVI.—*To* ABDEL MELEC MUZ OMAR, *Superintendent of the College of Sciences at Fez.*

WHEN I write to thee, it is with a respect equal to that which I pay to the Imams, the descendants of our Holy Prophet, since thou art sprung from the noble stem of the ancient Saracens; the blood of the celebrated Omar, successor of the Divine Lawgiver, streaming in thy veins.

I revere the banner carried into Egypt by thy renowned progenitor, before which the Grecians fled astonished, at a sign sent from heaven of their approaching ruin. This sacred piece of antiquity I have seen at Media, where it is reposited in the chancel of the Babylonian Caliphs. I have honoured it with a pious veneration; but much greater is my regard to thee, who art a living relic of that illustrious house.

Permit me, venerable sage, to converse with thee a little, after the manner of a pupil; with thee, I say, who art a fountain of sapience: for, besides thy perfect knowledge of the divine law, thou art accomplished with all human literature.

There is a man in these parts, of a large soul and elevated speculations, who stiffly maintains, that the earth moves, and the sun stands still. He is not the first that broached this doctrine, it has had several learned patrons, but he has highly improved the theory. His reasons for it, have almost the force of mathematical demonstrations; and nothing seems to oppose him, but the autho-

rity of Moſes, and the Hebrew ſcriptures. The Chriſtians will not approve of any philoſophy which interferes with that which they call the Bible; and yet their practice gives a perpetual lie to the contents of that book. Surely there is no envy in the Deity; and he that is Omniſcient, will not puniſh men for improving their knowledge. The ſtudy of nature is full of innocent delights, and he that gave to man an appetite of ſcience, has not forbid him to gratify it with its proper objects. For can I ſee how this new philoſophy contradicts any more than the bare letter of their bible, for I have read it in ſeveral languages; and the Jews, who are the guardians of the original Hebrew, allow a cabaliſtical interpretation far different from the literal: So does the Arabian prince and philoſopher Avicen, interpret thoſe verſicles in our Holy Alcoran, which treat of paradiſe, in a ſenſe far more refined than the letter ſeems to import. In reading ſuch myſterious books, it is neceſſary to practiſe a learned chemiſtry, to ſublimate the groſs external ſenſe of the words, and to extract the ſpirit and ſoul of the diſcourſe.

That the ſun is the centre of this our planetary world, and that the earth, with the reſt of the planets move round about it, is a theſis which keeps exact touch with human reaſon, and ſeems naturally to ſquare with our intellectual faculties. It ſets all the wheels of this great and wonderful machine, in a regular and proportionate circulation. It gives the cleareſt account of the retrograde motions of the planets. Ptolemy's ſyſtem of the world, ſeems to romance upon the ſun, moon, and ſtars, in aſſigning them hourly ſuch prodigious journies through the heavens, as are inconſiſtent with the laws of motion. And Tycho Brache was but a botcher, in patching up the orbs with his excentrics, epicycles, &c. The former

keeps the fixed ſtars in an endleſs and unconceivable hurry; and the latter involves the planets in a heavenly perplexity. Both come far ſhort of Copernicus, that excellent aſtronomer, who, by placing the ſun in the centre of the world, has ſolved all the appearances of nature, with the moſt exact analogy to truth. Nor is the argument taken from our ſenſe of any force, ſince it invalidates the motion of the ſun, as well as that of the earth: Nay, it is more incongruous, that the ſun ſhould move ſo many hundred thouſand miles every hour, and we not perceive him to ſtir a hair's breadth at a time. But I will not intrench farther on thy patience, nor run the riſk of a vertigo, by purſuing the twiſt orbicular motions of Nature. It matters not much whether the ſun ſtands ſtill, or the earth, provided we run the race that is appointed us, ſo as to gain the prize. Yet I will aſk thy judgment on another point, which men of high reaches have ſtarted.

There are ſome learned men, who ſay, the moon and the reſt of the planets are habitable as our globe is. For my part, to ſpeak freely, I could wiſh it were true, it is a ſociable doctrine. It has made me melancholy ſometimes, when I have caſt my eyes upwards, to think all thoſe ample tracts in the firmament ſhould be void of inhabitants, and yet ſcarce a turf of our dunghill earth to be found without its domeſtics. It is demonſtrable to the eye, that the moon is an opake body like this globe whereon we tread, having no other light but what it borrows from the ſun. Where is the hereſy then in ſuppoſing that it is created for a like uſe? I hope the ſacred empire of the muſſulmans will not ſtain itſelf with ſuch a barbarous murder, as was committed on Vigilius, a certain Chriſtian biſhop, who was burnt by the decree of the Roman church, for aſſerting the antipodes; a

truth which all nations are now ſenſible of, ſince the improvement of navigation and traffic. And yet Galilæus had like to have undergone the ſame ſentence at Rome, within theſe ten years, for maintaining the earth's motion, and that the ſun is the fixed centre of the world; nothing but his recantation being ſufficient to have ſaved him. Such ſeverities choke the growth of learning, and ſtop the progreſs which would otherwiſe be made in arts and ſciences. Happy are the ſtudents that live under thy auſpicious patronage, in that fruitful ſeminary of philoſophers, where the myſteries of God and Nature are taught, free from the profane licentiouſneſs of the ancient pagans, or the ſuperſtitious rigours of modern infidels.

I pray the Sovereign Intelligence not to withdraw from thee his divine influence, nor reſtrain the flood of light that has been let looſe on thy ſoul; but that thou mayeſt overflow like Nilus, and enlighten not only Africa, but the whole world with ſome new diſcovery.

Paris, 29th of the 9th Moon, of the year 1642.

XXVII.—*To* Cara Haly, *the Phyſician, at Conſtantinople.*

The Weſtern philoſophers, eſpecially thoſe who follow the ſentiments of Monſieur Des Cartes, maintain, that the ſouls of all living creatures, except men, are material and mortal; that a beaſt is but a machine, like a watch or clock, not actuated or informed by any ſpirit diſtinct from the body, but moved to the performance of all natural actions by a mere corporeal mechaniſm, ſet on work by various impulſes from external objects.

In this they oppoſe Ariſtotle, and all the ſages of the

Eaſt: and thou knoweſt that our Arabian doctors are of a contrary opinion, who aſcribe reaſon, diſcourſe, and immortality, to the ſouls of beaſts, as well as to thoſe of men; having aſſigned particular apartments for Elborach, the beaſt which carried our Holy Prophet from Mecca to Jeruſalem; for the ram which Abraham ſacrificed inſtead of his ſon Iſaac; for the cow of Moſes, the piſmire of Solomon, the whale which ſaved Jonas, the raven which fed Elijah, the aſs which rebuked Balaam, and in general, for all the camels which have the honour to carry the Sacred Alcoran to Mecca.

I will ſuſpend my belief of their being entertained in paradiſe, until I ſhall have the happineſs to ſee them there; but I cannot however acquieſce to the opinions of theſe modern philoſophers, who aſſert their ſouls to be mere matter. The bodies both of men and beaſts, I own, perform all motions by mechanic rules; but that mechaniſm is guided by a higher principle than the fortuitous impulſe of external agents, in beaſts as well as men.

All animals ſeem to me to be endued with a faculty, which if it may not be called reaſon, yet is ſomething analogous to it, for which we want a proper name; and of this mind were Empedocles, Pythagoras, Plotinus, and Porphyry, with many other ancient ſages: Though this faculty is more eminently conſpicuous in ſome kinds of beaſts than in others.

I cannot but admire the regular architecture of bees, their induſtry and politic economy, vying with the moſt excellent form and adminiſtration of government among men. It is with no leſs pleaſure I behold the ſpider, when with exquiſite art ſhe builds her little ſilken palace, and lays her fine-wrought trains to catch the unwary fly. It is equally pleaſant and diverting to obſerve the con-

duct of the piſmires, their prudent forecaſt; how they trudge up and down all the ſummer, to lay up a ſufficient ſtock of provender for the barren winter. There is no kind of bird, four footed beaſt, or fiſh, which does not confute this Carteſian hypotheſis.

It is credibly reported by Porphyry, that in the Eaſt Indies there is a beaſt which they call a hyæna, which approaching near the villages, will imitate a man's voice, and calling the inhabitants by their names; if they come out of their houſes, it will ſeize on the firſt that comes to hand, and devour him. The dog, the ape, the elephant, with many other four footed beaſts, afford us manifeſt ſpecimens of reaſon, or ſomething very like it.

Who has not heard of the love which dolphins bear to men? Pliny relates a pretty ſtory of a dolphin that frequented the lake Lucrinus in Italy, and being often fed from the ſhore by a certain ſchool-boy, grew at length ſo familiar as to come at a call. We alſo read of another, who took the muſician Arion on his back (when caſt into the ſea by cruel ſailors) and carried him ſafe to ſhore.

Can all theſe actions proceed from mere matter? In my opinion, it is as eaſy to defend, that human nature itſelf is but matter ſo and ſo modified; and that all the buſtle men keep in the world, is but the effect of a better compoſition of body, the reſult of a more perfect and refined machine.

I eaſily agree, that we far excel the other living creatures in all the operations of our ſouls, and exerciſes of our reaſon: Yet we have our defects as well as they; and this I eſteem as one of the greateſt, to deny them any ſhare in reaſon, who ſo far excel us in ſenſe.

It is a culpable pride and envy in men, thus to blaſt the reputation of their animal kindred, from which vices I know thou art free.

God that has made uſe of the tongue of a ſilly aſs to reprove the folly of a wiſe man in his own conceit, illuminate our underſtandings in the myſteries of his law.

Paris, 24th of the 10th Moon, of the year 1642.

XXVIII.—*To* HASSEIN BASSA.

THY commands I receive as marks of thy eſteem and good will, which I deſire may be perpetual. Thou haſt an eminent ſhare in the favour of our auguſt emperor; and I ſhall ſtudy to merit thy protection, by all the dutiful offices that can be expected from a ſlave in my ſtation.

There is nothing ſo much conduces to eſtabliſh a permanent friendſhip, as a right underſtanding. The ſouls of friends are firſt warpd by miſapprehenſions. I would not have thee think of me, as I do of myſelf; that would prompt thee to contempt; nor, as the French do, who take me for Titus of Moldavia; but look upon me, whatever my failings are, as a man that values and practiſes the incorrupt fidelity of the firſt ages. I abhor treachery, and, for that reaſon, am often forced to make an officious lie: Yet I do not proſtitute my conſcience, having the Mufti's diſpenſation. Whenever it ſhall be told thee, that Mahmut degenerates, ſuſpect the ſlanderer; perhaps he would ſupplant me. I am not fond of my commiſſion, but I dread to loſe the ſultan's favour: Whoſoever deprives me of that robs me of my honour, which is dearer to me than my life.

By what I have ſaid, thou wilt perceive, that I am not ignorant of the ill offices which Ikingi Cap'-Oglani has done me. The man aſpires, and is envious: Were I in his poſt, I would not exchange the honour and feli-

city of educating the royal pages of the ſeraglio, for an employment attended with infinite hazards, and no leſs trouble, as is that of Mahmut. If he be expert in the French tongue, there are thoſe that excel him; and language is but the ſhell of more ſubſtantial accompliſhments. Every linguiſt is not fit to be employed in the ſecrets of ſtate; neither are all pedagogues politicians.

I am ſtartled at the ambition of a man, who becauſe he has ſtudied at Athens, thinks himſelf worthy of the confidences of the myſterious Porte, which arbitrates the fate of all the kingdoms in the world. If this be not his aim, why does he daily traduce me? Why does he paint me to the miniſters of the Divan, in black and odious colours, perſuading them it is my natural complexion? He is not content with the calumnies he himſelf throws on me, but has corrupted Solyman my couſin, and has hired him to miſrepreſent me to the Kaimacham; and that he might be ſure to ſtrike home, he has drawn to his party Shaſhim Iſtham the black eunuch.

I ſent Solyman a letter laſt year full of reproofs, not knowing who had ſet him at work: I hope it had ſome good effect on him, though late. It is from him I received this intelligence. He ſeems to repent of his malice, telling me, that this Ikingi Cap'-Oglani, had ſo artificially poſſeſſed him with a belief of my perfidiouſneſs, that he thought he did good ſervice to God and the Grand Signior to rail at me; but that the Kaimacham had afterwards convinced him of my innocence. This was the ſubſtance of his letter, and he concludes it with begging my pardon.

I tell thee, illuſtrious baſſa, that though the wounds which are given by the tongue of a ſlanderer, be deeper than thoſe which are given by the ſword, and I could ſooner pardon him who fought manfully to take away

my life, than he which baſely murders my good name; yet I attribute my kinſman's fault to youthful error, and a loyal miſtake; and I love him the better, for hating any one that he could imagine would prove unfaithful, and a traitor to God and the Grand Signior.

May the benign heavens bleſs thee with their good influences, and proſper thee in all things.

Paris, 1ſt of the 11th Moon, of the year 1642.

XXIX.—*To* SOLYMAN *his Couſin, at Conſtantinople.*

THY apology is rational and modeſt, and I am glad to be thus happily deceived. Thou ſeeſt the Kaimacham, with the other miniſters of the Porte, have too good an opinion of me to liſten to the inſinuations of deſigning men; and Ikingi Cap'-Oglani was out of his bias when he defamed the loyal Mahmut; and the black eunuch had better been watching the ladies, than wounding my reputation with his envenomed tongue. I wiſh thee hereafter to avoid all company that profeſs a kindneſs to thee, which thou mayeſt but ſo much as ſuſpect to be forced.

Thou aſkeſt my counſel how to conduct thyſelf toward thy firſt wife, of whom thou ſpeakeſt both well and ill. Thou believeſt her faithful and chaſte; thou knoweſt her to be induſtrious and careful of the family; good natured, flexible and obliging; but thou accuſeſt her of a violent and haughty ſpirit, fiercely paſſionate, and of a provoking tongue. She daily and hourly reflects upon thy miſcarriages; will play the ſchoolmiſtreſs with thee, pretending to correct, reprove, inſtruct, and guide thee in all thy actions. In fine, thou complaineſt that thou canſt not enjoy tranquillity with her.

I tell thee, kinſman, thou ſhouldeſt have applied thyſelf to the imaums and derviſes in this caſe; or, at leaſt, to ſuch as have had experience of a married life. Their ſentence would be more authentic than what thou canſt expect from me. But ſince thou haſt made choice of my counſel, I will give thee the beſt I can.

Thou wilt, in my opinion, find it difficult to be happy, with or without this woman. She is given thee by fate, to poiſe the balance of thy life; that neither too much eaſe nor pain, exceſs of joy or grief, ſhould turn the doubtful ſcales of ſenſe, and make thee either ſwim in floods of pleaſure uncontrouled, or ſink in the mire of baneful grief and melancholy.

The chaſte fidelity which thou believeſt her endued with, cannot be valued at too high a rate. It is a virtue which renders woman adorable. Likewiſe, her diligence and care, her reſpect and devoir, her eaſy temper and good nature, are qualities which cannot but charm thee. Shouldeſt thou deal unkindly by her, thy generous ſoul would regret it the next moment. Nay, ſhouldeſt thou take the common courſe, and diſmiſs her with a bill of divorce, according to the law, thou wouldeſt repent the deed within twice four-and-twenty hours.

And yet, I muſt confeſs, it is hard to be confined to a fierce woman's tongue, to bear reproaches and contumelies, contempts and defiances, lectures, and other female diſcipline. Who that's a man can brook ſuch ſlavery? Who that has but a ſpark of fire within this bulk of clay, can ſtoop to ſuch ignoble and unmanly ſoftneſs? I cannot counſel thee to ſuch an abject tameneſs of ſpirit. Man is lord of all his fellow-creatures; the fierceſt beaſts ſubmit to his imperial ſway: Woman alone, ambitious woman, diſputes the government with him. But, it is his right, and he diſowns both God

and Nature, who reſigns it to that aſpiring ſex. Yet, uſe thy power moderately; keep the golden mein. Be not ſurly and rough as a bear, nor yet effeminate and without gall, as a dove. But, if thou findeſt it impoſſible to keep her within the bounds of due ſubjection, put her away, and ſo preſerve thy peace. The company of thy other wives will ſoon efface her loved idea, and ſweeten thy loſs with a thouſand new pleaſures. But, if they ſhould follow her ſteps, inheriting her ſpirit, and tormenting thee with killing words, divorce them all. I would counſel thee to take ſucceſſively five hundred wives rather than make thy life miſerable, by too much love and indulgence to one that knows not how to uſe thy favours.

But, before thou beginneſt to put in execution this advice, try all the fair and gentle methods thy wit can ſuggeſt, to win her to a ſenſe of her fault, and a change of her temper; for, be aſſured, that it will be of leſs pain to thee, to have an eye plucked out of thy head, than to tear from thy heart the firſt object of thy love.

In this, and all things elſe, have an eſpecial regard to thy conſcience, and to the obſerving angel, who writes down all thy actions in a book. Do nothing which may merit the chaſtiſement of the two black angels, who ſhall viſit thee in thy grave. He who deals unjuſtly and cruelly by women on earth, ſhall be deprived of the felicities which our holy Prophet has promiſed us, in the company of that beautiful ſex in paradiſe.

Keep the law, and thou wilt have thy fill of love, both here, and in the bliſsful bowers of Eden.

Paris, 1ſt of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXX.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THE ſurrender of Perpignan to the French, ſtartles the world: A place inexpugnable by arms, and not to be reduced but by famine. Some that pretend to penetrate into foreign ſecrets, lay the blame on the Duke d'Olivarez. They ſay, that when the King of Spain firſt heard that Lewis laid ſiege to this important place, he would have gone in perſon to its relief, but that the duke hindered his deſign, fearing leſt his own miſcarriages ſhould take wind, when the king was got on the frontiers: This, they ſay, put a ſtop to the levies that were making in Arragon and Caſtile, and damped the courage of thoſe who were actually in arms.

Whether this was the effect or no, it is certain, the Duke d'Olivarez had ſufficient reaſon to be conſcious, knowing, that the grandees of Spain watched for an opportunity to diſlodge him from the king's breaſt. But it is ſtrange, that he ſhould at ſuch a time neglect any thing that might confirm him in his maſter's favour, as the ſaving of Perpignan muſt needs have done; all the ſucceſſes and miſcarriages of the ſtate, in peace or war, being attributed to the favourite miniſter.

Wherever the fault lies, I have heard no man yet condemn the governor of the town. It is ſaid, he has given all the marks of a valiant ſoldier, a prudent commander, and a faithful ſubject. Theſe virtues are to be honoured, even in an enemy.

They report, that the Spaniſh King put a kind of ſuperſtitious confidence in the Marquis d'Avila, becauſe one of the ſame family and title had formerly defended the place to extremity, until the ſiege was raiſed. Aſſuredly, virtue is not inherent in names, nor victory entailed to all of the ſame blood. Both the one and the

other are owing in a great meaſure to providence and chance. The Romans did not gain more in the Carthaginian war, under the conduct of Scipio the African, than they loſt afterwards, when another of that name was general of their army.

It is ſaid, the Duke d'Olivarez is ſeized with a frenzy upon the loſs of this town, or at leaſt counterfeits one. I do not aſſert this as a truth, illuſtrious Kaimacham, but to ſhow thee how people are addicted to cenſure, not only the miſcarriages of great men, but the very regrets which attend their misfortunes; as if it were a crime in them to mourn for the calamities which they could not prevent.

In the mean time, Cardinal Richlieu has weathered a tempeſt raiſed againſt him by the Duke of Orleans and his party; as if the fate of theſe two miniſters ran counter, and one muſt riſe by the other's fall.

Olivarez had laid a train for Cardinal Richlieu's deſtruction, but fell into it himſelf. He had corrupted one of the cardinal's creatures, who aſſociated himſelf with the Duke of Bouillon, and the Duke of Orleans. Beſides private grudges, they all ſuſpected the cardinal, as deſigning upon the king's death to take the regency into his own hands. They acquaint Olivarez with their grievances, and enter into a private league with him. He, in hopes to rend the kingdom of France into fatal diviſions, as well as to ruin the cardinal, agrees to furniſh the conſpirators with twelve thouſand foot, and three thouſand horſe. Sedan was to be the rendezvous of this army.

But Cardinal Richlieu, whom no ſecret could eſcape, ſoon diſcovered the plot, and acquaints the king with it; who forthwith cauſed the conſpirators to be ſeized, impriſoned, and two of their heads to be cut off; the reſt.

were pardoned, on conditions of ſurrender, and perpetual baniſhment from the king's preſence.

This happened much about the time that Perpignan ſurrendered, which was on the 9th of the moon Rebiul.

A little before, the conſpirators had ſo obſcured the cardinal's credit at the court, that the king denied him a viſit, when requeſted in his ſickneſs, upon which the cardinal withdrew himſelf: But the king was quickly glad to follow him, having no other refuge in the midſt of his preſſures, but him who was maſter of all the hearts, both of his ſubjects and allies. At that time, the Count de Guiſche was defeated in Flanders, and the Pariſians were apprehenſive, that Don Franciſco de Melo would bring his forces into the bowels of France. None was able to extricate the king out of ſo many troubles, but the chief miniſter. Thus, by a fortunate concurrence of events, the cardinal is reſtored to his maſter's favour, ſees his foreign enemies humbled, Perpignan taken, and his domeſtic foes cut off and baffled.

I pray God, whoſe eye is over the Muſſulman empire, to preſerve thee from all the machinations of thine enemies, and make thee to ſhine bright in the favour of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 11th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXXI.—*To* Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew, at Vienna.*

Thy letter, with Carcoa's journal, is come ſafe to my hands, and the ring which he bequeathed me. That legacy demonſtrates his affection, and that I have not ill deſerved of him; for the actions of dying men are void of diſguiſe.

His memoirs will be of great ſervice to me, containing

a more accurate hiſtory of the German court, from the year 1600 to the time of his death, than I have yet ſeen extant. I am not unacquainted with relations of this kind. The Europeans make their hiſtories ſpeak what their affection or fear ſuggeſts, rather than the truth. The liberty of printing has debauched the integrity of moſt writers; they ſtudy rather to pleaſe, than inform the age. For this reaſon, I reject the greateſt part of modern hiſtory, coveting only the manuſcripts of ſuch as Carcoa. He ſpeaks impartially, having no other bias, than the ſervice which he owed to the Grand Signior.

I ſpeak this for thy encouragement and direction, who ſucceedeſt that honeſt old man in his poſt. When thou committeſt any of thy obſervations to paper, let them be of things remarkable and true.

The banker, to whom thou didſt addreſs the bill for my payment, made a demur at firſt, but Eliachim cleared up his doubts. I deſire thee to order matters ſo hereafter, that I may not be taken for a cheat; that may prove of ill conſequence to us all. I would not have any ſiniſter accident ſtarted, which might make the French ſuſpect me. One misfortune ſeldom goes without attendance: The leaſt blemiſh upon a man's credit ſtraight infects the air. He whoſe reputation is blaſted, is ſuſpected and ſhunned like a walking peſtilence.

Thou wilt do well to prevent theſe miſchiefs, by thy care and foreſight. Take in good part this advice from Mahmut, who ſtudies his maſter's intereſt, not his own. Adieu.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXXII.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Prince of the True and Undefiled Faith.*

THOU that art a light to the blind, the pole-ſtar to them that are bewildered in an ocean of uncertainties, the ſanctuary of the mind battered with a tempeſt of vain opinions, tell me why it is blaſphemy to ſay, That God has already taken fleſh (as the Chriſtians believe), ſince our Holy Prophet himſelf avouches, That God ſhall aſſume a body at the reſurrection. I approach thy ſacred palace, with burning coals on my head, with fervent and inflamed zeal in my heart; caſt a gracious eye on thy ſuppliant; reſolve my doubts; diſſipate the miſt which clouds my anxious ſoul, and reſtore me to a right mind.

If a body be compatible with the divine eſſence, it ſeems not to me a blaſphemy in the Chriſtians, to aſſert the incarnation of the Word, whom our Holy Prophet calls alſo, The Breath of God. If this Breath or Word of God be not of the eſſence of the divinity, why is that part of the Chriſtian goſpel had in ſuch reverence by the faithful Muſſulmen, where it is ſaid, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and God was the Word?" If the Word be of the eſſence of God, then it will neceſſarily follow, that God has taken a human body, ſince our Holy Prophet calls him the Word of God, whom the Chriſtians adore for God Incarnate. Bear with my weakneſs and importunity; and if I err, correct me in thy wiſdom. And yet, let not theſe ſeem ſo much my ſcruples, as the arguments of Chriſtians, whom I would gladly convince of their hereſy; but it muſt be with ſolid reaſon.

Let not my lord be angry, if I aſk one queſtion more. Our holy doctors teach, that the dark ſpots in the moon were made, when the angel Gabriel flew by, and bruſhed

the moon with one of his wings: I aſk, How great that wing was, that could make an impreſſion ſo great, as to be conſpicuous to us at this prodigious diſtance? Or, Is Gabriel to be numbered among thoſe lofty angels, who can ſtride from one ſtar to another? If he be, Was there not room enough in the vaſt endleſs ſkies, or did he loſe his way through untracked orbs, or did he chance to wink in his career, that he ſhould thus unfortunately daſh the paler lamp of heaven? If he be one of thoſe forementioned mighty, tall and wide-ſtretched angels, How came he ſo to be contracted, when he viſited Mary the mother of Jeſus in her cloſet, and preſented her with a roſe that grew in paradiſe?

Anſwer me this, O ſovereign oracle of truth, ſince my ears are frequently invaded with ſuch objections and blaſphemous jeſts, by theſe infidels. How can I hear our holy law abuſed, and not burn in ſpirit? Tell me, I pray, how I ſhall ſilence theſe bold diſputers, theſe mockers of the book of glory. Think not this a frivolous queſtion, and impertinent to religion; for theſe Weſtern people are ſagacious and ſubtle: If they can find one flaw in the holy Alcoran, they will cry down all the reſt as falſe, and an impoſture; at the very thought of which blaſphemy my heart trembles.

Not long ago, a famous aſtronomer ſhewed me, in a teleſcope, the globe of the moon, through which it ſeemed to me an opake body, like the earth we tread on; and he affirmed it to be ſo, giving me mathematical demonſtrations for it; telling me alſo, it was habitable as our globe; and, that the difference of the brighter and more obſcure parts of the moon conſiſted only in this, that the one was firm land, the other fluid water; and, if I may believe my eyes, when aided by that optic inſtrument, it is no otherwiſe than as he ſaid.

This aſtronomer is renowned throughout the Weſtern world, being eſteemed the beſt philoſopher that ever wrote of natural things. His name is Renatus des Cartes. I have been often converſant with him, and took unſpeakable delight in his refined notions of the world. He is as dexterous at unravelling the contexture of the very elements, as though he had ſtood by the Eternal Artiſt, when he extracted them from the rude chaos. The minuteſt particle of matter, which is to the eye of other men inviſible, appears to him in its proper figure: He talks as familiarly of globous, ſquare and triangular atoms, as though he had a pair of compaſſes to take their true dimenſions by. Were not this admirable genius ſtained with great impiety, in that he mocks the book of glory, the holy Alcoran, true guide to paradiſe, I ſhould believe he was inſpired from above.

One day, diſcourſing about the body of the moon, he broke out into this blaſphemous jeſt: "The Arabian impoſtor," ſaid he, "might as well have made his followers believe what we prate to children, that there is a man in the moon, with a bundle of faggots on his back, as to tell them that fable, of the angel Gabriel's bruſhing this planet with his wing." I was not able to hear any more, but took my leave.

Furniſh me, therefore, O ſacred repoſitory of all true ſcience, with ſuch convincing arguments, as may put to ſilence theſe audacious infidels.

God grant I may be one of thoſe who ſhall hear the angel Ithuriel read lectures of divine knowledge in paradiſe.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1641.

XXXIII.—*To the* VISIER AZEM, *at the Porte.*

I AM acquainted with a Greek merchant in Paris, who formerly lived in one of thoſe pleaſant iſlands which lie about four leagues from Conſtantinople, being ſituated in the Propontis.

Aſking him one day, Whether trading was the motive which induced him to quit thoſe paradiſes upon earth, and exchange them for the ſtench and noiſe of this populous city? he replied, That he had ſufficient to make his life happy in the place of his nativity, being maſter of a good eſtate, and of many fruitful vineyards, having alſo houſes there which might vie with the moſt delightful chioſes of the muſſulman grandees; but, that the janizaries and other looſe Mahometans frequenting thoſe iſlands, and eſpecially that wherein he dwelt, committed ſo many outrages when heated with wine, as rendered his life inſupportable; for they would, in theſe drunken frolics, domineer as though they were lords of the iſland, ſeizing upon whatſoever pleaſed them, ſpoil his goods, and beat him like a ſlave; and if he mildly remonſtrated to them the injuries they had done him, they would give him no other ſatisfaction but oaths and curſes.

Theſe calamities made him ſell his eſtate, and travel into theſe countries, where he might enjoy himſelf with more liberty, profit and eaſe.

It is a diſhonour to the Ottoman Porte, the ſeat of juſtice, the ſanctuary of the world, to ſuffer ſuch diſorders to be committed without due chaſtiſement, within ſight of the ſeraglio, and by thoſe who have the honour to guard the perſon of the Sultan.

I repreſent theſe things to thee, knowing thy juſtice will adminiſter a ſpeedy remedy to theſe diſtempers of the ſoldiery; otherwiſe, ſhould they be ſuffered to go un-

puniſhed, we may expect, that not only theſe iſlands, but all Grecia, will in time be diſpeopled.

Paris, 25th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1642.

XXXIV.—*To* Cara Haly *the Phyſician, at Conſtantinople.*

Suffer me to converſe with thee after the manner of friends, with freedom and familiarity. I have often diſcovered to thee the diſtempers of my body, now I will reveal thoſe more dangerous ones of my mind; and I know not whether they are diſtempers or cures of ſuch. I have writ to the Mufti on the ſame ſubject in part, but with caution and reſerve. With thee I will deal frankly, and pour into thy boſom the ſecrets of my heart.

I am diſſatisfied in many things pertaining to religion. It is true, I cannot think or ſpeak of our Holy Prophet but with infinite attachment and veneration; yet I owe ſomething to my reaſon. I will believe the meſſenger of God was true and perfect; but is it a crime to think his ſucceſſors were but men, ſubject to frailty and error? Their diviſions immediately after the death of our great Lawgiver juſtify this reflection, ſince the fatal ſchiſm continues to this day. Either the Perſians or we muſt be in the wrong. Grant which thou wilt, it follows, that the truth was no ſooner ſown in the world, but it ſprung up in mortal hereſies; and I find no other aſſurance that we are in the right but the aſſertion of our doctors, the followers of Oſman and Ebubecher, who, for ought I know, are no more exempted from error than the diſciples of Haly. Both ſides believe the Holy Prophet, yet both at infinite diſtance in their interpretations of his law. Each party boaſts they have the true ſenſe

of the divine oracles, and curſes the oppoſite for heretics. Truth cannot be repugnant to itſelf.

From this original ſchiſm well near a hundred ſeveral ſects have ſprung, each maintaining different interpretations of the law. While truth can be but one, where ſhall a man be ſure to find it amongſt ſo many pretenders to it?

Think not that I am going to turn Chriſtian becauſe of this liberty I take to ſearch for truth, for the caſe is the ſame, or worſe among them.

Jeſus (whom our Holy Prophet calls the Breath and Word of God, the Reformer of the law of Moſes, knowing the ſecrets of hearts, and working miracles) preached to the Jews repentance, good works, the reſurrection of the dead, the day of judgment, the joys of paradiſe, and the torments of hell. He choſe twelve diſciples to diſperſe his doctrine over the world. But they likewiſe had diſſenſions among themſelves after that God had taken the Meſſias up to paradiſe, each apoſtle leaving different traditions behind him in the countries where he taught. Hence ſprung the differences between the churches of the eaſt and weſt, and thoſe in Ethiopia; one following Peter and Paul, another believing John, the third defending the traditions of Matthew; and from theſe greater ſchiſms have ſprung innumerable ſmaller ſects and hereſies, each church and party excommunicating, damning and curſing all the reſt; yet all believe they ſhall be ſaved.

Thus is the world at odds about religion, perſecuting, biting and devouring one another, becauſe they cannot all think alike; a ſingular argument of religion, and a ſpecial encouragement to gain proſelytes.

Theſe conſiderations have made me a ſceptic in controverted points of faith and matters of opinion; only in

this I am fixed, that I believe in one eternal God, and reverence his holy meſſengers and prophets; but if an angel from heaven ſhould tell me monſtrous and incredible ſtories of things repugnant to the common ſenſe and reaſon of all mankind, I would deſire him to excuſe me if I ſuſpended my belief.

I admire the golden age, when the infant world had not yet learned bigotry, when human reaſon was not corrupted with divine fables, and natural conſcience was the oracle to which all reſorted for ſolution of their doubts, before ſuperſtition had begun to dreſs the Deity in frightful, uncouth ſhapes; then harmleſs innocence could ſhow her naked face, which now is fain to go diſguiſed. No man was put to death for words or thoughts of things above his reach; no crafty Numa then had ſobbed upon the credulous people his feigned Ægeria, nor golden-tongued Pythagoras could impoſe the forged whiſpers of his eagle on the ſilly Crotonians for ſacred oracles; no wonder-working magician had led the rabble by the noſe with his infernal juggles, but pure and undebauched reaſon taught men to lead immortal lives on earth.

Tell me, O learned Haly! canſt thou believe that the divine Architect had no other way to make man than by laying him a thouſand years broiling in the ſun? or, that there is an apple-tree growing very near the throne of God? or, that the angels can ſtride ſome hundred thouſands of miles at once? Can we not go to paradiſe unleſs we ſwallow theſe ſtrange notions? Is it not enough to believe in God and Mahomet his prophet, except we will receive all for truth which the doctors tell us? I faſt and pray at the appointed times, and ſometimes oftener; I give alms; I love all the creatures of God that remain in his love; I am not guilty of theft, murder, nor adultery; I never forſwore myſelf, nor bore falſe witneſs;

yet, when I am recollected, I think myſelf the worſt of all men; I think of every peccadillo I commit with inexpreſſible regret. If all this is not ſufficient to acquit me a true and good muſſulman, no man, I hope, will blame me if I join with an eminent man in theſe weſtern parts, and wiſh my ſoul among the philoſophers.

Paris, 25th of the 11th Moon, of the year 1642.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THOU mayeſt remember a letter I ſent thee concerning the death of Mary de Medicis, Queen-mother and Dowager of France, wherein I alſo ſpoke of the ſudden ſickneſs of the Cardinal of Richlieu, with the reports, opinions and prophecies divulged on that account. What ſpirit ſoever inſpired thoſe prophets, it is certain the event juſtifies their predictions; for the cardinal died this very day, being the 4th of the laſt moon in the year, at his palace in this city, being not full fifty-eight years of age.

I am not very credulous of apparitions, ghoſts, and ſuch like themes of vulgar ſuperſtition; yet it is evident the cardinal never lived to ſee the common New-Year's-Day, nor the fifty-eighth year of his life, as they ſay the queen's ghoſt foretold him.

Some that have been curious in examining his pedigree tell me, that his progenitors were allied to one of the kings of France. However, it is certain that he was deſcended of an ancient and honourable family of above five hundred years ſtanding and eminence in that kingdom.

He had his education in the univerſity of Paris, where he attained the degree of Doctor of the Sorbonne, a dignity much eſteemed in France and moſt parts of Chriſtendom, except in Rome, which court is jealous of the Sorbonniſts, becauſe they have ſometimes decreed in prejudice of the Pope's authority and the grandeur of the Roman court.

After this he was made a biſhop, then almoner of France, next ſecretary of ſtate; in which ſtation he acquitted himſelf ſo happily, that the king procured him the dignity of a cardinal. There are none of the miniſters of the Divan but know that a cardinal is one of the princes of the Roman church.

During theſe ſeveral ſtairs of preferment, he had ſignalized his great abilities in negotiating affairs of greateſt moment. Yet in nothing did the dexterity of his wit appear more than in reconciling the miſunderſtanding between the king and the queen-mother, whereby he gained much upon both their affections; ſo that in a little time he was made the principal miniſter of ſtate, and chief director of the government, having a guard of ſoldiers appointed to attend his perſon.

Then he was made ſuperintendent of the marine affairs; after this, generaliſſimo of the armies; ſo that he ſeemed to have monopolized all command both in church and ſtate, by ſea and land.

It was impoſſible for him to eſcape the envious eyes of the grandees; nay, the queen-mother herſelf, who firſt raiſed him, began now to grow jealous of his great power; but eſpecially the princes of the blood were highly offended at him. The Count of Soiſſons ſtomached the indignity the cardinal had offered him in propoſing the marriage of his daughter. The Duke of Orleans ſuſpected his deſigns upon the regency. Yet all their conſpira-

cies againſt him proved ineffectual; for neither by public arms nor private machinations could they ever prevail againſt the fixed deſtiny of this great miniſter, who, though he had been often attempted to be poiſoned, piſtolled and ſtabbed, yet died quietly in his bed, having a little before received a viſit from the king.

I will not preſume to make corollaries or gloſſes on theſe things, as though I were able to inſtruct thee, whoſe wiſdom and experience renders thee a fit oracle for the greateſt princes to reſort to in time of need. I only ſend thee bare matter of fact; and, together with an account of the cardinal's death, a brief abſtract of his life, as I received it from one of the moſt obſerving and knowing men in the French court.

I wiſh thee health, long life and happineſs.

Paris, 4th of the laſt Moon, of the year 1642.

II.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI.

I HAVE ſent to the Kaimacham an account of the death of Cardinal Richlieu, with ſome paſſages relating thereto, wherewith I thought it not proper to interrupt thy diviner thoughts.

This great miniſter died the fourth of this inſtant moon, being the laſt of the year, in his palace at Paris. His body is interred in the chapel of the college of Sorbonne, where he finiſhed his ſtudies, and attained the degree of Doctor in theology. He has left behind him a prodigious eſtate, amounting to a million of crowns yearly, which he has bequeathed in legacies to his kindred, friends, and creatures; and, as a particular demonſtration of his gratitude to the king, he has made him heir of his Cardinal Palace in this city, with all the plate and

furniture in it; and, at the laſt viſit the king made him (which was a little before his death), he preſented him with a ſtone worth a hundred thouſand crowns of gold; upon which, it is diſcourſed, that the king will ſettle a yearly revenue on a certain number of the Sorbonniſts, to celebrate maſs daily for the cardinal's ſoul, during the ſpace of one year, and once a year afterwards on the day that he died; for theſe infidels approach thus near the true and undefiled faith, in that they have hopes of immortality, believing the reſurrection of the dead, and that the prayers, alms, and good works of the living, do atone for the ſins of the departed; as our holy doctors teach, and as is the practice of the muſſulmans throughout the world.

This cardinal was richly endowed by nature, having a firm intellect, vigorous ſpirits, quick apprehenſion, ſolid judgment, faithful memory, and a moſt prevailing way of diſcourſe; a man highly ſerviceable to his king and country, and therefore deſerving better of the French than thoſe ſcandalous reports and libels which were everywhere induſtriouſly ſpread abroad to leſſen his fame. Yet there wanted not thoſe who ſtrewed flowers on his grave, and perfumed his aſhes with encomiums and panegyrics. In this he ſhared the common fate of the great, that he was maligned and envied living, but honoured with the tears of his very enemies when dead.

There is one fault to be found in his conduct, without appearing too cenſorious: that he, being a man conſecrated to the ſervice of the altar, ſhould ſo often take the field, and diveſting himſelf of the peaceful robes of religion, ſhould clothe himſelf in ſteel, delighting more in the ſmell of gunpowder than that of incenſe, and preferring the noiſe of war to the hymns and antiphons of the church: not that religion is incompatible with va-

lour; and to fight for one's country is not as lawful and as pious as to pray for its prosperity. Our holy law, the celestial pattern of truth to the world, exhorts us to courage; and all true believers are assured of the jeys of paradise, of unfading crowns, and eternal felicities, if they lose their lives in defence of the sacred empire, and the book of glory; our immortal lawgiver giving us his own example, when he laid the foundation of the greatest and most illustrious empire in the world, in the wounds of his enemies, cementing the work with the blood of millions of infidels; nor has the superstructure been carried on by any other methods, than those of perpetual war with the nations who will not submit to our victorious sultan, the invincible lord of the earth. But the messenger of God never required the imaums or dervises to take the field; leaving arms only to secular men, and the Alcoran to the religious.

I forget that I am speaking to him, whose repose and tranquillity is the special care of heaven, who is not to be disturbed by emperors. Therefore, in profound reverence, I salute thy holiness with a dutiful obeisance, and so withdraw my pen.

Paris, 4th of the last Moon, of the Year 1642.

III.—*To* JASMIR SGIRE RUGIAL, *an Astrologer at Aleppo.*

THOU needest not be ashamed of thy name, though it denotes the dwarfishness of thy body. That little epitome of human stature is exquisitely regular. Nature in framing it has showed her skill in proportions, though she seems to have made it too narrow for thy soul. In this thou art obliged to her for thy knowledge. Thy mind being uneasy in its diminutive habitation, is for that rea-

ſon ſeldom at home. Thy ſoul is a perfect night-walker; when other men are abed and aſleep, thou art taking thy rounds among the ſtars. Thou art become a ſpy upon the planets; if any of them make but a falſe ſtep, thou telleſt the world of it. Thou art a pimp to all their amorous aſſignations and conjunctions; and Vulcan himſelf never ſo often expoſed the intrigues of Mars and Venus as thou haſt done. But I would have thee beware leſt they revenge themſelves on thee ſome time or other, as they did upon one of thy profeſſion, by ſtirring up a certain king to take away his life. He was a bold fellow, and pretended great familiarity with the ſtars. One day he came to the king, and told him he had exactly calculated his nativity; and by his obſervations from thence, according to the rules of art, had diſcovered that he ſhould not live out that year. The king replied, "I will prove that my ſkill is greater than thine; for I know the very hour of thy death, which is now preciſely, and which all thy knowledge in aſtrology could never foreſee, nor be able to prevent;" ſo he commanded his head to be immediately cut off. I would not have thy ſtar-gazing ſo ſuddenly ſpoiled, though they ſay thou haſt ventured to talk ſomewhat too largely.

Judicial aſtrology ſeems in a great meaſure obliged to ſuperſtition for the credit it has gained among men; and the Latin proverb ſays, "A wiſe man ſhall overrule the ſtars." For my part, I would rather counſel thee to follow thy old recreation of teaching pigeons to be letter-carriers. Yet I would not have thee from thence think of building caſtles in the air like Æſop, nor of flying to the moon by the help of a team of geeſe, in imitation of Domingo Gonſales.

But, ſince I am got among the birds, which thou art ſo much delighted in, before I take my leave, I wiſh

thee as good fortune with thy winged diſciples, as the Roman cobler had, who taught a parrot to ſalute the emperor as he went along the ſtreet, with theſe words, Hail, Cæſar! which the emperor hearing, gave him a royal price for his parrot. The poor man, overjoyed at his good luck, got another parrot, and attempted to teach her in the ſame manner; but, having taken much ineffectual pains, he uſed to fret, and ſay, I have loſt my labour: Yet at length, by daily repeating theſe words, the parrot had learned both ſentences; and the next time the emperor came by, it ſaid, Hail, Cæſar! to which the emperor replied, I have enough ſuch flatterers at home: The parrot, having her leſſon perfect, rejoined, I have loſt my labour; which the emperor hearing, and pleaſed with the novelty, bought this alſo, and ſettled a generous penſion on the man during his life.

If thou couldeſt, by ſome lucky contingency, ſell thy pigeons at ſuch a rate to Sultan Ibrahim, thy time would be better ſpent, than in playing the Mercury, and bringing news from the ſtars. But then thy pigeons muſt be better bred, than was that which was ſent to the Sophi of Perſia, with a meſſage from Babylon, when the late invincible Sultan Amurath beſieged it; for the feathered courier, inſtead of flying to the Perſian camp, took up ſhort by the way, and perching on the pavilion of the Viſier Azem, was forthwith ſhot, and the ſecret neceſſities of the city were expoſed to the Ottoman army.

May ſuch fate always attend infidels and heretics, when they take up arms againſt the muſſulman empire. Adieu.

Paris, 10th of the laſt Moon, of the year 1642.

IV.—*To the Grand Signior's* CHIEF TREASURER.

THOU telleſt me, the miniſters of the ſupreme divan accuſe me of negligence, in not writing often, and things of importance. In my opinion, thou thyſelf haſt more reaſon to complain on this ſcore, ſince I have not ſent a letter to thee theſe four moons; in which time, not one of the reſt but has received ſeveral from me. Would they have me coin news? Would they have me amuſe them with relations of things which never had any exiſtence? I have not failed hitherto to communicate to the Porte all the intelligences I have received: But they ought to conſider, that the winter affords little of action. Time, the devourer of all things, has almoſt ſwallowed up the year; only this laſt moon ſeems to be pickled in ice for a deſert. We are here up to the knees in ſnow; and the greateſt warriors find it beſt encamping by the fireſide.

Here is a rumour, that the King of Perſia is dead. They ſay alſo, that the Great Mogul will not put on mourning for him, being by his death freed from a ſtorm which threatened to ſubvert all his dominions on this ſide of Ganges. It is added, that he has ſought the alliance of the Grand Signior, with purpoſe to continue the war againſt the young King of Perſia (who has not yet ſeen thirteen ſummers), and to carry his forces to the walls of Iſpahan. It is not lawful for me to dictate to my ſovereign, who is the ſole judge of the univerſe; but permit me to gueſs what will be his conduct in this affair, if what I have heard be true. I have no reaſon to think, that Sultan Ibrahim will violate the peace which he has ſo lately concluded with the King of Perſia, the articles whereof he carries in his boſom.

Thou ſeeſt, moſt ſerene Baſſa, the tide of news is ſo

low, that Mahmut is forced to ſtoop and receive it, puddled as it is by the mouths of the vulgar. If I acquaint thee with what thou knoweſt before, let not the blame reſt on me, who ought to have received this intelligence from ſome of the miniſters of the Sublime Porte, which is the tabernacle where Fame keeps her reſidence. My whole life, and the beſt of my ſpirits, are conſecrated to the ſervice of the Grand Signior; I ſpare no pains or coſt, whereby I may render myſelf effectually uſeful to the great maſter of the univerſe: I write often to the miniſters of the divan, who are his ſlaves as well as I; yet none vouchſafes me an anſwer, except the Reis Effendi: I received alſo one letter full of conſolation and advice, from the venerable muſti. Likewiſe Haſſeia Baſſa laid his commands on me. Theſe I eſteem my friends. I would think ſo of all men, who ſerve Sultan Ibrahim, if they would ceaſe to load me with obloquies.

I was about to conclude my letter, when an old courtier interrupts me with the news of the ſurrender of Tortona, a ſtrong town in Piedmont, poſſeſſed by the Spaniards, till now obliged to quit it by the French forces under the command of the Duke of Longueville. This place was ſurrendered on the twenty-ſixth of the eleventh moon.

There has been a long difference between the princes of the Houſe of Savoy; which is at length compoſed, by the marriage of Prince Maurice, Cardinal of Savoy, with his niece, the daughter of the dutcheſs-regent. This is that which has warmed the courage of the French army, at this frozen time of the year; for, upon this match, the Cardinal of Savoy's brother, Prince Thomas, joined his forces to the French, and took ſeveral ſtrong caſtles and towns from the Spaniards, whom before this prince had aſſiſted; and now laſt of all, to wind up the

year, they have made themſelves maſters of this Tortona, a place environed with rocks and mountains.

By which thou mayeſt perceive, that there is no difficulty ſo great, which may not be overcome with courage and perſeverance.

I recommend myſelf to thy protection and favour, illuſtrious Baſſa, and deſire the heavens to remunerate thee with an increaſe of joy and felicity, both here, and in paradiſe.

Paris, 10th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1642.

V.—*To* Darnish Mehemet, *Baſſa.*

Since the death of the Cardinal of Richlieu, here is great caballing, and changing of places at court. His ſucceſſor in the pilotſhip of the ſtate, is Cardinal Julio Mazarini, an Italian, of a generous extraction. Neither comes he ſhort of Richlieu in all thoſe rare qualities and endowments which form a complete ſtateſman, having accompliſhed ſeveral negotiations, with great ſucceſs and applauſe.

Now the old officers begin to be caſhiered, to make room for the creatures of this new miniſter, the king abſolutely reſigning the conduct of the public to him. And it is no wonder to ſee the king thus flexible, if what is privately whiſpered be true, that the queen has yielded to the cardinal in points of greater reſerve; and curious eyes pretend to diſcern the features of Mazarini in the dauphin's face, who is not much above four years old, being born the fifth day of the ninth moon, in the year 1638, according to the Chriſtians hegira. The cardinal is of a grave and majeſtic aſpect, full-faced, having a piercing eye: He is ſomething inclined to fat, being a great eater, as they ſay.

The other day he had like to have been choked by a piece of beef, one part of which hung faſt in his teeth, and the other juſt reached the paſſage to the lungs; and, as it were, barring up the door of that paſſage, hindered his reſpiration ſo long, that his noſe ſuddenly ſtarted out a-bleeding; his face grew black, and he was ready to drop down dead, had not one of his attendants forcibly thruſt his fingers into his mouth, and faſtening on the morſel, pulled it out of his throat.

He that is Lord of life and death, preſerve thee from all perils, and make thee happy in the ſervice of our great maſter; who will in time, I hope, curb the inſolence, and puniſh the vices of theſe gluttonous infidels.

Paris, 14th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1643.

VI.—*To* Isouf, *his Kinſman.*

I believe, thou and thy couſin Solyman, take me for a marriage-broker, or a goſſip: Is there no body in Conſtantinople, can inſtruct you how to manage your wives, that you ſend for counſel to Paris? Or, do you lay ſnares for me, by extorting ſuch advice, as will draw the revenge of women upon me? Believe me, I have no mind to run the fate of Orpheus, or, that the tragedy of the Ciconian Wives ſhould be acted upon me.

I rather expected a complete journal of thy travels in the Eaſt: But, I perceive, thou haſt not yet received my letter. Thou talkeſt of going to Aleppo in the ſpring. If thy reſolution hold, I deſire thee when thou art there, to make an offering for me to Sheh Boubac, the Santone, whoſe ſepulchre is about a league from that city, a place of great devotion, and reſorted to from all the cities in thoſe parts. Without doubt, Sheh

Boubac is with God; and his prayers are heard for ſuch as honour his virtues, and approach his ſepulchre, to pay their devotions there with humility and faith.

Likewiſe, I deſire thee to diſtribute three hundred aſpers to the poor of Aleppo, who beg in the ſtreets for the ſake of Syntana Fiſſa. If thou haſt not heard of this female ſaint, I will relate to thee how ſhe came to be canonized. This city was the place of her nativity and reſidence. When ſhe came to the age of ſixteen years, ſhe was married to a ſpahee, called Grioli Eben Sagran; but, the firſt night, as her huſband was going to bed with her, he fell into a trance, wherein he ſaw paradiſe opened, and the holy Prophet leading Syntana Fiſſa, his wife, in one of the alleys of Eden; whereby, when he came to himſelf, and miſſing his wife (who was never after to be found), he was ſatisfied that ſhe was one of the daughters of paradiſe; ſince which time, the people have eſteemed her as a ſaint, or rather an incarnate female angel. The Moors relate this ſtory otherwiſe, and make a ſecond Mary Magdalen of her; of whom the Grecians ſay, that ſhe was a common proſtitute at firſt, but on a time being aſked her accuſtomed favours gratis, and for the love of God, ſhe by granting it, merited the grace of converſion, and ſo became a ſaint. But, I would not have thee regard this fable, though it be common in the mouths of the ignorant at Aleppo.

If thou beareſt any reſpect for thy uncle Mahmut, let me have a proof it, in giving me an account of thy travels. I do not require a chart of the regions through which thou haſt paſſed; being no ſtranger to the geography of Aſia. Neither would I have thee tell me, how many leagues, courſes, or furlongs, there are between ſuch and ſuch cities. Theſe are the remarks of every carrier or mercerman. But that which I aim at

is to know, what natural, moral, and political obſervations thou haſt made, in ſo vaſt a track of ground as thou haſt meaſured, comprehending the greateſt and moſt celebrated part of Aſia.

This is the ſecond letter I have ſent thee, ſince thy return to Conſtantinople: Let thy anſwer be adequate to my expectation. In the interim, I counſel thee firſt to get an abſolute conqueſt of thyſelf, and then thou wilt eaſily govern thy wife.

May the moſt high God adjuſt your differences happily, and make your lives to be as innocent and contented, as thoſe of Philemon and Baucis. Thou knoweſt the ſtory. Adieu.

Paris, 20th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1643.

VII.—*To* MAHOMET, *Baſſa of Damaſcus.*

HERE is a Genoeſe merchant in this city, with whom I often converſe, as I do with all ſtrangers that are men of intelligence, learning ſometimes from them advices which are not common. He tells me, that Manſour, the youngeſt ſon of old Facardine, the brave Emir of Sidon, whom his father had given in hoſtage to Sultan Amurath, is now living in the court of the Duke of Florence; that he eſcaped by the aſſiſtance of a Grecian prieſt, from the caſtle of the Seven Towers, and that the Duke of Florence has promiſed to aſſiſt him with ſhips, men and money, towards the recovery of his patrimony.

The French ſpeak of his father with much reſpect, and compaſſion of his misfortunes; they ſay, he was deſcended from a noble captain, which the renowned Godfrey of Bulloign left in thoſe parts, when he was engaged in the wars of the Holy Land; and, that though

Facardine wore a Turkiſh turban, yet he had French blood in his veins. They tax Amurath with the violation of his oath, in cauſing him to be ſtrangled, when he had ſolemnly ſworn to the contrary; and ſome of them are ſo bold as to ſay, that if his ſon Ali had not been killed, he would have ſhook the throne, whoſe foundation is deep as the centre of the earth, and therefore cannot be moved, without the diſſolution of the globe.

This Genoeſe brags much after the ſame nature of Manſour, who, he ſays, is preſerved by providence to abaſe the pride of the Ottoman family, to revenge his father's blood, and re-eſtabliſh the Druſes in their ancient poſſeſſions.

Suppoſing this news to be true, I judged it my duty to give thee timely notice of it, who poſſeſſeſt part of his eſtate, leſt he ſhould ſurpriſe thee, unawares, and ſerve thee as one of his anceſtors did the Damaſcenes, who got from them ſeveral of their towns and caſtles, when they leaſt dreamt of any invaſion. He will lay claim to Gazir, D'Acre, and Saphet, thoſe being torn from his father in that laſt rebellion. In a word, thou wouldeſt find him an ill neighbour, ſhould he catch thee unprovided.

Should it come to a trial, I wiſh thy ſoldiers may prove more faithful to thee, than did the Germans lately under the command of Leopold, Archduke of Auſtria, and General Picolomini, who going to relieve Leipſick, beſieged at that time by the Swedes, and entering battle with them, above ſix thouſand of their ſoldiers never diſcharged a muſket, or drew a ſword, but gave their enemies an entire victory, without ſtriking a ſtroke. Should thy forces ſerve thee ſo, when Manſour enters thy territories, thou wilt be in danger of loſing, not only the fore-mentioned towns, but Damaſcus itſelf; a place ſo

deliciouſly ſituated, that our holy Prophet himſelf durſt not venture into it, leſt this earthly paradiſe ſhould tempt him to take up his abode there, and cauſe him to neglect the heavenly.

May the Great Protector of kingdoms and empires, preſerve both Damaſcus and the whole empire, from the fury of rebels and infidels.

Paris, 4th of the 2d Moon, of the year 1643.

VIII.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Arbitrator of the Problems and Myſteries of Faith.*

I ADDRESS to the duſt of thy feet, O thou ſpring of all true ſcience. I wrote to thee formerly, to deſire thy inſtruction and aid, in anſwering ſome cavils and blaſphemies of the infidels. Now I think a great light hath ſhined in my breaſt. Now I think I can anſwer them with arguments clear and intelligible. Nevertheleſs I will not walk without a guide.

Our life in this tranſitory world, is checquered with various intervals of light and darkneſs, of knowledge and ignorance. Sometimes, the ſoul of man is bright and ſerene as the orient, at other times wrapped up in clouds and miſts. Then we are as in a dream, and full of anxiety; we grope about for truth, and yet ſtumble upon errors, as in the depth of night. So fared it with me, when theſe infidels aſſaulted me with queſtions and cavils concerning our holy law. I heard them with horror and pain, but knew not how to put them to ſilence. I fled to thee for ſuccour, who art inſtructed in all knowledge, true heir of the prophetic light. But a ray from heaven has prevented thy anſwer, and I will communicate to thee my thoughts.

God is moſt High, and incomprehenſible; we cannot overtake him in his ways. The works of his hands are perfect, and full of wiſdom. Why do the infidels blaſpheme the Eternal? Gabriel, the meſſenger of God, bright and glorious, flew through the heavens; and to avoid a burning comet which then flamed in the ſky, he took his courſe too near the orb of the moon; and, with the end of one of his wings he bruſhed the planet, leaving a mark of the ſtroke, as a memorial to the angels for the future; even as a ſea-mark is placed to give warning of rocks and ſands.

The infidels deride, and aſk, how big was Gabriel's wing? Who can meaſure the works of the Omnipotent? Let theſe infidels number but the atoms that cleave to the ſoles of their feet, when they walk in ſandy places! Or, let them weigh the air that is ſhut up in a bottle! If they cannot perform theſe things which are near them, and within their reach, why do they mock at the greatneſs of angels, which dwell in the immenſe heavens?

They take their meaſures of celeſtial things from the narrow ſearch of their ſenſes, which yet fail them in common terreſtrial objects. If we believe our ſenſes, they would perſuade us, that the moon is no bigger than a royal charger, and the ſtars have no larger dimenſions than a lamp or torch; whereas we are aſſured by reaſon, and aſtronomical obſervations, that the moon is little leſs than the globe of the earth; and that ſome of the ſtars are near a hundred times bigger. If theſe ornaments of the ſky, which look, at this diſtance, like glittering ſparks of fire, are really of ſo prodigious a bulk; why may we not believe, that angels, who dwell higher than the higheſt ſtars, are much greater, and more magnificent creatures than they? Nay, what incongruity is it to believe, what our holy doctors teach, that the angels can glide from one ſtar to another?

And now I am plunged thus far in the depths of nature, ſuffer me to wade yet deeper, nay, to ſwim in the abyſs of ſpeculation. I will tell thee my thoughts: The works of God are unmeaſurable, and there is no bound or limit to the extent of the world; it is high as thought can ſoar, endleſs as imagination can travel. Who can tell where the walls of paradiſe are? Or, has any one gone the circuit of the ſeventh heaven? Magnificent is the fabric of God, and the apartments thereof are full of majeſty! The potentates above are glorious and mighty; and the manſions of angels ſurpaſs in grandeur this viſible world! How great then is the ſtature of thoſe angels! Let not infidels deride, nor think it a fable; for, the diſtance between the feet of an angel is many hundred thouſand miles. They turn the celeſtial orbs about (if what the learned Chriſtians teach out of Ariſtotle and other old philoſophers be true, when they aſſign to each ſphere its particular angel, or moving intelligence). How can this be done, unleſs the angels were greater and mightier than the orbs they move? Without all doubt, the leſſer is moved of the greater, and the weaker by the ſtronger. Theſe are arguments clear and intelligible, and ſuch as the infidels cannot anſwer. Thus ſhall I be able to aſſert the truth againſt the impious, and to vindicate the glorious works of God, (the ſtrong and potent angels excelling in majeſty and grandeur) from the blaſphemies of the uncircumciſed.

If they aſk, How the angel Gabriel (ſince he is of ſo prodigious a ſtature) could be circumſcribed in the cloſet of Mary the mother of Jeſus? I aſk them, How the body of Jeſus, which, they ſay, is in the ſacrament of the maſs (of which thou art not ignorant), can be circumſcribed within the narrow compaſs of a wafer? Or, how it can be there and in heaven at the ſame time;

which they believe; nay, and in ten thouſand wafers, in ſo many different places of the world at once?

To this ſo preſſing an argument, they have no other anſwer, but that the power of God is infinite, and his works incomprehenſible. Very well: If he be omnipotent in one thing, is his power reſtrained in another? If the preſence of the body of Jeſus in ſeveral places, at the ſame time, be incomprehenſible, ſo is the appearance of the mighty angel Gabriel, in the oratory of the Virgin Mary, incomprehenſible alſo.

The nature of angels is unknown to us mortals, and the manner of their appearance. Sufficient it is to believe the divine oracles, and not to pry into the ſecrets of God.

Thus ſhall I confute the infidels, when they cavil againſt the Alcoran; thus ſhall I ſeal up the polluted lips, and put to ſilence the blaſphemous tongues of the enemies of God and his Prophet.

Moreover, they ſay, The meſſenger of God has promiſed a ſenſual paradiſe to the true believers, becauſe the book of glory mentions the gardens of Eden; gardens wherein flow many rivers, rivers of wine, milk and honey, with trees of all delectable fruits; and that the righteous ſhall be clothed in veſts of purple and crimſon, repoſing on ſtately beds, and ſhall enjoy the company of beautiful women, and ſhall be repleniſhed with eternal felicity.

Doubtleſs they are blinded with malice, and hoodwinked by the ſpirit of contradiction, elſe why do they thus cavil at the manifeſt light of truth, the doctrine of faith, the undefiled article of glory? They profeſs to believe the reſurrection of the body, as well as we: Will they not then believe, that God hath provided pleaſures ſuitable to the body after its reſurrection, I mean the

bodies of the juſt? They tell their diſciples and proſelytes doleful ſtories of the pains of the damned in hell, as burning in fire and brimſtone; nay, the book of the goſpel itſelf ſpeaks of a lake of ſulphur and fire. Are not theſe torments to be inflicted on the body, which they own are prepared for the wicked? And will they deny proportionate pleaſures to the bodies of the juſt in paradiſe? What uſe will there be of our bodies after the reſurrection, if not to enjoy bodily pleaſures, or feel the rigour of infinite pains? Doubtleſs, the juſt ſhall be repleniſhed with all the joys, and the unjuſt with all the dolours of which their ſenſes are capable: And this they themſelves believe; yet theſe captious infidels pick quarrels with our holy lawgiver, and ſay, that the paradiſe which he promiſes is fit for none but fools or beaſts.

I have read in books of devotion, which the Chriſtians uſe, that the bleſſed in heaven ſhall be ſatiated with all manner of delights: the eye ſhall always behold moſt beautiful objects; the taſte ſhall be gratified with incredible ſweets; the ſmell ſhall be pleaſed with all manner of rich odours and perfumes, far ſurpaſſing the aromatics of Arabia; the ear ſhall hear ſuch wonderful muſic, as one only ſtrain thereof were ſufficient to lull all the hearts of this ſublunary world aſleep: In fine, there ſhall be none of their ſenſes and faculties which ſhall not be tranſported and raviſhed with infinite delights. What is all this but ſenſual pleaſure? Can there be any plainer deſcription of bodily enjoyments than this? Why do they then maliciouſly traduce the meſſenger of God, and reſiſt the truth?

But they will ſay, that the pleaſures which they ſhall enjoy after the reſurrection, will be refined and ſpiritual as their bodies ſhall be: whereas, they ſay, our prophet

intimates groſs, carnal enjoyments, as the company of beautiful women, and ſuch amorous delights.

Certainly, they are wilfully blind, and ſhut their eyes againſt the light, or elſe they would eaſily ſee through the veil of allegories and metaphors, which our divine Prophet uſes in the Alcoran, to adapt the doctrine of heavenly things to the dull capacities of men, even as all the prophets and apoſtles have done before him. In the book of the goſpel, paradiſe is deſcribed under the figure of a moſt magnificent city, built all of gold and precious ſtones, with a river flowing by it, and trees whoſe fruit never withers, nor their leaves fade. Will the Chriſtians take this in the literal ſenſe, or do they own it to be an allegory? If the latter, then, Why do they blaſpheme the ſacred oracles of our holy lawgiver, becauſe he deſcribes the felicities of paradiſe under ſenſible figures and types, ſuch as are moſt apt to work on the affections of men?

It is not to be thought, that our enjoyment of beautiful women in paradiſe, ſhall be attended with the leaſt of thoſe impurities which ſtain it in this life. Our pleaſures ſhall be agreeable to the place whither we go, pure and immaculate. As we ſhall there enjoy the perfection of beauty, without the ſmalleſt allay of deformity, ſo, in our enjoyment, we ſhall be tranſported with the heighth of extacy, without the leaſt mixture of pollution.

Nor ſhall theſe bodily delights ſuperſede or hinder our more ſpiritual enjoyments; but both body and ſoul ſhall be raviſhed with eternal felicities.

Tell me, thou who art the key of the treaſures of truth, whether I am now ſufficiently armed with reaſons to withſtand the cavils and objections which the infidels make againſt our holy law. I have laid at thy feet my ſentiments, ſubmitting all to thy unerring wiſdom: vouch-

safe to confirm what I have well said, and to correct my errors; and, in the midst of thy divine ejaculations, glance a thought on the humblest of thy slaves, praying for the exiled Mahmut, that he may persevere in the true faith, and, at the end of his life, may taste the joys of paradise, which he zealously asserts against the infidels.

Paris, 10th of the 2d Moon, of the year 1643.

IX.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

WHEN I informed thee of the siege of Perpignan, I had not heard of the extraordinary honours which were done to the Prince of Morgues during that siege. This prince was a subject of the King of Spain, and had in possession the town of Monaco; yet, for some disgusts which he had received from the Spaniards, he some years ago had thoughts of throwing himself upon the protection of the King of France; but difficulties arising, it took not effect at that time. However, in the year 1641, by the dexterity of the governor of Provence, he was so far wrought upon, that a French garrison was, by his connivance, put into Monaco, and he totally threw off his obedience to the King of Spain; and though great offers were made him by the Cardinal of Savoy and others, yet he rejected all; and to demonstrate to King Philip, that his soul was altogether French, he sent him back the collar, which was the badge of his knighthood, bestowed on him in the Spanish court.

After which, four galleys of Naples cruising on the sea before Ville Franche, one of them, by the order of the captain, sailed to Monaco, not having heard of the revolt of this place. The prince invited the captain to come ashore, and, as soon as he was landed, threescore

Frenchmen, who lay hid in the boat which carried the meſſage, boarded the galley with admirable reſolution, killing near thirty Spaniards who made reſiſtance, and the reſt yielding, the French took poſſeſſion of the veſſel.

The prince ſailed in this galley to Marſeilles, with his ſon, who is dignified with the title of a Marquis, and, taking their way through Provence and Languedoc, came to the King of France, while he lay with his army before Perpignan.

King Lewis, to whom nothing is more delightful than to reward the merits of brave men, careſſed him with extraordinary demonſtrations of affection, and acknowledgements of his ſervice; ſending his coaches to meet him on the way, cauſing his army to appear in battle array, entertaining him at his own table, and doing all things which might honour the arrival of this prince at his camp: and, to make him amends for the loſs of his order of knighthood, he inveſted him with that of the Holy Ghoſt, which, as I have in my former letters told thee, is a fair ſtep to make one a peer of France.

I thought good to inform thee of this paſſage, illuſtrious miniſter, in whoſe power it lies, to lift up to dignities, and the great charges of the empire, men in whom thou perceiveſt a genius capable of great undertakings.

God direct thee in making choice of ſuch as may be effectually ſerviceable to the Grand Signior.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1643.

X.—*To* Achmet Beig.

It ſeems as if the late revolution in Portugal had embittered the Spaniards to deſpair, and ſwelled the ſpleen of that nation with inſupportable rancour. The loſs which

they cannot hope fairly to recover by arms, they ſeek to revenge by diſhonourable aſſaſſin and treachery.

The Marquis de Los-Velez, the Spaniſh ambaſſador at the court of Rome, could not brook to ſee there an ambaſſador from the King of Portugal, whom he eſteemed at beſt but a ſubject, or a traitor, to Philip his maſter. He tried all means to prevent and hinder his audience with the pope, and openly demanded, that he might be ſent back into Portugal with diſgrace; but the Sieur de Fontenay, ambaſſador from France, ſupported and countenanced the Portugueſe miniſter, which precipitated the Marquis de Los-Velez to one of the blackeſt attempts that has ever ſtained the records of time.

Thou art not to learn, that the perſons of ambaſſadors are, by the law of nations, eſteemed ſacred; their houſes, ſanctuaries; and whatſoever injury is offered them, is at leaſt accounted a civil ſacrilege: Yet the Spaniſh ambaſſador, finding the Biſhop of Lamego (ſo was the Portugueſe called) protected and favoured by the French intereſt, reſolves to leap over the fences which ſecure the immunities and ſafety of his own function, and to violate the law, without which he himſelf could not ſleep free from danger in his bed; for being informed, that the Portugueſe ambaſſador was gone to viſit the Sieur de Fontenay, he goes out of his houſe with a train of about twenty men, and, covering his deſign with a pretence of going to the houſe of an eminent cardinal, he takes the ſame way as the Portugueſe biſhop was to return to his houſe. But the French ambaſſador having notice, that one of the marquis's retinue was obſerved to dog the biſhop to his palace, and return immediately to his maſter, ſet ſome ſpies upon the Marquis de Los-Velez, who brought him word, that the marquis had ordered all his retinue to arm themſelves, and follow him. This gave a

ſufficient alarm and ſuſpicion to de Fontenay, ſo that he commanded thirty of his ſervants to arm likewiſe, and follow him in ſeparate parties, at a diſtance from one another, being reſolved to protect the Portugueſe, who was an ally of France, and to prevent the deſign of his enemies. No ſooner had the Biſhop of Lamego taken his coach, but notice was given to the Spaniſh miniſter, who immediately advances toward him, big with the murder he intended to commit; but the French appearing, and falling briſkly upon the Spaniards, killed ſeven of them in a moment, and broke through the reſt, even to the very coach of the Marquis, with a reſolution to make him taſte the death he deſigned for the poor biſhop; but he had the fortune to eſcape into the palace of a Spaniſh cardinal, and ſo ſaved himſelf.

The Spaniſh ambaſſador, after this, being nettled at his ill ſucceſs, and the favour which the biſhop of Lamego found in that court, deſigned to remove to Naples; but the pope ſet a guard on him to prevent it, till ſuch time as he had given hoſtages for the indemnity of his nuncios in Spain and Naples.

The Neapolitan Viceroy being informed of theſe proceedings, made great preparations; and the Spaniards threatened to plunder and burn the city of Rome: But, upon more deliberate thoughts, the viceroy made ſhow of friendſhip to the pope, offering him five thouſand ſoldiers to aſſiſt againſt the Duke of Parma, thinking, by this fraud, to gain admiſſion into the Eccleſiaſtic territories, which would facilitate the way to the ſatisfactions they aimed at: But the pope knew how to return the viceroy's compliment, without hazarding his own eſtate, telling him, that the Roman forces were more than ſufficient to conquer the duke, had he any other deſigns than thoſe of peace.

By this paſſage of the Spaniſh ambaſſador, thou may-eſt comprehend the licentiouſneſs of the infidels, who dare trample upon human and ſacred laws, and that in Rome itſelf, where the ſupreme mufti of the Chriſtians keeps his ſeat. It was never known, that ſuch a thing was attempted in the Sublime Porte, where the majeſty and ſevere juſtice of the Ottoman empire ſtrikes an awe and terror into all people, reſtraining the very thoughts of ſo heinous a crime.

May the Conſervator of the ages haſten the preſixed time, wherein the Chriſtian nations ſhall be ſubdued to the muſſulman faith, that ſo juſtice and virtue, with perpetual peace, may bleſs the earth.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1643.

XI.—*To the* Visier Azem, *at the Porte.*

I could not let this poſt go without a letter, though I have nothing material to write. However, it is a teſtimony of my duty, to let thee know that Mahmut is not idle; that he ſuffers not an hour, a moment, to eſcape, wherein he ſtudies not to do ſome acceptable ſervice to the Grand Signior.

All the diſpatches which I receive from the Porte, ſeem like black clouds gathering on the margin of the horizon, the ſure harbingers of an approaching ſtorm. One accuſes me of neglecting the ſervice of the maſter of the world; another tells me, I am too expenſive; a third ſays, the miniſters of the Divan will take other methods. They mince their expreſſions; no man will deal plainly with me. They mix threatenings with compliments, as if I were a child, and needed the diſcipline of a rattle and a rod. Would they have me reverſe the de-

crees of deſtiny, turn winter into ſummer, and change the whole order of nature: Or, is it expected, that I ſhould renew the exploit of Cadmus, and cauſe earth-born armies to ariſe, on purpoſe to furniſh matter of news to the Porte? I appeal to thee, ſupreme Viſier, at whoſe nod the Divan is aſſembled or diſſolved, whether I deſerve the cenſures that are paſſed upon me? No man can accuſe me of betraying my truſt, or of holding any correſpondence with the enemies of the muſſulman empire. What is then my crime? Am I to be condemned for employing the money which is allotted me for ſubſiſtence to render my miniſtry more ſucceſsful? Will they call it an embezzling the ſultan's money, when, rather than hoard it up for my own private profit and conveniencies (as I might do conſiderable ſums, were I ſo baſely frugal), I frankly part with it to conſummate the affair for which I am placed here? Or, is the Ottoman treaſury grown low, that heretofore has ſupported the indigent world, and by an exceſs of royal munificence, has been thrown to the fiſhes of the ſea? Is Mahmut alone to be eſteemed a prodigal in his preſent expences, becauſe it is known that he was a ſlave in Sicily, and tied down to the penurious ſtint of a rigorous patron? Suffer me this once, ſage miniſter, to vindicate myſelf, and to tell thee, that the hardſhips and ſqualid circumſtances of captivity would not be very ſubſervient to the ends for which I am ſent hither; neither can a niggardly penſion qualify me for the genius of the court, in which I muſt be daily converſant, where all things appear gay and polite. It has not been my cuſtom to complain without a cauſe, neither do I love to grate my ſuperiors with whining remonſtrances; but it is my humble requeſt that the miniſters of the Divan would conſider me, not as a drudge to a private man in Palermo, but as

the indefatigable ſlave of the moſt opulent and liberal monarch in the world.

In all theſe things I contract myſelf into a moſt ſubmiſs reſignation to thy will, who art the vicegerent of the empire, founded on the rock of deſtiny, beſeeching thee to protect me from the malice of whiſperers, who envy me becauſe I ſerve the ſovereign of ſovereigns, lord of the eaſt and of the weſt, and all that is between them.

May the eternal Poſſeſſor of all felicity cull out of his immenſe treaſures ſuch bleſſings as thou moſt ardently deſireſt in this life, and when he has led thee through all the apartments of human bliſs on earth, may he tranſlate thee to the palaces of Eden, the ſeats of an immarceſſible life, where new ſources of joy are opened without end.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1643.

XII.—*To* MURAT BASSA.

THE floods have been ſo great, and thoſe alſo congealed into ice, that there has been no travelling by ſome roads for theſe two moons, which is the reaſon we have been wanting in our uſual advices from Germany, Piedmont, the Valtoline, and other parts.

Yet now the poſts bring a glut of news to this city. Friburgh, a town in the parts of Saxony, is at this time beſieged by Torſtenſon, general of the Swediſh army. He inveſted it the eleventh of the firſt moon; and people are amazed to hear that it has held out to this time, being a place of no great ſtrength, eſpecially conſidering how ſoon Leipſick ſurrendered to the ſame forces; a town well fortified, and ſtored with all things neceſſary to ſuſtain a long ſiege. By this thou mayeſt obſerve, how much the fortune of war many times depends on one ſucceſsful battle.

When Torſtenſon firſt lay down before Leipſick, it was generally believed he would find a ſtout reſiſtance from the inhabitants, and an inflexible reſolution in the garriſon not to yield that important place; and perhaps they would not have been miſtaken, had not the Imperialiſts (out of a generous deſign to relieve it, and raiſe the ſiege) hazarded a battle. The Archduke of Auſtria (whoſe name is Leopold) and Picolomini, as ſoon as they received advice that the Swediſh army had paſſed the Elbe, and entered into Miſnia, took their directeſt way to ſtop their advance into thoſe parts; but it had been better had they kept their quarters, for in one battle they loſt all the glory which they had before acquired by their arms. Torſtenſon was already intrenched before Leipſick, when his ſcouts brought him intelligence that the Imperial army was near at hand. He immediately diſpoſes of his baggage in a ſecure place, draws out his cannon, and having left a ſufficient number of ſoldiers to guard the poſts of his camp which were neareſt the city, he marches directly toward the enemy, and poſſeſſes himſelf of a ſpot of ground very agreeable to his occaſions; it was called the Plain of Brittenfield. This place he deſigned for the ſtage whereon to perform the part of a prudent and valiant general; for, as ſoon as he came in ſight of the German vanguard, he cauſed his army to retreat faintly, as though he had no intention to fight. The Germans purſue the retreating Swedes till they were got into very narrow ſtraits between two ſteep mountains, not much unlike the Capi Dervent in Bulgaria (where the heydukes, taking the advantage of the heights, commit great robberies on the caravans that travel through thoſe ſtraits, rolling huge ſtones, or rather rocks, down upon the paſſengers). Here the Swedes turned about, and falling behind their cannon, which Torſtenſon had

cauſed to be planted in theſe ſtraits, played furiouſly on the Germans, while the muſqueteers which he had ordered on the ſides of the mountains galled them from above, yet lay themſelves inviſible under the covert of thickets, which grew on each ſide of the ſtraits. It was the left wing of the Imperialiſts which was thus engaged; and Picolomini, who commanded them, gave admirable proofs of an undaunted courage, appearing at the head of his ſurpriſed ſoldiers, and heartening them with words and actions full of bravery; but his labour was loſt, for ſix thouſand fled without drawing a ſword. The Swedes purſued them through the ſtraits, and re-entering the plain, engaged with the right wing of the Germans. The battle was fierce and bloody. General Picolomini did wonders, and many brave Germans ſignalized their valour; but it ſeems as if the fate of Torſtenſon is to ruin the empire; for, while the battle was yet equal on both ſides, and the victory doubtful, while the ground was dyed with a mixture of German and Swediſh blood, he falls into the main body of the Imperial army with a freſh reſerve, which ſo animated the Swedes, and diſordered their enemies, that at length the Germans, not able longer to ſuſtain the ſhock, left their cannon, and retreated into a foreſt. Now followed a dreadful ſlaughter; for the Swediſh cavalry environed the chaſed Germans whom Coningſmark had hunted out of the foreſt, and charged them with ſuch fury, that they were moſt of them cut in pieces. The Germans loſt four thouſand men on the ſpot, and as many more in the purſuit.

I have ſent thee in the encloſed paper a liſt of all the officers of note which were ſlain in this battle, which is eſteemed one of the moſt bloody that has been fought in Europe, between Chriſtians on both ſides, theſe two hun

dred years. Thou wilt there find above three hundred commanders from whom a death not inglorious has taken their commiſſions.

The Germans alſo loſt forty-ſix pieces of cannon, ſixty-five ſtandards, all their ammunition, an hundred and ſixty carts, and ſix hundred waggons, with all the treaſury of the Archduke Leopold and General Piccolomini.

This battle was fought on the firſt of the eleventh moon, as we reckon, but according to the Chriſtians account, on the twenty-firſt of the tenth moon.

After this ſignal victory, General Torſtenſon ſhowed himſelf again before Leipſick, approached the walls, planted his batteries; and though the beſieged at firſt made ſhow of a firm reſolution to defend the place, yet the terror which the late defeat of the German forces had ſtruck them with, ſoon altered their counſels, and they ſurrendered upon honourable conditions.

In the mean time, General Picolomini and the Archduke of Auſtria are retired into Bohemia. The German court is full of apprehenſions, and new levies are everywhere making to join the ſhattered remnants of the army. The affairs of the King of Hungary are at an ill paſs, and all things look with a cloudy aſpect on the empire.

From the ſide of Italy we hear nothing of moment, but the Spaniards are taking ſuch meaſures as may beſt repair the loſs of Tortona; and to that end, the Duke of Milan is making all the preparations which are cuſtomary in ſuch caſes. It is ſaid here they intend to recover that place again.

May theſe quarrels of the infidels continue till the determinate time ſhall come that our victorious armies ſhall ſubdue them to the muſſulman empire.

Paris, 7th of the 3d Moon, of the Year 1643.

XIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

WHEN I ſent thee word of the death of Cardinal Richlieu, I thought it the ſame thing as if I had preſented thee with the head of one of the moſt dangerous enemies of the Ottoman empire. That head which, while the owner lived, was always plotting of miſchief, had it not been diverted by nearer intrigues, would not have failed to put ſome horrid deſign in execution againſt the Sublime Porte, which, of all the thrones in the world, ſeems alone to overtop the grandeur of France.

But this court ſeems to play the hydra, for no ſooner is the head of one of her prime miniſters laid, but up ſprings another in the room of it, equal in vigour and ſubtilty; and we have ſtill as much reaſon to apprehend the counſels of Cardinal Mazarini as before we had to ſuſpect thoſe of Richlieu.

The generality of the people at firſt looked for another conduct in the king towards the creatures of the late miniſter, ſince he himſelf, toward the latter end of his life, ſeemed to ſubſiſt in the court rather through the neceſſity the king had of his counſels than any motive of affection.

However, the king has exactly complied with the cardinal's dying requeſts, in honouring ſeveral of his relations and friends with places of conſiderable truſt; and it is to his laſt recommendation Cardinal Mazarini is obliged for the authority he now poſſeſſes, in uſing of which he diſcovers a refined policy, and a modeſty which hath but few examples.

The many combinations and attempts againſt Cardinal Richlieu, and the king's coldneſs to him during the ſiege of Perpignan, ſufficiently inſtructed Mazarini that it was impoſſible to poſſeſs ſo eminent a charge without drawing on him the envy and hatred of the grandees. He

conſidered alſo that he was a ſtranger, whereas Richlieu was a native of France; therefore he unites his intereſt with that of two great officers who alſo courted the king's favour; the one is ſuperintendant of the finances, the other ſecretary of ſtate. Theſe being longer acquainted with the nice tranſactions of the court and the intrigues of the grandees, do him no ſmall ſervice with their inſtructions, and likewiſe abate the popular ſpite, or at leaſt ſhare it with the cardinal, ſince nobody will be ſo partial as to lay the blame of any miſcarriage on him alone, who ſeems to do nothing without the direction of his two partners (for ſo he calls them, as if theſe three ſhared among them the authority of the defunct cardinal). This is a pure trick of Mazarini; and he ſerves himſelf of them as we uſe a ladder, deſigning by their means to mount by ſafer ſteps, and on their ſhoulders to lift himſelf unenvied to the helm of the ſtate. Not but that he is actually inveſted with the primacy by the king, but he is willing to divert the ſtorm which that will draw upon him from the nobles; therefore he cunningly ſeems to decline it, pretending an earneſt deſire to withdraw into Italy, and in the interim has choſen theſe two for his colleagues. Thus he graſps with one hand what with the other he ſeems to reject; and by his magnificent living, his obſequious court, and obliging carriage to all, he demonſtrates, that if he ſhould paſs the Alps, his heart would be left behind him in France, and that he only aims to be eſtabliſhed in the miniſtry with univerſal applauſe.

It makes me ſmile ſometimes to ſee what pains he takes to entangle himſelf in infinite hazards and trouble, as if he were of a conſtitution like that of a ſalamander, which cannot live out of a fire.

The great God increaſe the virtues and graces of the

illuſtrious kaimacham, and of all the miniſters that ſtand by the bright throne of juſtice, the ſeat of the Ottoman empire.

Paris, 20th of the 4th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XIV.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Prince of the Interpreters of the Law and Judges of Equity.*

A CLOUD of ſorrow overſpreads the kingdom of France; their ſun is ſet; the mighty Lewis, for whom all Europe had been too narrow had he lived, is now confined within the limits of a grave. He died at St. Germains yeſterday, being the fourteenth of the fifth moon, having left his queen poſſeſſed of the regency, and Cardinal Mazarini of the prime conduct of the ſtate.

He was a prince of great virtue, which, with his ſucceſsful conqueſts and victories, procured him the envy of his neighbours; and ſome critics among his own ſubjects pretend to find many faults in his proceedings; as breach of royal promiſe to the Governor of Saumur, when he delivered him the keys of the town; to the Rochellers, in not razing Lewis's Fort. Among foreigners, the Duke of Savoy, the Duke of Lorrain, and the German Emperor, charge him with breach of articles in his treaties; ſo does the King of Spain; and all of them complain, that he alone has involved all Chriſtendom in war and blood.

Every thing has two handles, and men are apt to take all things by the worſt, eſpecially in caſes of this nature. It is difficult for a ſovereign monarch to carry himſelf ſo evenly in peace or war as to eſcape obloquy, eſpecially if he be victorious. Lovers muſt have leave to be peeviſh.

But I forget that I ſpeak to him who can repeal the

ſentences of greateſt monarchs, before whoſe unerring tribunal all earthly dignities ſtand mute; therefore, avoiding all impertinent gloſſes, I will only preſent thee with what is proper to be ſaid without partiality in Lewis's vindication, being matter of fact, and leave the deciſion to thy ſacred judgment.

Herein it will not be amiſs to call to mind how the Kings of Spain and the whole Houſe of Auſtria have invaded and diſturbed the peace of Europe from time to time theſe many years.

The uſurpation of Navarre by Ferdinand King of Arragon began the fatal jar, when he depoſed John of Albert and Catharine his queen, though he himſelf had no other title to this kingdom than what the ſwords of the Arragonians and Caſtilians gave him, being of Pyrrhus and Lyſander's mind, who knew no other limits to their dominions than what their enemies ſtout reſiſtance ſet them. Thus Navarre being adjacent to old Caſtile, Biſcay and Galicia, it became a prey to Spain. Add to this, his breach of royal word to Catharine de Medicis (Queen-mother of France), to Don Antonio the next heir of Portugal, the Dukes of Savoy and Parma, and Catharine Dutcheſs of Braganza; that he would acquieſce to the Chamber of Liſbon, in the caſe of ſucceſſion to the crown of Portugal, when, contrary to all law and juſtice, he invaded that kingdom unawares, making it a tributary province to the Spaniſh crown.

It has been the uſual methods of politic and wiſe princes, to check the torrent of their neighbours growing greatneſs, to lop the luxuriant branches of ill-gotten empire; and had Henry IV. of France prolonged his life, it is thought he would have reconquered Navarre, and planted the flower-de-luces in Fontarabia and Pampelone. Who then can with juſtice tax Lewis XIII. for managing a war which all the world expected of his father?

Moreover, the Spaniſh methods in conquering Mexico and Peru, two mighty empires in America, their barbarous cruelty, their inhuman butchery of above twenty millions of the natives, when neither dignity, nor age, nor ſex was ſpared, but all became a ſacrifice to their inſatiable avarice of gold, was a ſufficient argument to inceſe all the princes in the world againſt them.

I have no intereſt in France, any more than I ſhould have in Spain, if I were there: I only plead for juſtice.

It was time for France to be alarmed and ſtand upon her guard, when ſhe ſaw her potent neighbour planting freſh alliances and intereſts, like batteries round about her. Had the danger only threatened from beyond the Pyrennean mountains, ſhe might have waited their deſigns; but when ſhe ſaw ſo many powers and ſtates united in cloſe leagues, and wholly ſubject to Spain, it was time to beat the drum, and carry the war from home; it was time to climb the Alps, and take a ſurvey of Spaniſh Italy; for the Kingdom of Naples, the dutchy of Milan, and the iſland of Sicily, the Dukes of Mantua, Parma, and Urbin, the Princes of Maſſa and Piombino, with the free ſtates of Geneva and Luca, did then all march under the banner of Spain; ſo that none but the Great Duke of Tuſcany, with the republic of Venice, were left to withſtand his threatening arms. Who will now blame King Lewis, for drawing into his confederacy the Hollanders, Heſſians, Griſons, and the Swedes? How could he otherwiſe diſſolve that formidable union aforeſaid?

Beſides, the murders of Henry III. and Henry IV. the one killed at St. Clou by James Clement, the other at Paris by Ravaillac, were ſo apparently hatched and committed by Spaniſh counſel and influence, that had Lewis, the late king, no other reaſons to ſtand upon his

guard, and obſerve the motions of Spain, yet that were enough to juſtify his warlike preparations againſt that crown; for beſides the motives of a juſt revenge, the common jealouſies of ſtate muſt needs prompt him to do his utmoſt in prevention of Spaniſh intrigues.

Nor ought his matching with the infanta to have given him any greater ſecurity; ſince, under the faireſt graſs, many times lurks the moſt venemous ſnake. What Spain could not do by open force, nor ſecret conſpiracy, ſhe hoped might be accompliſhed by this ſpecious marriage; and it was no ſmall ſtep towards it, that the numerous train of Spaniards which came into France with the infanta, preſently ſcrewed themſelves into all offices and places of truſt both in church and ſtate; daily making parties and penſioners for Spain, till at length all France grew weary of them; ſo that the king was conſtrained to ſend them home again; elſe it is more than probable, that in a little time he might have ſeen this flouriſhing kingdom in a worſe condition than ever had been known before. He has already ſeen the bowels of France ript up by inteſtine broils, and weltering in its own blood; he has ſeen the princes and nobles armed againſt him, debauching and alienating the allegiance of the French gentry, clergy and commons, and covering their pernicious rebellion under the maſk of the Holy League. He has ſeen the Duke of Rohan leading up and down an army of twelve thouſand foot, and twelve hundred horſe, at the king of Spain's coſt; he himſelf with his brother Soubize, being both penſioners to the King of Spain, the one receiving fourteen, the other eight thouſand crowns a-year. In fine, he has ſeen the ſtrongeſt cities and forts of Picardy, Normandy, and other provinces of France, plundered and pillaged by flying armies of Spaniards and Imperialiſts, even when

he leaſt dreamed of any ſuch misfortune, being at the ſame time involved in civil wars with his own ſubjects. After all this, had he not reaſon to prevent the like miſchiefs and incurſions for the future, by tranſporting the war into his enemies countries, who had committed ſo many hoſtilities and ravages in his? It was certainly high time for France to rouze up her martial genius, and leave off her dreaming theory, when Spain was ſo buſy with the practick.

Theſe are the arguments that may be alleged in vindication of the king of France's conduct towards Spain. And not much leſs is to be recriminated upon the Emperor of Germany, in ſeizing the dutchy of Cleves and Juliers, with many towns and biſhoprics in the counties of Luxemburg and Le Marc, as alſo in the frontiers of Swiſſerland and Lorrain. His conqueſt of the Palatinate, with the chiefeſt cities, forts, and paſſes of the Griſons; his reducing the lives and liberties of that people to their laſt gaſp and period, was a ſufficient motive to the French King to put a ſpeedy check to this increaſing grandeur of the Houſe of Auſtria.

I leave the determination of theſe matters to thy ſage wiſdom, great arbiter of juſtice, and bowing my head to the duſt, awfully retire.

Paris, 15th of the 5th Moon, of the year 1643.

XV.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

Three days ago, Lewis XIII. King of France and Navarre, was arreſted by the king of terrors, and forced to pay the grand debt to God and Nature; I will not

ſay before it was due, but ſooner than the accuſtomed time of payment, being not full forty-three years old.

Yet Heaven was ſo indulgent, as not to ſuffer the grim meſſenger of fate to ſnatch him hence without a previous ſummons, his diſtemper being a lingering conſumption, which gave him frequent intimations of his fading ſtrength.

There are not wanting ſuch as whiſper, that he was hurried out of the world before his time by ſome unnatural artifice; and the common ſort ſay, that Mazarini's ſcarlet looks of a more ſanguine hue than it did four days ago.

The reaſon of this jealouſy, I ſuppoſe, is grounded on the familiarity that has been obſerved between the now queen-regent and the cardinal; both alſo being ſtrangers to the French blood, ſhe a Spaniard, and he an Italian. I will not determine how far theſe reflections are juſtifiable, becauſe I know it is impoſſible for perſons in their circumſtances to avoid the cenſure of buſy prying minds, in ſuch a juncture as this; yet ſome, who move in a ſphere above the vulgar, cannot forget by whoſe inſtigations his royal father, Henry the Great, was ſent out of the world.

The known familiar acceſs which the Marquis Spinola gave to Ravaillac at Bruſſels, the private entertainments between them a little before that murderer gave the fatal blow, together with other circumſtances, amounted to more than a ſtrong preſumption with the French, that Spain was the principal author of that tragedy.

And the ſudden exclamation of Franciſco Corvini, an Italian aſtrologer, the night before the king was killed, made ſome men caſt an eye of ſuſpicion beyond the Alps. For he, ſtanding on the leads of his houſe in Florence, as though he were obſerving the ſtars, on a ſudden

ſtamped with his foot, and ſaid, "To-morrow the moſt potent monarch of Europe will be killed." But ſome curious heads imagine he had his intelligence nearer hand than from the heavens, and that rather ſome of the great Italian ſtars had made him thus prophetic.

Hence by comparing theſe times with thoſe, the preſent regency of a Spaniard, and ſuperintendency of an Italian, creates a like ſuſpicion in the French, concerning the death of Lewis XIII. who, though he died in his bed, yet might as well be murdered by a drug, as his father was by a knife.

Theſe are the ſecret ſurmiſes of cabals, not a little heightened by reflecting on the time of both their deaths; both dying in the ſame month, the ſame day of the month, and much about the ſame hour of the day.

Yet, notwithſtanding theſe murmurs, when his body was opened, and his entrails taken out and ſearched, the phyſicians gave their ſentence, that he died a natural death. His bowels are carried to St. Dennis, a town above three leagues from Paris, there to be buried; and his body is embalmed, in order to its ſepulture in the ſame place; there being a magnificent church, where all the royal blood of France is commonly inferred.

Yeſterday I was in company with one of his phyſicians; and entering into diſcourſe of the king's death, the common theme of all companies at preſent, he told us, that the king's waſting and death proceeded from the diſproportion of his moiſture to his heat, the latter being predominant in his conſtitution; ſo that not meeting with a ſufficient check from natural humidity, it kindled conſtant fevers in his body, which never left him till he left the world.

He was a very devout man in his religion, and free from vice, at leaſt to outward obſervation. A remark-

able inſtance of his piety he gave in his youth: when entering a certain country village, the better ſort of inhabitants offered to attend him with a canopy; he anſwered, "I hear you have no church here, neither will I ſuffer a canopy of ſtate to be borne over my head in that place where God hath not a conſecrated roof to dwell under;" for theſe Nazarenes believe that God dwells in their temples.

He was temperate to a miracle, in the midſt of royal dainties; not ſuffering his palate to betray his virtue. He ſcorned thoſe pleaſures which debaſe the mind; and took more delight in the noiſe of drums and trumpets, and the roaring of cannon, than in the ſoft blandiſhments of love. He was adorned with many other virtues, which gained him the love of all, and more eſpecially the favour of Heaven. Yet, after all his victories, ſucceſſes and triumphs, all that can be now ſaid of him is, he is dead. Thus paſſes away the glory of the greateſt potentates.

God preſerve our invincible Sultan ever glorious, proſperous, renowned and immortal.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XVI.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

I AM placed as an echo in Paris, to remit to the Ottoman Porte, the ſanctuary of the world, whatſoever makes a noiſe in Chriſtendom. I have ſent a diſpatch to the venerable mufti, as alſo to the principal ſecretary of ſtate, containing the news of the death of Lewis XIII. King of France and Navarre.

I need not repeat here what I have ſaid to them, becauſe I know they will communicate to thee my letters.

Yet ſuffer me to ſay ſomething of this great monarch,

who, had his nature been more durable, would, in all probability, have exceeded all his royal progenitors, both in his conquests abroad, and his absolute sway at home, of which he gave an early presage, appearing at the head of armies at those years when other princes are but learning the rudiments of war in the academy.

When he was little more than twelve years of age, he began to discover his valour and conduct, in subduing the rebels of Poictou and Bretagne, leading an army against them in his own person.

Yet that success did not discourage others of his subjects from attempting fresh insurrections against him. Fate decreed, that he should gather the laurels which composed his crown from amongst briars and thorns, his whole life being one continued series of war, either at home or abroad, and sometimes both.

But that which most exercised his patience, was the frequent intestine broils and insurrections of his own subjects, of which he saw no less than ten during his reign, some of them headed and abetted by the princes of the blood: Nay, as if Heaven had cut him out for the toils of war, when all things else were in a posture of peace, his own mother, and Monsieur his brother, several times called him into the field, by taking up arms against him.

When victory had erected obelisks and other monuments of honour to him in Italy and Spain, and had cut triumphal arches through the Alps and Pyrennean mountains for the conqueror's return; when he had made the Rhine to flow with German blood, and had every where, both by sea and land, left tokens of his matchless fortune, coming to his own country, instead of trophies and honours to welcome home their sovereign, his ears were always grated with the unwelcome news of civil wars in his own kingdom.

Yet he that conſiders, need not wonder at theſe convulſions of the ſtate in France, or any other kingdom ſo populous as that is. In the economy of the univerſe, though it be governed by an eternal providence which cannot err, yet we ſee the elements at war with each other, and that perpetually; and out of this reſtleſs ſtrife and quarrel, ariſes the health and good conſtitution of the natural world. So is it in the political world: No kingdom or commonwealth can ſubſiſt without purgations of her peccant and ſuperfluous humours, which war effects, as the moſt appropriate and natural remedy in ſuch caſes.

Neither had Lewis any great reaſon to be angry at theſe diſorders, ſince, through his prudent management, they furniſhed him both with the opportunity and means to reduce this kingdom to an entire obedience, which his predeceſſors could never accompliſh. Thus, they ſay, the palm, the more it is oppreſſed with weights, ſhoots up the higher.

Kingdoms and empires, like natural bodies, have their proper time of growth, and the genius of each nation ſtimulates it with a ſtrong deſire and appetite of enlarging its dominions, which it never ceaſes to purſue, till it be arrived to the meridian and height of grandeur, though it be often interrupted and retarded in its courſe to maturity, by ſtate-fevers and other maladies.

Thus France, during the nonage of her growing ſtate, felt various ſhocks and fits, often threatened with a diſſolution by the high-wrought blood of potent factions; yet, in her conſtitution, ſhe had antidotes as well as poiſons; and her wiſe kings had ſkill to check and curb a popular diſeaſe; but none ever rooted out the cauſe, until this great Lewis took the cure in hand: he has awakened all the vital powers of ſtate, and rouſed the

very ſoul of government; it is he alone has cruſhed the laſt head of that factious hydra, which for ſo many reigns had exerciſed the arms of his royal anceſtors.

Wouldſt thou know by what methods he has accompliſhed this great work? I will tell thee in a word; by rigour and ſeverity: He fleeced the rich plebeians of their gold, and kept the poor in that condition, by continual taxes and impoſitions.

Yet he was a prince of that admirable temper in his government, that he acquired the epithet of Juſt.

His queen is now regent, according to the law of France, the dauphin being but four years of age.

The Sovereign Arbiter of Fate grant to the glorious Sultan victory over all his enemies, that ſo theſe Weſtern nations, when their courſe is run, may be ſubdued to the ſacred empire of the true believers.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XVII.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI, *Succeſſor of the Prophets and Meſſengers of God.*

THY laſt letter has confirmed the effects of the former, and given me a freſh teſtimony of thy paternal affection and friendſhip. It is an evident ſign that thou takeſt care of poor Mahmut, when, with an authority full of tenderneſs, thou reproveſt his faults, without leaving him occaſion to deſpair. Such reprehenſions are a ſovereign balm to a wounded ſpirit; and I hope, after an application ſweetened with ſo much clemency, I ſhall never do any thing which may merit, or need the diſcipline requiſite to a gangrene.

If I was negligent in performing the penance thou before enjoinedſt me, I will now endeavour to make repara-

tion. If the account I gave thee of the religion of theſe Weſtern parts was too ſuperficial and brief, I will now enlarge and preſent thee with the chief obſervations and remarks I have made during my reſidence here, and my captivity in Palermo.

I need not acquaint thee with that which cauſes the greateſt rupture between the Roman and Greek churches. Cyril the patriarch has ſaid enough to thee on that ſubject. Thou knoweſt, that the grand quarrel between them is about the ſupremacy which the Roman prelate claims over all the churches in the world, by a divine right. But neither Cyril, nor the friars of Jeruſalem, with whom he conteſted, would inform thee, that this ſupremacy, wherever it reſides, is only founded in right of the empire. They would make thee believe, that the Chriſtian biſhops were, from the beginning, ſovereigns eſtabliſhed by God, princes independent of the imperial ſceptre; concealing, that the firſt founders of their pretended monarchy were poor fiſhermen, who never dreamed of ſuch a grandeur as their ſucceſſors were afterwards inveſted with, by the liberality of the Roman and Grecian emperors. It would be a reproach to themſelves if they ſhould let thee know, how holy and harmleſs were the firſt patriarchs of Byzantium and Rome, who refuſed the honours and dignities of the world, and were only ambitious of excelling one another in virtue and a pious life. Their very addreſſes to thee are a contradiction to the examples of their predeceſſors, each party offering treaſures of gold, thinking to bribe the incorruptible Judge with the glittering dirt. Aſſuredly the ſeeds of an irreconcileable diſcord are ſown in theſe infidels; they are ſettled upon the lees of error, till the day of judgment.

As to the ſtate of controverſy between them, it is cer-

tain, that while Rome was the capital ſeat of the empire, the Roman biſhops had the ſuperiority granted them; but when the imperial reſidence was tranſlated from thence to Byzantium, by Conſtantine the Great (from whom it derives the name it now bears of Conſtantinople), then the eccleſiaſtical ſupremacy was alſo transferred to the patriarch of that city, who enjoys it to this day, through the favour of our munificent ſultans, who ſucceed the ancient emperors of Greece. This ſuperlative power the popes of Rome would not recognize in any other but themſelves, being loath to part with the authority they once poſſeſſed, whence proceeded the ſchiſm between the two churches of the Eaſt and Weſt; and while the patriarchs of the Grecians ſheltered their new-acquired honour under the protection of the emperors, the popes, partly by artifice, and partly by force, made themſelves lords of Rome and the adjacent territories, taking the advantage of the abſence of the emperors, the puſillanimity of the ſenators, and diſcord of the citizens. Supported with this princely eſtate, they excommunicate all the churches which did not ſubmit to them, as the ſovereign prelates of the Chriſtian world, publiſhing ſevere edicts againſt the Greek church, and doing every thing that might confirm the world in the belief of their authority and grandeur. The potentates of Europe, frightened with the thunder which the Roman pontiffs uſed, and induced by other reaſons, did homage to them, acknowledging their ſovereign juriſdiction in the Weſt. In this ſtate they have continued ever ſince, without yielding in any thing to the patriarchs of Conſtantinople.

There have been great endeavours uſed on both ſides to gain their reſpective ends, and ſeveral general councils were called; that is, an aſſembly of the chief biſhops and doctors of both churches, to examine and decide the

difference; and sometimes the fathers of the Greek church have subscribed a submission to the pope; but as soon as they returned home, they have recanted, and the breach been rendered as wide as ever. They accuse the Romans of partiality, and say, that the councils were packed; yet both parties seem to give an extraordinary deference to these general councils, believing that the Holy Ghost is there present, and guides them into all truth. The councils, which they esteem infallible, have contradicted each other, this repealing what that had decreed, and a third disannulling that repeal. The councils believe themselves above the pope, and the pope exalts himself above the councils. Sometimes they have had two or three popes together, all claiming that which can be the right but of one. In fine, they have involved themselves in such a labyrinth of disputes and cavils, and are entangled in such a circle of absurdities, that the soberer part of Christians begin to question the authority both of popes and councils; insomuch as it being generally known, that the last assembly of this kind was manifestly overruled by the agents of the court of Rome, people spared not to pass this jest on it, and say, "That the Holy Ghost was sent from Rome to the council of Trent in a cloak bag;" intimating thereby the many instructions and advices which were continually transmitted from Rome by the posts to the fathers sitting in that council, whereby all things were determined according to the pope's pleasure, and to the advantage of the Roman court.

It is certain, the Christians now a-days have abated much of that blind obedience which they formerly paid to the Roman pontiffs; they begin to see with their own eyes, and not with those of their priests. There was a time, when many kings were made to hold their crowns in fee of the Roman prelates, who pretended a right to

diſpoſe of all the kingdoms and empires of the earth, as vicar of God. But the kings of England, Swedeland and Denmark, with ſome princes of the German empire, and the ſtates of Holland, have taught others the way to ſtand upon their guard; ſo that though the Emperor of Germany, Kings of France, Spain and Poland, with the princes of Italy, profeſs an obedience to the holy father, yet it is rather out of a maxim of policy, than any real perſuaſion of religion.

The Spaniards ſeem the moſt ſuperſtitiouſly devoted to the ſee of Rome; yet they will not endure the excommunication which the pope pronounces againſt their king above the ſpace of one day. It ſeems, upon ſome old difference between them, it is uſual for the holy ſather to excommunicate this ſovereign once a-year, that is, on the Thurſday before Eaſter, which is the ſame as our Feaſt of Beiram. Now, as I am told, the Spaniſh ambaſſador next day preſents the pope with a gennet or horſe, upon which the cenſure is taken off. This is an eccleſiaſtic juggle; and the court of Rome uſe a great deal of ſuch holy legerdemain to keep the ſons of the church in their obedience.

The French church, though in all things agreeing, and profeſſing an entire obedience to the Roman, yet claims to herſelf ſome immunities and privileges which the court of Rome is very loath to grant. Hence it comes to paſs, that there ariſe frequent conteſts between the popes and the kings of France, which are generally accommodated to the advantage of the latter, the pope not being willing to try the force of THE LAST REASON OF KINGS: This is a motto engraven on the French king's cannon, which he has threatened to carry to the walls of Rome, if the pope ſhould intrench on the Gallican rights.

But though they thus disagree in some niceties of state, yet they, and all the rest of the nations within the Roman communion, have but one form of divine service, which they call the Mass, and it is the same with the Grecian liturgy. On festival days, it is solemnised with variety of choice music and singing, with innumerable wax-tapers burning at noon-day. I have seen, at such a time, sixteen priests before the altar, all vested in most costly silks, embroidered with gold and pearls.

They have also many chapels and altars in the same church; and sometimes they celebrate mass on all the altars together, differing herein from those of the Greek communion, who have but one altar in a temple, for which they plead antiquity, it never having been known that the primitive Christians had any more. On the other side, the Romans plead convenience for the multitude of their altars; that the pope has a power to dispense with the ancient rites and traditions in such cases; and that nothing was more reasonable, than that their altars should be multiplied, as the number of their proselytes and priests increased.

I will not pretend to decide this controversy. Permit me only to say, that the faithful musulmans have more reason to require several preachers at the same time in our magnificent mosques, where it is impossible for all the auditors in so vast an assembly to hear and understand the law expounded by one man, though it be performed in the vulgar tongue; whereas their service is celebrated in a language whereof the multitude are utterly ignorant. It matters not much whether they are near the priest at the altar, or afar off, since they understand not a word he says; and the Grecians judge it sufficient to be present at this their daily sacrifice, though it be at the very porch of the temple.

Another difference there is alſo between theſe two churches: The Roman allows not a married prieſt, unleſs in ſome extraordinary caſes, and then the pope's diſpenſation muſt be procured; but concubinage is connived at, though forbidden by the canons of the church; whereas thou knoweſt, that all the Grecian papa's marry, and get children.

The Spaniards, among all the nations within the Roman pale, are reckoned the beſt Catholics, but the worſt Chriſtians; the French are ſaid to be the beſt Chriſtians, but the worſt Catholics; and the Italians are accounted neither Catholics nor Chriſtians.

I know not what reaſon they have to ſtate the difference ſo between the two former; but the character of the latter ſuits in one reſpect with the uſual proverb of that country, it being common in the mouths of Italian gallants to ſay, He that is a Chriſtian is a fool.

The devoûter ſort of Catholics pay a great reverence and devotion to the relics of their ſaints. I could not reprehend them for this, if I were ſure of two things, that all thoſe whom they eſteem as ſaints were really ſuch, and that all the relics they keep, with ſo much veneration, in their churches, did really appertain to the perſons under whoſe names they go; for then it would be no more than what the true believers practiſe throughout the world; and it is well known, that when a piece of the garment of our holy Prophet was dipped in the water which they caſt on the flames of Conſtantinople, the fire immediately ceaſed, to which before no ſtop could be given by all the induſtry and endeavours of men. Aſſuredly, the bodies of the prophets and meſſengers of God are holy, and have a power of ſanctifying whatever they touch, producing often miraculous effects; but the avarice of men may abuſe this truth to their own private

ends; and the Chriſtians themſelves will not believe all to be true relics of ſaints, which their crafty prieſts ſhow for ſuch.

There be innumerable other ſects of Chriſtians, which are neither in communion with the Roman nor the Grecian churches, but, accuſing them of idolatry, ſeparate themſelves from their ſociety, and form diſtinct congregations. Theſe are not known in France, ſaving only the Hugonots, otherwiſe called Proteſtants; which laſt is a term comprehending all that have revolted from the Roman church, and was firſt aſſumed by the Lutherans at Augſburgh in Germany.

In England and Holland there are abundance of theſe ſects, ſome of them newly ſprung up, others of longer date; and all thus far agree with the muſſulmans, that they uſe not pictures or images in their temples; ſo that were they rightly inſtructed in the holy Alcoran, it would not be a thing altogether impracticable to perſuade them to circumciſion. There is a ſect which they call Socinians, who ſeem to preach out of the very book of glory, denying the divinity of Jeſus the ſon of Mary, the Chriſtians Meſſias, even as our divine lawgiver does in ſeveral chapters and verſicles of the Alcoran.

The Chriſtian church ſeems to be a ſtately building, whereof prelacy is the corner ſtone: If this were removed, all would fall to the ground. That which they call the Hierarchy, if it could once be diſſolved or pulled down, we ſhould ſoon ſee all Chriſtendom laid in ruins. This hierarchy is a gradual ſubordination of archbiſhops, biſhops and prieſts, the inferior depending on the ſuperior, and all deriving their orders and dignities from their chief patriarchs. Theſe are the links which compoſe that chain that faſtens Chriſtendom together: Were this but once broke, the united intereſt of Europe would

ſoon fall into pieces. The way muſt be, by beginning at the lowermoſt link. Could but the prieſts be rendered independent on the biſhops, and on each other, it would be a fair ſtep towards diſmantling of the outworks, theſe prieſts drawing infinite numbers of people after them, as it is apparent in Geneva, Holland, Switzerland and other places, where they have quite aboliſhed the order and authority of biſhops: And it is obſervable, that none of theſe fore-mentioned countries, ſince that time, have ever been inſtrumental in oppoſing the victorious arms of the Ottoman empire; as if, with the downfal of epiſcopacy, the charm were diſſipated, which had for ſome ages precipitated theſe nations, among others, to a raſh and obſtinate reſiſtance of that force which is deſtined by fate to conquer and reform the world.

Weigh this thought well, and thou wilt find, that the order of biſhops is eſſential and neceſſary to the good eſtate of Chriſtendom, and that the only way for the muſſulmans to undermine all Europe, will to be ſupplant this order, and introduce an eccleſiaſtic independency among the prieſts, by which means every one ſhall aſſume to himſelf, not only his proper fragment of the torn dignity, but the whole fundamental power of a biſhop, taking upon him to do thoſe offices, which before it was not accounted lawful for any but a mitred head to perform. Hence, in time, will follow innumerable inconveniences, diſtates and broils, and perhaps as many ſchiſms as there are particular prieſts to head them, ſince every one will be apt to think himſelf capable of dictating to all the reſt, and judge it below him to receive the law from any: Thus will there be a clear ſtage for ambition, avarice and luſt to act their parts on; and when, by the craft of deſigning men, the ſuperſtition of bigots, and the eaſineſs of the credulous, the greateſt part ſhall

be ſo divided, that it will be difficult to find two men of the ſame mind in articles of faith, it will then be eaſy, either by the intelligible reaſons in the Alcoran, or the more cogent arguments of the ſword, to plant the true and undefiled faith in theſe countries." The Creator of all things haſten his Holy Prophet's return, that all nations may embrace his law, aſſert his unity, and be incorporated into the glorious empire of the Oſmans.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XVIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

SINCE the death of King Lewis, all mens eyes and hearts are fixed upon the dauphin, who, though he is very young, yet he is a prince of a forward genius and promiſing aſpect, giving ſignal proofs of a martial ſpirit.

One day, ſeeing the guards as they were exerciſing their arms, he diſcovered an extraordinary complacency, and ſaid to thoſe that ſtood by, "I had rather be a ſoldier than a king," imagining, from the ſoftneſſes he is accuſtomed to in theſe infant years, that the life of a ſoldier is incompatible with that of a king.

Since that time, he haraſſes his tutor and attendants with perpetual rattle about guns and ſwords; and Cardinal Magarini, not to baffle or check ſuch generous inclinations, has called out a companion for him, agreeable in temper, only a year or two older.

Theſe young ſons of Mars beſtow their time partly in ſhooting with little harmleſs engines made on purpoſe for the dauphin's recreation, in imitation of guns; ſometimes with bows and arrows; at other times they fence with foils adapted to their tender arms, and childiſh ſkill. In theſe kind of exerciſes the dauphin grows a great proſi-

cient; and it is looked upon as an omen of his future warlike deeds.

A Spaniſh aſtrologer has calculated his nativity. He propheſies ſtrange things of this young prince, as, that he ſhall excel all his royal anceſtors in feats of arms; that he ſhall make the crown of France imperial, having ſubdued Spain, Italy, and Germany; that he ſhall ſhake the Ottoman empire, but in the end ſhall be depoſed by his own ſubjects.

I know not what credit may be given to the profeſſors of this ſcience, in regard the ancient rules of aſtrology, on which the Chaldeans and other eaſtern ſages grounded their predictions, are now either wholly loſt, or ſo corrupted and obſcured by the comments and gloſſes of later authors, that there are hardly any footſteps of the original maxims to be traced; yet, without troubling aſtrologers, prophets, or wizards, one may preſage from the natural genius of the dauphin, that when he comes to feel his ſtrength, he will not be idle, but follow his father's ſteps, who, before he was thirteen years of age, appeared at the head of armies.

The Omnipotent guard our glorious ſultan, and the empire eſtabliſhed by his own hands; and may his bleſſing deſcend on the royal offspring, that the young Sultan Mahomet may perform greater things than are propheſied of the French dauphin.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon, of the year 1643.

XIX.—*To the* Vizier Azem, *at the Porte.*

I remember I promiſed to ſend thee farther advices of the war between Spain and Portugal ſince the late revolution in thoſe parts.

The iſland of Tercera was the only place that held out againſt the new king, when all others, with expreſſions of extraordinary joy for their deliverance from the Caſtilian yoke, ſubmitted to and acknowledged D. Juan de Braganza as the lawful heir of that crown.

The reſiſtance which the governor of this iſland made, obliged the king to ſend thither a certain number of ſhips of war to block up the place, and hinder the importance of any proviſions; and this courſe proved ſucceſsful; for though the Spaniards attempted ſeveral times to relieve it, yet their veſſels were either taken by the Portugueſe fleet, or ſent back again, without doing their errand; ſo that at length, Don Alvaro de Viveiros, the governor, finding himſelf reduced to great ſtraits for want of neceſſaries, without any hopes of being relieved, was forced to capitulate and ſurrender.

The new king has made an alliance with the Swedes, which is of no ſmall advantage to him, having thereby eſtabliſhed a commerce with that country, and furniſhing himſelf from thence with powder, horſes, arms, and all other proviſions of war.

He has alſo made a treaty with the Hollanders, but not with ſo good ſucceſs as the former. Thou haſt heard what poſſeſſions the kings of Spain and Portugal have acquired in America, they being the firſt diſcoverers of that new world. It happened that about the time of the late revolution in Portugal, the Hollanders of Braſil took from the Portugueſe the towns of Angola, St. Thomas, Maragnon, and other places belonging to D. Juan de Braganza in thoſe parts. The knowledge of this coming to the Portugueſe court, cauſed the king to ſend his ambaſſador to demand of the ſtates the reaſon of this breach. They anſwer, It was done before the news of the revolution had reached the Weſt Indies. This, with ſome acts

of hoſtility in the oriental parts, has leſſened the good underſtanding which was between them.

In the mean time, the ſpite and hatred of the Caſtilians increaſed daily. Much blood was ſpilt on the frontiers of Portugal, which obliged D. Juan to eſtabliſh ſix places of ſtrength, quartering in them an army of thirty thouſand men. The Spaniards, to oppoſe theſe forces, had likewiſe four or five armies in Caſtile. There were many ſkirmiſhes and encounters, ſtratagems and ambuſcades, on both ſides; and it was hard to determine who had got the advantage, until fortune ſeemed to favour the cauſe of the Portugueſe.

They had a valiant and expert commander, who was governor of one of their frontier provinces; his name is Fernand Telles de Menezez. This hero, animated by the juſtice of his cauſe, and ſpurred on by the natural ardour of his ſpirit, pierced into the bowels of Old Caſtile, took the towns of St. Martin and Egles, demoliſhing the caſtle belonging to the latter, which alſo commanded all the country thereabouts, and being encountered by two thouſand five hundred Spaniards, he fell upon them, and cut them all to pieces. He alſo rendered himſelf maſter of a ſtrong place called Valverde, which he ſtored with all ſorts of ammunition, and left a Portugueſe garriſon in it.

They were no leſs victorious in another province, from whence the Portugueſe armies ruſhed into the adjacent territories of Spain, taking the towns of Aroches, Villar de Rey, Codicere, Anzinaſola, and other places of note, without any reſiſtance, ſave that of a few Caſtilian troops, moſt of which they took priſoners, with a booty of three hundred Spaniſh gennets. After this they took Chelles by ſtorm, one of the moſt conſiderable towns in that part of Spain. Nor was the King of Portugal only thus ſuc-

ceſsful near home, but his affairs proſpered alſo abroad. The kings of Goa and Maroo ſought his alliance, with other princes in the Eaſt Indies; and, in general, all the potentates in Chriſtendom, excepting only Spain, made friendſhip with D. Juan de Braganza, and eſpouſed his intereſts.

There has been a general aſſembly of all the eſtates of Portugal, wherein the people have teſtified their joy and ſatisfaction of their new king, by offering him, together with their lives, the diſpoſal of their fortunes, to be employed for the ſervice of the crown, and the releaſe of his royal brother Don Duartus, of whom I formerly made mention in one of my letters.

Thou wilt not perhaps think me troubleſome if I relate to thee how the Spaniards uſed this unfortunate prince after they had impriſoned him; neither is it altogether impertinent to let thee ſee how ſpiteful this nation is in their revenges, and how cruel in the execution of their reſentments.

After Don Duartus was delivered into the hands of the Marquis Caſtel Rodrigo, the Spaniards gave him not the entertainment and reſpect due to a prince, but uſed him like a ſlave or a malefactor, cauſing him to be lodged in a mean dark chamber, his hands to be chained every night, his robes to be taken from him, none of his domeſtics ſuffered to come near him, and doing all the indignities to him that their malice could ſuggeſt, as proper means to render his impriſonment intolerable, and his life a burden. If thou aſkeſt me for what crime it was they thus puniſhed him, I can tell thee of none, unleſs it were one to be ſo nearly related to the King of Portugal.

But this is not the only example of the Spaniſh cruelty; they executed their revenge on the poor unarmed peaſants in the field, the Duke de Alva cauſing three

hundred Portugueſe huſbandmen, as they were labouring in the vineyards, to be murdered in cold blood, ſacrificing them, as he ſaid, to the ghoſts of the ſlaughtered Caſtilians; and it was attributed to their underhand inſinuations that four Portugueſe ambaſſadors, with three-and-fifty of their train, were barbarouſly put to death by the Japaneſes, againſt the law of nature, and the ſanction of all nations. Such violences have never been practiſed in the Ottoman empire: the ſanctuary of the earth has not been profaned by an injuſtice of ſo deep a dye.

There has been lately diſcovered a ſecond conſpiracy againſt Don Juan de Braganza, wherein were concerned Don Joſeph de Menezez governor of St. Julian, the moſt important fortreſs of all the kingdom, and Don Franciſco de Lucena ſecretary of ſtate. Theſe held a private correſpondence with the Duke de Olivarez; and it was agreed between them, that the governor of Badajox, a ſubject of the King of Spain, ſhould be put in poſſeſſion of St. Julian's Fort, which is the very key of Liſbon, and that other places of ſtrength ſhould be delivered up to ſuch Spaniſh officers as Olivarez appointed. But a letter which was ſent from Don Juan de Garay governor of Badajox, to the governor of St. Lucy's Fort in Portugal, being by miſtake carried to the hands of the Count d'Obidos, a Portugueſe general, and a faithful friend to the king, diſcovered the intrigue, and the traitors were ſeized and brought to condign puniſhment.

I cannot at preſent ſend thee any more news of the Portugueſe affairs. God grant thee a long and happy life in the favour of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 20th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XX.—To Donet Oglou.

Thou wilt wonder when I tell thee I am melancholy for want of ſolitude. That which adminiſters occaſion of ſadneſs to others, is the only cure of my grief. Yet this will not ſeem a paradox, when thou conſidereſt that converſation is the air of the ſoul, and that he who values the health and eaſe of his mind, ought to chooſe ſuch an element for it to breathe in as is pure and ſerene, which is very difficult to find in any ſociety. This is the reaſon that I never think myſelf more alone than when I am confined to ſome kind of company.

Thou haſt obſerved, that moſt men will engroſs all the talk to themſelves; this is very irkſome: Yet I ſhould not grudge them the monopoly, were their diſcourſe pertinent and agreeable; but to be forced to hearken to all their empty tattle of hawks and hounds, garbs and faſhions, with an endleſs jargon of things leſs to the purpoſe than the former, which will keep their tongues employed ſometimes two or three hours together, renders their converſe more troubleſome than that of the ſpark who picked up Horace in the ſtreets of Rome.

Others are of a quite contrary humour, and thou mayeſt as ſoon get a word from the mufti as from them. They ſit like ſtatues, as if they emulated the character of Griuli Eben Sagran, one of the viſiers of the bench, who, in ten years that he had ſat in the Divan, was never obſerved to ſpeak a ſyllable.

Yet this ſort is more tolerable than the other, who with their everlaſting chat rock the company aſleep, and take from them the very power of thinking.

However, I prefer the retirement of my chamber to both theſe inconveniencies. There I can enter into myſelf, and by retreating from all commerce with my ſenſes,

I find a private back way to converſe with the whole univerſe. Think not this a chimera, or that Malmut pretends to extraordinary illuminations; it is nothing but what every man may experience who will but take the pains to be thoroughly acquainted with himſelf. If he can but gain a familiar acceſs to the inward apartments of his own breaſt, he will ſoon find a poſtern there which will readily open, and let him into the moſt retired cloſets of Nature; from thence he may ſally forth, and take a better ſurvey of the world than he can by his eyes. Here he will behold all things undiſguiſed, and in their true quantities and qualities; and, which is more admirable, he will be able, without the help of optics, to ſee himſelf enjoying this felicity, and to know that he ſees it, which is a ſufficient conviction that he is not in a dream.

Wouldſt thou improve thy knowledge, affect not a multitude of books; there are but few worth the reading. What is the whole creation but one great library? every volume in which, and every page in thoſe volumes, are impreſſed with radiant characters of infinite wiſdom; and all the perfections of the univerſe are contracted with ſuch inimitable art in man, that he needs no other book but himſelf to make him a complete philoſopher. Thou wilt ſay, that this requires too great an abſtractedneſs of mind, and is very painful. I tell thee, my dear friend, I am extremely ſubject to melancholy, whoſe effect, thou knoweſt, is to render one very thoughtful, and thoſe thoughts rack the ſoul with intolerable anguiſh; yet I do not fly from them, as generally men are accuſtomed; neither do I ſeek to drown them in wine, or chaſe them away with any ſociable divertiſements; my uſual way is to bid them battle, oppoſe thoughts againſt thoughts, and, with the dint of reaſon, to ſubdue this peeviſh hu-

mour. To this end, I hunt up and down for my enemy, and rummage every corner of my ſoul, purſuing the cauſe of my ſadneſs with ſuch arguments as theſe: Why ſhould I be melancholy, who poſſeſs nothing that I fear to loſe, and yet enjoy all that I could wiſh for, were I without what I now poſſeſs? I am a muſſulman, and therefore under the protection of God: I ſerve his vicegerent, the Grand Signior, faithfully, and find acceptance with the baſſas of the Porte. I am in France, yet cannot call it a foreign country, ſince innocence and virtue naturalize a man in all parts of the world. I cannot ſay I am unfortunate, ſo long as I have no vice for which I need either to bluſh or grow pale. If I am ſlandered, this ought to be an occaſion of joy, ſince it ranks me with men of the greateſt merit, who could never eſcape the calumnies of the envious; and I have reaſon to triumph in that I find no inclination to revenge myſelf, but rather to pity my traducers. If any man ſhould play the ſatiriſt with my deformity, and rudely deſcant on my ugly countenance, or the diſproportion of my limbs, there is no more reaſon to be grieved at this, than to be affronted at the wind for blowing off my hat, or the rain for wetting my clothes, or a dog for barking at me as I go along the ſtreets, the one being as natural as the other.

Thus I argue with myſelf, dear Oglou, when aſſaulted with melancholy; theſe are the remedies which I apply to that black diſtemper of the mind; and ſometimes I go farther, if theſe will do no good. I then aſk myſelf, Whether it be the fear of death that thus perplexes me? And here begins my cure; this kindles the brighteſt ſpark of reaſon, which in a moment diſperſes all the miſts. The diſmal pageantry of chimeras vaniſhes, and all the tragic pomp of grief ſtraight diſappears. Not that I would have thee think that I am fond of dying, but I

conſider death as the unavoidable fate of all men, and that therefore it is reaſonable to be cheerful, ſince that which no man can eſcape will one time or other releaſe me and every man from the miſeries of this life. This thought recovers me from the worſt effects of melancholy; and I believe the damned themſelves would ſometimes be in a good humour, if they had but the leaſt glimpſe of hope that they ſhould one day be delivered from their torments; for, whatſoever ſorts of men there are in this life, I cannot think there be any ſtoics in hell.

And now I have entertained thee with company and ſolitude, with books and men, with life and death, with earth and hell; let us take one ſtep farther, and refreſh ourſelves with the remembrance of heaven, the joys of the bleſſed in paradiſe, which certainly is the beſt relief of anxious thoughts, the moſt perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.

God grant that thou and I may ſee each other, and drink together in the arbours of Eden, and kiſs the daughters of paradiſe.

Paris, 14th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XXI.—*To the* TEFTERDAR, *or* LORD-TREASURER.

KINGDOMS and empires (like men) have their lucky and unlucky ſeaſons. Spain ſeems for a conſiderable time to have been under a cloud, as if her guardian fate began to droop, and were not ſtrong enough to check the riſing grandeur of France.

It has been an old obſervation, that thoſe whom God conſigns over to ruin, he firſt infatuates. It was a grand overſight in Don Franciſco de Melo to conſtitute the Duke of Albuquerque general of his horſe, for he there-

by ſo diſguſted the Spaniſh officers in his army, that emulating the honour of this young Portugueſe, the greateſt part of them deſerted in the very nick of time when their preſence was moſt neceſſary to confirm the battalions, already ſhrieking from the furious onſet of the French.

This gave the young Duke of Anguien an entire victory, and has crowned him with glorious laurels, while Don Franciſco de Melo, by this ill conduct, has quite loſt his reputation, and is forced to reſign up his commiſſion to another.

This battle was fought before Rocroy, and may be reckoned as a parallel with that bloody battle of Leipſick between the Imperialiſts and Swedes, on the ſeventh of the ninth moon of the year 1631; a day which was remarkable at Conſtantinople on the account of that terrible lightening which ſurpriſed the late Sultan Amurath in his bed. Many other extraordinary events ſignalized this day in England, France, Germany, and other places, which occaſioned the great aſtrologer Herlicius to call it A day of blood.

Such another was this unfortunate day to the Spaniards at the forementioned battle of Rocroy, where they loſt an infinite number of men, with all their fieldpieces and an hundred and fifty colours.

He that created the moon and the conſtellations in heaven to diſtinguiſh the times and ſeaſons, guard thee from the influence of malignant ſtars, and from the deſtroyer, who ranges the world on certain critical days.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1643.

built, with the names of the chief conſpirators ſubſcribed.

Permit me, ſage miniſter, to ſet before thy eyes the occaſions of theſe treacherous deſigns.

It has been the cuſtom of the Porte, to connive for a conſiderable time at the oppreſſions, rapines, and exactions of the baſſas and governors of provinces; to ſuffer them to haraſs the people under their juriſdiction; to pillage and ſpoil them of their monies, goods and eſtates, till they have amaſſed together vaſt ſums of money; and then it has been as uſual for the ſultans, upon the leaſt complaint, to ſend the bowſtring to the criminal baſſa.

Whatever may be pleaded in defence of this method in former times, my opinion is, that it may prove dangerous now; and, if I may be permitted to ſpeak freely, I have reaſon to think, that this was one ground of the deſigned treaſon in the iſles in the Ægean Sea.

Formerly, thoſe who were removed to theſe commands, were not ſo well verſed in the maxims of policy, nor ſo apprehenſive of the cabinet ſecrets of ſtate. But now the age is refined, men are more ſubtle, jealous, and ſelfiſh than they were; Nature teaches all men to preſerve their lives with utmoſt diligence.

The Baſſa of Cyprus, who is the ringleader of this conſpiracy, has been let alone in a long courſe of tyranny and oppreſſion over his ſubjects, by which means, he has heaped to himſelf prodigious treaſures. His guilty mind told him, that complaints would be made againſt him, and that one time or other he muſt be ſtrangled. He knew that his gold would be thought better to become the ſultan's ſeraglio than his own; and that he had been long enough in his office, to ſerve the politic ends of ſtate.

Revolving theſe things in his mind, he quickly concluded that the crimes he had been guilty of in his government would draw upon him inevitable ruin, unleſs he prevented it by committing greater; and that, as oppreſſion of his ſubjects had made him rich, ſo treaſon againſt his ſovereign muſt make him ſafe. He communicates his thoughts to ſome of his truſty friends and confidants; they encourage him to proceed, repreſenting to him the natural ſtrength of the iſland, ſeconded by abundance of ſtrong forts and caſtles; that the ſoldiers might eaſily be won to his party by money, and the inhabitants might be pacified by ſome public reſtitutions, and other acts of indulgence.

Thus was the foundation laid of this formidable treaſon, which ſoon gathered ſtrength by the acceſſion of more conſpirators, until at length all the iſles aforeſaid were engaged in the diſloyal league.

I will not preſume to dictate what is to be done in this caſe; I leave that to thy oraculous ſentence. But permit me to ſuggeſt my thoughts of a proper means to prevent the like miſcarriages for the future; and that is, by executing timely and impartial juſtice. It ſeems to me, not only a reflection on the juſtice of the imperial ſword, but alſo on the politics of the royal cabinet, to ſuffer a baſſa to grow rich by oppreſſion of the people under his command; for when he has thus plundered his ſubjects to fill his own coffers, he has armed himſelf with the very ſinews and nerves of rebellion; money being that which gives life and motion to all great and bold undertakings.

Therefore it will be better, not to countenance the leaſt oppreſſion in theſe great men, whereby they may at once be tempted, through the conſciouſneſs of their crimes, and ſtrengthened by their ill-gotten wealth, to

as the myſtery was performed, this young prince, with an aſſured countenance, and becoming gravity, ſpoke thus to the prelate: "My father, I humbly thank you, and ſhall be eternally obliged to you: My parents gave me only an earthly crown, but you have made me heir of the kingdom of Heaven."

There were preſent, the Queen, the Princeſs of Conde, Cardinal Mazarini, with divers other perſons of quality. The whole aſſembly were aſtoniſhed at the child's expreſſion (being but about four years of age), taking it for an omen of his future piety, and extraordinary actions. He diſcovers a prompt wit in all his diſcourſe, uſing but few words, and theſe very appoſite. His whole deportment is graceful, and ſurpriſingly regular, attended with a diſcretion which is not looked for but from thoſe of riper years. In fine, nature ſeems to have fitted him for the empire to which he is born.

In the mean time, as if infant governors were now become faſhionable, there are ſeveral made biſhops and abbots while they are yet in the cradle; this the inferior clergy ſtomach, and the laity grumble, ſaying, That there are like to be good times in France, when thoſe who are ſtyled the fathers of the church are babies. This is Cardinal Mazarini's policy, to faſten the nobility to the intereſts of the crown, by thus honouring their children with the principal dignities of the church; and thou wilt ſay he is a wiſe man in ſo doing, when thou conſidereſt how great a ſhare the biſhops and other eccleſiaſtics have in the wealth of the land; and that he could not do the king a better ſervice, than by diſpoſing of theſe preferments to ſuch as would not only thereby be obliged to loyalty themſelves, but would alſo link the families to which they belong to the royal cauſe.

Thou wilt better comprehend the policy of this mini-

ſter, in thus endeavouring to ſecure the dignified clergy, when thou weigheſt their ſtrength, and conſidereſt their numbers.

There are in France 12 archbiſhoprics, 104 biſhoprics; convents of the greater order 540, convents of the leſſer order 12320, abbies 1450, nunneries 67, 708 friaries, 259 ſeminaries of the order of the Knights of Malta, 27400 pariſh churches, hoſpitals 540, private chapels or oratories, 9000. To fill all theſe they reckon 226,000 religious, or derviſes, beſides 130,000 pariſh prieſts.

It has been uſual to take an eſtimate of the glory and riches of a prince from the number of his people; but I would not have thee think the French king the wealthier for this prodigious number of devotees, the greateſt part of which he has more reaſon to look upon as an army of enemies, than ſubjects. Indeed, the intereſt of the archbiſhops, biſhops, and pariſh prieſts, is twiſted with that of the crown; but the monks and friars are the creatures of the pope, and all of them together are not maintained with leſs coſt than the fourth part of the revenues of France, out of which, in former times, there went yearly a million of crowns to the court of Rome.

I cannot perceive wherein conſiſts the policy of cheriſhing ſo many neſts of ſpiritual leeches, who ſuck the very blood and vitals of the nation; one would think it were ſufficiently drained by the royal cuſtoms, taxes, and impoſts.

Theſe kings have monopolized all the ſalt of the kingdom into their own hands, which they compel their ſubjects to buy of them at their own rates. To this end, they have officers in all parts, who vend it for them. It looks as if they took care to preſerve their ſubjects from corruption, and were afraid leſt they ſhould putrify alive, there being not a man in all their dominions who is not

obliged to take the quantity which the officers impoſe on him, except in ſome particular provinces, which, for reaſons of ſtate, or by treaty, are exempted. The revenue which ariſes to the king from this commodity, amounts to near three millions of crowns yearly. He hath eight millions more coming in by ſubſidies from the peaſants; beſides many particular impoſts on fleſh, wine, and other commodities. Yet he loſes a conſiderable part of his revenues, by farming them out to his ſubjects, or mortgaging them in time of war for ready money. He has no leſs than thirty thouſand officers, that are wholly employed in collecting his revenues, whoſe penſions and ſalaries leſſen the king's income by above half; ſo that, out of fourſcore millions of crowns which are yearly ſqueezed from the people, ſcarce thirty millions come entire into the king's coffers.

Thou wilt wonder at the improvidence of theſe infidel kings, and at the ſame time condemn their tyranny and injuſtice, who oppreſs, plunder, and ruin thoſe that furniſh them with all neceſſaries for human ſuſtenance, to enrich, not themſelves, but a company of greedy caterpillars; for ſuch, and no better, are thoſe who gather their revenues. It is not ſo in the ſacred empire of the Oſmans, where juſtice has erected her throne, and oppreſſion dares not ſhow her face.

But the French ſeem born for ſlavery they bear it ſo patiently, without ever aſpiring after a redemption. The Chriſtians exclaim againſt our janizaries, accuſing them of inſolence, oppreſſion, rapine, and all the vices to which a licentious ſoldiery are uſually addicted; but theſe are trifles to what the French dragoons commit, when quartered upon the poor country people: they rob them of all they have, practiſing a thouſand villanies, to which the janizaries are wholly ſtrangers; adulteries paſs for

gallantry with them, and rapes are counted but the exceſſes of an immoderate paſſion; the huſband muſt ſtand quietly whilſt his wife is in the arms of a domineering Hector; the father muſt behold his daughter deflowered, without diſcovering the leaſt regret. Theſe are the methods by which this people are mortified; and they ſeem to be ſtupid under their calamities, not having courage enough left to meditate a redreſs, unleſs it be by becoming ſoldiers themſelves; for of ſuch as theſe is the infantry of France compoſed. Hence it is not to be admired that they are eſteemed the feebleſt, baſeſt, and moſt deſpicable ſoldiers of any in Europe, ſince not the purſuit of honour, nor love to their country, induces them to take up arms, but deſpair of living otherwiſe, being reduced to the moſt rigorous extremities on this ſide famine.

Live thou in the honour with which God and our emperor have inveſted thee, and conſerve thy virtue, which will raiſe thee yet higher. Forget not to have Mahmut ſometimes in thy thoughts, who loves thee with a true heart, and ſerves thee with alacrity.

Paris, 15th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XXIV.—*To* Egri Boynou, *a White Eunuch.*

The French kings ſteer their courſe by other maxims of policy than thoſe which are practiſed at the Sublime Porte. It ſeems they are not apprehenſive of any ambitious deſigns in the princes of the blood, ſince they not only allow them liberty, but alſo load them with honours.

Thou haſt formerly heard me ſpeak of Henry the Fourth, this king's grandfather, and of the paſſionate love

he bore to ladies. Among the reſt of his miſtreſſes, none poſſeſſed a larger ſhare of his affections than the Dutcheſs of Beaufort: By her he had two ſons; the eldeſt is called Alexander, the other Cæſar. They are both now living, and enjoy great preferments, the firſt being made Grand Prior of the French Knights of Malta, which is a dignity next to that of Maſter of the order, who commands the whole iſland. It is obſervable, that this Alexander, during his father's lifetime, had attained no higher than to be made a knight; but as ſoon as his brother Lewis XIII. came to the crown, he procured him the honour he now has. The ſecond brother alſo is made governor of Bretaigne, and married to the Duke of Mercœur's daughter, by which means he is become one of the richeſt peers in France. King Henry had alſo two other ſons, one of his own name, whom he got on the Marchioneſs of Verneville; he is now a biſhop and abbot, which are conſiderable dignities in the church. The other ſon they call Antoine, whoſe mother was the Counteſs of Morret: He alſo is inveſted with the like eccleſiaſtical honours as his brother Henry. Theſe four brothers, though by the French effeemed as baſtards (becauſe born of the king's concubines), are nevertheleſs entruſted with the offices and preferments already mentioned, without any jealouſy that they will be guilty of ſiniſter practices to embroil the ſtate, or gain the crown; and, if I may ſpeak freely, there ſeems to be more of humanity and juſtice in this courſe, than in that cruel cuſtom of our ſultans, who no ſooner aſcend the throne, but all their brethren are immediately ſacrificed to their ſuſpicion and the ends of ſtate; or, if they chance to eſcape the bowſtring, are detained their whole lifetime in a cloſe impriſonment, which is worſe than death.

Lewis XIII. has alſo left another brother behind him,

born of the ſame mother as himſelf. They call him the Duke of Orleans; a man of a daring ſpirit, and great reſolution. He is but newly come to the court, having been baniſhed for ſome enterpriſes againſt his brother.

It was the opinion of the French, that this prince would have a ſhare in the regency; but Lewis would by no means conſent to it to the prejudice of his queen, whom he left entirely poſſeſſed of the ſovereign power till the young king comes of age. However, as yet ſhe holds a ſeeming correſpondence with the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé, by whoſe mediations, ſeveral grandees, who were priſoners of ſtate, are now releaſed, and make their appearance at the court.

From hence thou mayeſt gather that things are not managed here with ſuch rigour and ſeverity as at Conſtantinople, where the commands of our invincible emperors are impetuous, and the execution ſwift.

There is a biſhop to whom the queen-regent ſeems to be inclined. He has the character of a very good man; but they ſay he is too ſimply honeſt for a courtier, and that Cardinal Mazarini will overreach him. However, that prelate has the queen's ear at preſent, and his creatures extol him for a man of great abilities. It is ſaid the queen has writ to the pope, deſiring a cardinal's hat for him; and ſome whiſper that he will be made the prime miniſter in the room of Mazarini. To ſpeak my ſentiments, I wiſh he were; for there ſeems not ſo much reaſon to apprehend from his counſels any notable deſign againſt the Ottoman Porte, as from thoſe of the cardinal, whom I look upon as a ſecond Richlieu. Here are ſeveral intereſts on foot; the whole court is divided into factions, ſtriving to undermine and ſupplant each other.

It is not here as in Turkey, where the greateſt baſſas are but the ſultan's ſlaves. The princes of France are

equal to ſome ſovereign kings, and upon the leaſt grudge will raiſe armies, and give the king battle, if he does not come to their terms, and make a ſatisfactory compoſition. Neither dares the king put any of them to death, for fear of the people, who generally take their part, being greedy of novelties, and prone to rebel.

Wouldſt thou know by what means the nobility of France arrived to ſuch a dangerous power? I tell thee in a word, the kings themſelves have put a ſword into their hands, which they ſpare not to draw, when their ambition or diſcontent prompts them to it. They are freed from all tribute and homage; have the command of whole provinces committed to them, in which are great numbers of walled towns, forts and caſtles. Theſe great charges procure them the eſteem and veneration of the people living under their government, who honour them as kings, and readily take up arms in their vindication.

The queen-regent is fearful leſt they ſhould take advantage of her ſon's minority, and under pretence of reforming the ſtate, or ſerving the king's intereſt, they ſhould involve the kingdom in civil wars. She keeps a ſtrict watch over the Duke of Orleans, and obſerves the Prince of Conde's motions; her guards are doubled, and ſhe neglects nothing that may aſſure the intereſts of the crown.

Thou who ſtandeſt by the ſilent fountain, and art near the perſon of the Grand Signior, think of doing Mahmut ſome good office, who loves cordially, ſerves faithfully, and prays fervently for the health and long life of our glorious ſultan, and wiſhes thee thy full of happineſs.

Paris, 27th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XXV.—*To the Captain* Bassa.

Here are arrived several hundreds of slaves, who have manumitted themselves by a bold adventure; an exploit which, to give them their due, has something in it of bravery. The place of their captivity was Alexandria; thou knowest the circumstances of that haven. What hazards will not the desire of liberty put men upon? There were several thousands of Franks in the city, whom the restraint and rigours of servitude had made weary of their lives. Among the rest, a native of Brabant, who having been bred up in the art of distilling strong waters, his patron hired him a shop, furnishing him with all materials and necessaries to prosecute his calling, in hopes of very profitable returns. To this man's shop there was a great resort of all the Franks in the city, by which means he improved his trade, and thrived mightily. He was a bold fellow, and took a particular pride in great attempts; and though he might have lived very happily, and enriched himself by his own occupation, yet he had another sort of chemistry to practise, being resolved to draw his fellow slaves (who were now become his customers) off from the lees of despair, and elevate them to a resolution of seeking their freedom. He often harangued them on this subject, and a strict intelligence was held between all the European slaves in that city. At length it was agreed amongst them to seize a certain vessel that lay in the harbour, and commit themselves to the winds and waves. This was carried on with so much secrecy, and so dexterous a conduct, that, unsuspected, above two thousand of them got aboard, and put out to sea. The wind favouring them, they first arrived at Candia, where they landed some hundreds of their crew; after this they touched at Malta, where they dis-

of others; then at Livorno in Italy; and, laſtly, ſafe at Marſeilles, where the remainder came aſhore. Theſe are natives of France, England, Brabant and Holland, with two Spaniſh prieſts.

The inhabitants of Paris are very charitable to them, eſpecially the merchants who traffic in the Levant, of which there are great numbers in this city. The clergy alſo have made a collection for them; and it is ſaid the queen-regent has ordered her almoner to diſtribute three thouſand crowns among them.

They inveigh bitterly againſt the muſſulmans, curſing our holy Prophet, and thanking their good ſtars for thus fortunately redeeming them from an inſupportable ſlavery. I cannot ſee wherein they merit blame in all this, it being natural for all men to covet liberty, and to rejoice when they have eſcaped any misfortune. I proteſt I cannot be angry with them in my heart for any thing but the blaſphemies they vomit againſt the meſſenger of God. The reſt are actions as natural as to eat and drink. Self-preſervation being common to all animals, there ſeems as much reaſon to condemn a bird that chirps and triumphs when ſhe feels herſelf upon the wing, ranging the balmy air, being newly releaſed from the cage, as to find fault with theſe fellows for rejoicing that they have eſcaped the confinement and hardſhips of captivity.

However, it was an unpardonable neglect of the guards who belong to that city to ſuffer theſe infidels thus to give them the ſlip. So culpable a remiſſneſs may coſt ſome of them their heads.

The great God, whoſe power is manifeſted in the ocean as well as on the dry land, furniſh thee with as favourable winds as theſe fugitives had, when thou ſhalt be ordered to execute the orders of the Grand Signior.

Paris, 20th of the 11th Moon, of the year 1643.

XXVI.—*To* MUSTAPHA GUIR, *an Eunuch-Pa*

THIS court has within theſe three days put on ano. face than it had ever ſince the royal obſequies were formed. One would hardly think it the ſame, w[illegible] not for the mourning they ſtill wear on the account of the late king's death. This is a formality uſed all over Chriſtendom in ſuch caſes, and ſerves for a diſguiſe to hypocrites. The French grandees make uſe of it to maſk their ſeveral politic deſigns. They wear black, the emblem of ſadneſs, to denote their grief for the dead monarch, and yet they feaſt and revel, to the end they may ſend more of the royal blood after him. The matter I am going to inform thee of is tragical in itſelf, and had been worſe, but for the prevention of Providence.

Three days ago, the princes of the blood, with divers of the prime nobility, were invited to a feaſt by the queen's order. The place where it was kept is called the New Caſtle. It is needleſs for me to deſcribe the magnificent entertainment, thou mayeſt conclude all things were performed with great coſt and majeſty. They banqueted with wine to exceſs, inſomuch, as the Duke of Orleans, about midnight, walking through a gallery, was ſo inebriated with the juice of the grape, that he fell aſleep on a couch which ſtood about the middle of the walk: He was wrapt in his cloak, a garment well known in the court by the large diamond that buttoned it before; but nobody came by that way, till two hours afterwards, a certain French lord paſſing to his lodging, took notice of a man aſleep on the couch, and drawing nearer, knew it to be the duke. Wondering what ſhould be the meaning of it, he inquired of the duke's page, that ſtood not far off, who told him, his maſter was overcome with wine. The lord, not thinking it convenient to leave a

[illegible] of the blood in ſuch a place at ſuch a time of the [illegible], cauſed his ſervants to take him up, and carry him [illegible] his own lodgings, who, for the greater conveniency, [illegible] the cloak behind upon the couch. As ſoon as they [illegible] were gone, the duke's page puts on the cloak, and being alſo tired with watching, laid himſelf down to ſleep. The duke not long after awakes, and called for his page, not knowing where he was. The ſervants of the French lord immediately ran to the page, but found him dead upon the coach, being ſtabbed through the heart. Thou mayeſt imagine what a ſurpriſe the whole court was in when this accident was known. Next morning ſtrict inquiſition was made into this affair, but nothing brought to light, only it was obſerved, that about three o'clock in the morning, an unknown perſon was ſeen by the ſentinels to be let into Cardinal Mazarini's apartment. The buſineſs is huſhed up; yet people ſpare not to whiſper, that the cardinal was privy to the murder, adding, that the blow was given by miſtake, the page being ſuppoſed to be the duke, as he lay wrapt up in that remarkable cloak. It is common, in theſe infidel countries, for great men to hire ruffians to execute their revenge; and theſe fellows are as prompt and dexterous at a private murder, as our mutes are to execute the pleaſure of the Grand Signior, when he commands them to ſtrangle any offending Baſſa: But they will have half the price of their villany beforehand, and the reſidue when it is accompliſhed. Thus is innocent blood become a merchandiſe; they traffic for aſſaſſinations; and a man cannot call his life his own, ſince, at that very inſtant, it may be bought by another. I have not heard, that ſuch a deteſtable wickedneſs has ever been practiſed in the empire of the muſſulmans, much leſs in the ſeraglios of our ſultans, which are the manſions of juſtice and virtue.

One of the grandees of France (whom they call Duke of Beaufort), takes inceſſant pains to find out the author of this murder. He is a mortal enemy of Cardinal Mazarini, and would give half the revenue of his dukedom could he remove him out of the kingdom. He inſinuates very plauſible ſuſpicions into the minds of the courtiers, to render him odious. He dares not openly accuſe him of being acceſſary to the page's death, having no evident proofs againſt him, but he endeavours to create in all men a belief, that he had a hand in it. He has conſulted a magician, who has ſhewed him the figure of the murderer in a glaſs, and, by another effect of his enchantments, has preſented him with a picture, drawn from the magical portraiture in the glaſs, which the duke has cauſed to be imitated by the ſkilfulleſt maſters in France, ſending the copies in great numbers to all parts of the kingdom, with orders to the governors of towns and cities, eſpecially ſuch as are on the frontiers and ſea-coaſts, to cauſe all travellers to be brought before them, and confronted with the picture, that ſo, if poſſible, the murderer may be diſcovered, who will not fail to be put to all the tortures they can invent, to draw a confeſſion from him, "That Cardinal Mazarini had contrived the murder of the Duke of Orleans, though by miſtake it was executed on his page." But the cardinal is even with him, having accuſed him to the queen of deſigning to murder him; whereupon the Duke is ſent priſoner to the caſtle of the Wood of Vincennes. This makes the creatures of Beaufort to murmur, and ſay, there is a higher hand than the cardinal's alone in the contrivance of this murder. Libels are ſcattered up and down the ſtreets, and it is ſaid, that the ghoſt of the page has been often ſeen to walk in the royal apartments.

In the mean time, I wait all opportunities to do the ... Signior ſome effectual ſervice, ſnatching every ... ingency which may advance the Ottoman intereſt; ... ther am I forgetful to oblige my friends.

The Great God preſerve thee from untimely death, and give thee favour with the ſultan.

Paris, 30th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1643.

XXVII.—*To* Pesteli Hali, *his Brother.*

When I wrote laſt to thee, I thought I ſhould have taken a farther journey than thou. Aſia was the deſigned ſtage of thy travels; but I looked on myſelf, at that time, as bound for another world; and, therefore, having no hopes of ever ſeeing thee again in this, I gave thee a ſolemn adieu. It is now four years ſince that letter was writ, during which thou haſt ſeen many ſtrange things in the Eaſt, while I have obſerved ſome remarkables in the Weſt. Thou art returned ſafe to Conſtantinople, and I am ſtill alive in Paris. I am overjoyed to hear I have a brother living; I hope thou wilt not be ſorry that I have hitherto eſcaped the ſtroke of death. We two are the only ſurviving of all our race; let us love one another, as though there were nothing elſe in the world for us to love. As for our mother, I know not whether ſhe be on earth or in paradiſe. The laſt letter ſhe ſent me, expreſſed her grief for the death of her ſecond huſband, ſince which eighteen moons are elapſed, and I have heard nothing of her. I deſire thee, if thou haſt any tenderneſs for Mahmut, to ſatisfy me whether ſhe be living or dead. Perhaps ſhe is married again, and may be removed into ſome unknown country. I am perplexed with a thouſand anxieties about her.

Remember, that the tribe to which we belong ... none of the moſt obſcure in Arabia. Let us imita... virtues of our kindred, without meddling with ... vices: In ſuch a family, it will not be difficult to ... ſome good examples, and ſuch as are worthy to be ... lowed. Let us learn temperance from one, prudence from another, magnanimity from a third, and the rules of piety and juſtice from them all. This I take to be a proper method to acquire an excellency in virtue, and to root good habits in us, it being certain, that practical examples have more influence on men, than the moſt pithy and ſage inſtructions. Who can reflect on the incomparable modeſty of Uſeph, my father's brother, and not be charmed? Thou mayeſt remember with how ſweet a grace of mildneſs and condeſcenſion all his actions were adorned. He was eſteemed the moſt polite man in thoſe parts. From him we may learn to bear injuries patiently, and not to grow peeviſh at the impertinencies of the vulgar; not to be of a rugged temper, fierce or revengeful, but to be always of an even deportment, purſuing all men with civilities and good offices, the very nature of which brings its own reward along with it (if there were no others), the mind being fed with an inexpreſſible complacency, after ſuch generous performances.

Mehmet Ali, our kinſman, was a man of ſingular government and moderation; he was neither vainly fond of his friend, nor humorous or cold: He rejected flatterers, and was not concerned at ſlanderers: He was neither ſuperſtitious nor profane; liberal without pride, frugal without avarice, and in all things he carried himſelf with exquiſite ſobriety and reaſon.

Such men as theſe we ought to ſet before us, as patterns of a good life; and, in following their ſteps, we ſhall honour the family from which we deſcend.

In perusing thy letter, I find thou haſt made ſome able remarks in thy travels. Thou haſt been at the courts of ſeveral great and illuſtrious princes, and returneſt home enriched with a treaſury of jewels, of a far higher value than rubies and diamonds. The knowledge which thou haſt purchaſed is a merchandiſe for kings, and will render thee acceptable to the ſovereigns of the earth. Thou haſt improved much in a little time, and ſhalt reap the honour and profit of thy experience all the days of thy life.

It will be a kind office, if thou wilt gratify thy brother with ſome of thoſe choice obſervations thou haſt made. I have a particular deſire to be informed of many things in the Indies. Our couſin Iſouf is covetous of his memoirs; he will not impart any thing to me, though he has likewiſe traverſed all the Eaſt. I would fain know the age and character of the preſent Mogul. Here is a Portugueſe in the city, with whom I ſometimes converſe: He has been at Indoſtan, and ſays, that the preſent emperor of that country is a man of no great abilities, ſuffering his affairs to be managed by the conduct of women; that he has more than ordinary familiarity with one of his daughters; that he has four ſons, whom he has made ſovereigns of provinces; they are princes of active ſpirits, and, he ſays, it is feared they will one day depoſe their father.

He tells a remarkable ſtory of the Great Mogul's being once in danger of his life, which, becauſe it has ſomething in it very extraordinary, I will in brief relate it to thee.

It happened, that this prince was riding on one of his elephants in the province of Caſhemire, when ſuddenly the beaſt grew raging mad. It ſeems it is the nature of theſe animals, when they are ſtung with luſt, at

certain times of the year, to fall into a kind of fre[illegible] which, if not timely obviated, will laſt forty days. whoſe office it was to manage the elephant, perce[illegible] that the king's life was in apparent danger, through furious humour of the beaſt, had not time to ſay more to the king, but only theſe words, "There is but this only way to ſave your life, that I ſacrifice mine to the elephant, which I freely do, as an unfeigned teſtimony of my loyalty." With that, he caſt himſelf at the elephant's feet, which immediately took him up with his trunk, and killed him, and ſo became pacified. The king, aſtoniſhed at ſo ſurpriſing an accident, and to teſtify his gratitude for ſo unparalelled a fidelity, ſent for this man's ſons, and having aſked them, Whether they could have reſolution enough to follow their father's example in ſuch caſe? to which they all anſwering, "That his majeſty might ſee it immediately, if he pleaſe to give but the word;" the king cauſed rich veſts to be beſtowed on every one of them, with other preſents, and made them the chief maſters of his elephants throughout the empire. The Portugueſe added, that in token of thankfulneſs to Heaven for ſo ſignal a preſervation, the emperor gave royal and magnificent alms to all the poor in that province, vowing never to ride again on an elephant, ſince it had coſt him the life of one of his moſt faithful ſervants.

If thou haſt met with any inſtances of ſo remarkable a virtue, inſert them in thy letter; for, whatever may be in the Eaſt, a man may live whole ages in theſe Weſtern parts, before he ſhall find ſuch unſhaken fidelity in a ſervant. The King Eternal caſt an eye of favour on thee, and reward thee for the love thou beareſt to our glorious ſultan.

Paris, 16th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1643.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.—*To* IBRAHIM HALY CHEIK, *a Man of the Law.*

HERE is a man come to this city, if he may be called a man, who pretends to have lived about theſe ſixteen hundred years. They call him the Wandering Jew; but ſome ſay, he is an impoſtor. He ſays of himſelf, that he was uſher of the divan in Jeruſalem (the Jews call it the court of judgment), where all criminal cauſes were tried, at the time when Jeſus, the ſon of Mary, the Chriſtians Meſſias, was condemned by Pontius Pilate, the Roman preſident; that his name was Michob Ader; and that, for thruſting Jeſus out of the hall, with theſe words, "Go, why tarrieſt thou?" the Meſſias anſwered him again; "I go, but tarry thou till I come;" thereby condemning him to live till the day of judgment. He pretends to remember the apoſtles that lived in thoſe days, and that he himſelf was baptized by one of them; that he has travelled through all the regions of the world, and ſo muſt continue to be a vagabond till the Meſſias ſhall return again. They ſay, that he heals diſeaſes, by touching the party affected. Divers other miracles are aſcribed to him by the ignorant and ſuperſtitious; but the learned, the noble, and the great, cenſure him as a counterfeit, or a madman. Yet there are who affirm, that it is one convincing argument of the reality of his pretence, that he has hitherto eſcaped a priſon, eſpecially in theſe countries, where the authors of all innovations are ſeverely puniſhed. He has eſcaped the inquiſition at Rome, in Spain, and in Portugal, which the vulgar will have to be an evident miracle.

One day I had the curioſity to diſcourſe with him ſeveral languages; and I found him maſter of all that I could ſpeak. I converſed with him five or hours together in Arabic. He told me, that there w ſcarce a true hiſtory to be found. I aſked him, what thought of Mahomet, the prophet and lawgiver of the muſſulmans? He anſwered, that he knew his father very well, and had been often in his company at Ormus in Perſia; that Mahomet was a man full of light and a divine ſpirit, but had his errors as well as other mortals; and that his chiefeſt was, in denying the crucifixion of the Meſſias; for, ſaid he, "I was then preſent, and ſaw him hang on the croſs, with theſe eyes of mine." He accuſed the muſſulmans of impoſture, in making the world believe, that the tomb of their prophet hangs miraculouſly between heaven and earth, ſaying, that he himſelf had ſeen it, and that it was built after the manner of other ſepulchres. Thou who haſt been at the holy place, knoweſt whether this be true or falſe. He upbraids the Perſian Mahometans with luxury, the Ottomans with tyranny, the Arabians with robbery, the Moors with cruelty, and the muſſulmans of the Indies with atheiſm. Nor does he ſpare to reproach the Chriſtian churches: He taxes the Roman and Grecian with the pompous idolatry of the heathens. He accuſes the Ethiopian with Judaiſm, the Armenian with hereſies; and ſays, that the proteſtants, if they would live according to their profeſſion, would be the beſt Chriſtians.

He told me, he was in Rome when Nero ſet fire to the city, and ſtood triumphing on the top of a hill to behold its flames. That he ſaw Saladine's return from his conqueſts in the Eaſt, when he cauſed his ſhirt to be carried on the top of a ſpear, with this proclamation; "Saladine, lord of many rich countries, conqueror of

the laſt, ever victorious and happy, when he dies, ſhall have no other memorial left of all his glories, but only thir poor ſhirt."

He relates many remarkable paſſages of Solyman the Magnificent, whereof our hiſtories are ſilent; and ſays, he was in Conſtantinople, when Solymon built that royal moſque, which goes by his name. He knew Tamerlane the Scythian, and told me, that he was ſo called, becauſe he halted with one leg. He pretends alſo to have been acquainted with Scanderbeg, the valiant and fortunate Prince of Epirus. He ſeemed to pity the inſupportable calamity of Bajazet, whom he had ſeen carried about in a cage by Tamerlane's order. He accuſes the Scythian of too barbarous an inſult on the unfortunate ſultan. He remembers the ancient caliphs of Babylon and Egypt; the empire of the Saracens, and the wars in the Holy Land. He highly extols the valour and conduct of the renowned Godfrey of Bulloign. He gives an accurate account of the riſe, progreſs, eſtabliſhment, and ſubverſion of the Mamalukes in Egypt. He ſays, he has waſhed himſelf in the two head ſprings of the river Nile, which ariſe in the moſt ſouthern part of Ethiopia; that its increaſe is occaſioned by the great rains in Ethiopia, which ſwell all the rivers that fall into the Nile, and cauſe that vaſt inundation, which has ſo much puzzled philoſophy to find out the origin. He ſays, that the river Ganges in India, is broader and deeper than the Nile; that the river Niger in Africa is longer by ſome hundreds of miles; and that he can remember a time, when the river Nile overflowed not till three months after the uſual ſeaſon.

Having profeſſed himſelf an univerſal traveller, and that there was no corner of the earth where he had not been preſent, I began to comfort myſelf with the hopes

of ſome news from the ten tribes of Iſrael, that were carried into captivity by Salmanaſſar King of Aſſyria, and could never be heard of ſince. I aſked him ſeveral queſtions concerning them, but found no ſatisfactory anſwer; only he told me, that both in Aſia, Africa and Europe, he had taken notice of a ſort of people, who, though not Jews in profeſſion, yet retained ſome characteriſtics, whereby one might diſcover them to be deſcended of that nation.

In Livonia, Ruſſia and Finland, he had met with people of diſtinct languages from that of the country, having a great mixture of Hebrew words; that theſe abſtained from ſwines fleſh, blood, and things ſtrangled; that in their lamentations for the dead, they always uſed theſe words, "Jeru-Jeru, Maſco Salem;" by which he thought, they called to remembrance Jeruſalem, and Damaſcus, thoſe two famous cities of Paleſtine and Syria. In the Circaſſians alſo he had traced ſome footſteps of Judaiſm; their cuſtoms, manner of life, feaſts, marriages, and ſacrifices, being not far removed from the inſtitutions of the Moſaic Law. But, what is moſt remarkable, he ſaid, that he had converſed with profeſſed Jews in the north parts of Aſia, who never ſo much as heard of Jeſus, the ſon of Mary, or of the revolutions in Judea after his death, the ſiege and deſtruction of Jeruſalem, or any other matters wherewith all hiſtories abound, concerning that nation. He ſaid moreover, that theſe Jews had only the Pentateuch, not having heard of the reſt of thoſe books which compoſe the greateſt part of the Old Teſtament; and that this Pentateuch was written in a ſort of Hebrew, far different from that which is now commonly ſpoken by the reſt of the diſperſed Jews throughout the world; that the number of theſe Jews was infinite; and finally, he thought, that theſe, if any, were the true poſterity of thoſe ten captive tribes.

Having mentioned the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, I aſked him, where he was at that time? He told me, in the court of Veſpaſian at Rome; and that he had heard the emperor ſay, when he underſtood the temple of Solomon was burnt to aſhes, "He had rather all Rome had been ſet on fire." Here the old man fell a-weeping himſelf, lamenting the ruins of that noble ſtructure, which he deſcribed to me as familiarly as if he had ſeen it but yeſterday. He ſays, that Joſephus wrote partially of the ſeditious in the city, being related to one of the chief ringleaders, whom therefore he ſpared, being loath to ſtain the reputation of his own family to all poſterity.

I tell thee, ſage cheik, if this man's pretences be true, he is ſo full of choice memoirs, and has been witneſs to ſo many grand tranſactions for the ſpace of ſixteen centuries of years, that he may not unfitly be called, a living chronology, the proto-notary of the Chriſtians hegira, or principal recorder of that which they eſteem the laſt epocha of the world's duration.

By his looks one would take him for a relic of the old world, or one of the long-lived fathers before the flood. To ſpeak modeſtly, he may paſs for the younger brother of Time.

It would be endleſs to tell thee how many other diſcourſes we had of his travels and memoirs; till tired with his company, and judging all to be a cheat, I took my leave.

I tell thee, he ſeems to be a man well verſed in all hiſtories, a great traveller, and one that affects to be counted an extraordinary perſon. The common people are ready to adore him; and the very fear of the multitude reſtrains the magiſtrates from offering any violence to this impoſtor.

Live thou in the exerciſe of thy reaſon, which will not

permit thee to be ſeduced into errors, by the ſubtle inſinuations of men. Continue to love Mahmut, who honours thee without a fiction.

Paris, 4th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1644.

II.—*To the* Selictar Aga, *or Sword-Bearer.*

Jealousy, the bane of public alliances, as well as of private friendſhip, has carried the arms of Swedeland into Denmark, at a time when leaſt expected.

All Europe was alarmed at the news of this ſurpriſing invaſion, it being thought that the Swedes had work enough cut out for them in Germany.

However, few could penetrate into the reaſons which induced them to reſpite the Imperialiſts, and at the ſame time carry the war into the dominions of King Chriſtian; who, by his mediation, and other good offices between the German Emperor and that crown, merited another kind of return than an hoſtile invaſion.

But the peacemaker has moſt times a thankleſs office. I have ſeen a gentleman endeavouring to part or pacify two of his friends encountering in the ſtreets of Paris, and has received the point of one of their rapiers in his heart for his kindneſs. So fared it with the King of Denmark, who was accepted of by both parties as umpire of the quarrel, and had ſent his ambaſſador to Munſter, where he treated ſo ſucceſsfully with the Imperialiſts, that he brought them to terms very advantageous to the Swedes; yet the firſt overtures of his mediation gave ſo great a ſuſpicion to that nation, that while the Daniſh ambaſſador was actually concluding a peace for them, they commence a war, or rather tranſlate it from the provinces of the empire to Scania, entering that country

with twelve thouſand men. And, to ſhow the world they were in earneſt, they privately treat with the Hollanders to aſſiſt them with a fleet and men, which was granted them under the command of Admiral Martin Tyes.

At the ſame time, General Torſtenſon entered Holſtein, where he advanced with admirable ſucceſs; took Kiel by ſurpriſe, and paſſing forward, poſſeſſed himſelf of Jutland, driving King Chriſtian into a corner of his dominions; for, now he had only Zealand and Fionia left, which are two iſlands, the former whereof commands the paſſage into the Baltic Sea.

Here the King of Denmark finds himſelf beſet with difficulties and dangers by ſea and land; yet, in regard his greateſt ſtrength lay in his ſhipping, he wholly applies himſelf to rig and man out a good fleet. At the ſame time, he informs his allies of this unjuſt war, and made paſſionate complaints to the emperor, for whoſe ſake all this befel him, imploring his friendſhip and aid in ſo great a calamity. The emperor ſends Galaſſo with forces, who entering the territories of Hamburgh and Lubeck, a league was negotiated between the emperor and the Daniſh King; but by the artifices of the French and Holland ambaſſadors at Copenhagen, the king was diſſuaded from making an alliance with the Houſe of Auſtria.

However, the Dunkirkers offered King Chriſtian to maintain a conſiderable fleet in the Sound, at their own charge, which he ſeemed to accept of.

All the miniſters endeavour to play their own game, and abuſe the goodneſs of the unfortunate king; whilſt in the mean time, he loſes ground in Holſtein, General Torſtenſon having taken Chriſtianprys, a very ſtrong place.

What will be the iſſue of theſe tranſactions, time will manifeſt; but were not this king maſter of an extraordinary virtue, he would ſink under ſo many preſſures, being a man of a great age. But God ſupports whom he pleaſes.

Paris, 20th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1644.

III.—*To* Cara Haly, *the Phyſician, at Conſtantinople.*

Thou haſt ſeen many in the arms of death, wreſtling with the grim monarch of ſhadows, who by the privilege of an excellent conſtitution have diſengaged themſelves from his clutches, and ſtood at open defiance with him for ſome years afterwards. But I queſtion whether thou haſt ever known any, whom that conqueror has once laid in the duſt, that ever recovered again.

In a village about half a league from this city, there died a man (or at leaſt he ſeemed to die), about a week ago. He was ſtretched forth into the poſture fitteſt for his coffin, by the hands of two old women. His relations and friends flocked about his body, to pray for his ſoul, as is the cuſtom of the Chriſtians. The houſe was filled with tears and ſighs, and a mournful cloud ſat on every brow: He lay thus for the ſpace of thirty-five hours, dead, in the ſuppoſition of all his family; when the watchers, who ſat by, were ſuddenly aſtoniſhed to hear him ſneeze: They ran away at firſt, as people affrighted at ſome ghaſtly viſion, and alarmed the whole neighbourhood with the news. Phyſicians were ſent for, who cauſing him to be laid in a warm bed, and uſing proper applications, he recovered his ſenſes, and by degrees his ſpeech. They are in hopes to reſtore him to perfect health again. He relates to his viſitants many

ſtrange things that he has ſeen and heard during the five-and-thirty hours that he was thought to be dead. He ſays he has been before the throne of God, and has ſeen all the orders of angels; that he was commanded to return back again to his body, to warn men of the approaching day of judgment. He preaches repentance and good works to all that come near him. Hence it is that the devouter ſort of people reſort to his houſe in pilgrimage, eſteeming him a ſaint. They ſay he has anticipated the general reſurrection, to give a freſh proof of it to this unbelieving age, and to evince that it will come to paſs before he ſhall quit his body. He propheſies the converſion of the Jews to be near at hand, and that the muſſulmans ſhall embrace the Chriſtian faith.

Such as are fond of novelties, and ſuperſtitiouſly inclined, believe what he ſays to be as true as the Alcoran; but the learned impute it all to the fumes of melancholy, to which he was always naturally prone. For my part, who believe that Mahomet, the meſſenger of God, was the laſt, and ſeal of all the prophets, I look for none after him; nor am I credulous of every one who pretends to a divine commiſſion; yet, when I am in company with ſuch as are this man's admirers, I talk as they do, and ſeem what I am not, that I may the better acquit myſelf what I really am; beſides, it is not prudence to provoke the fury of bigots by oppoſing their ſentiments.

They relate a ſtory of a man who died in this city ſome hundreds of years ago; and it is upon record, that this perſon during his lifetime was eſteemed a very holy man; but after his death, while they were performing his funeral obſequies, and carrying the body round the church in proceſſion, he ſuddenly ſtarted up from the bier on which he was carried, pronouncing theſe words with an

audible voice, "I am arraigned before the judgment-ſeat of God." All that heard him ſpeak were aſtoniſhed at ſo ſurpriſing an event, and the prieſts, who ſang the hymn of reſt to his ſoul, for a while deſiſted. But again going on with their proceſſion and hymns, he aroſe the ſecond time, and ſaid aloud, "I am tried at God's tribunal." This put another ſtop to the ſolemnity, till, after ſome deliberations, they reſolved to proceed a third time, when he ſtarted up again, and ſaid, "I am condemned by the juſt ſentence of God." This put a final ſtop to the funeral ceremonies. They would no longer chaunt a reſt to the ſoul of him whoſe dead body aroſe and pronounced him damned; neither would they bury his body in conſecrated ground whoſe ſoul they knew was lodged in hell by a voice from the dead. There is an order of derviſes, called Carthuſians, who, they ſay, are a ſtanding monument of the truth of this relation; for one Bruno, being touched with compunction at ſo tremendous an accident, immediately forſook the ſociety of men, and led a contemplative life in exquiſite ſilence, abſtinence, faſting and prayer, enjoining all his followers to do the like, who are now ſpread into moſt parts of Chriſtendom, having magnificent monaſteries, great immunities, and are eſteemed the ſtricteſt order of the Roman church. They are ſerved in the markets before the king himſelf. If any derviſe of another order deſires to come into this, he may; but from this there is no return. They dig a part of their own grave every day, having every one a cell and a garden to himſelf. They converſe with one another but once a-week; and if when they are walking into the cloiſters of their monaſtery, they happen to ſpy a ſtranger, they ſcud away into their cells, or creep into their holes at the ſight of a dog. They never taſte of fleſh, and are obliged to pray eight hours out of the four-and-twenty.

This order has afforded eminent ſcholars and ſtateſmen; but now it is like to have men of another character for its proſelytes; for, ſince the reſurrection of this new prophet I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, the rabble are all turning Carthuſians.

Thou who art acquainted with the nature of ecſtaſies and trances, wilt know what to judge of this man's raptures. The great Cardan could fall into them when he pleaſed; and I have heard of a learned Mahometan derviſe in the Indies that had the art of withdrawing his ſoul from the body, at which times he beheld divine and celeſtial things, not by way of contemplation, but real intuition. We muſt acknowledge theſe to be the favourites of Heaven, friends of Nature, and privy to the ſecrets of both worlds.

I deſire thee to write me ſome news of my friends, for I can hear nothing from them, which makes me think myſelf among the dead, and quite forgotten. If thou ſtill retaineſt thy wonted cheerfulneſs, thou art happy. Sadneſs is the bane of the ſoul, from which I pray Heaven preſerve both thee and me.

Paris, 26th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1644.

IV.—*To* WILLIAM VOSPEL, *a Chriſtian Recluſe of Auſtria.*

I AM a Chriſtian as well as thou, and yet I cannot find a reaſon to live after thy manner; not that I reprehend thy choice, but I conſult my own happineſs. I could willingly embrace a monaſtic life, were it not for the vow of obedience. Thoſe of chaſtity and poverty are not ſo frightful; but to be abſolutely reſigned to the will of a ſuperior (who may be a thouſand times more vicious than myſelf), is far more irkſome than to be a ſlave in Tur-

key. There a man may pave himſelf a way to many enjoyments in the midſt of captivity, and ſweeten his worſt condition with the hopes of freedom one time or other; but here I muſt be condemned to an everlaſting ſervitude, and ſuch an one as renders it a crime ſo much as to think of pleaſure, or dream of a releaſe. I muſt be ever confined to obey one that perhaps is not maſter of himſelf, to humour all his caprices, to give the lie to that ſenſe and reaſon with which God and Nature have endued me, to make black and white, good and evil, reciprocal terms, though every one knows they are perfect contradictions: In fine, I muſt reſolve in all things (not excepting my very thoughts) to be conducted by him, who, for ought I know, follows no other guide but his own irregular paſſions. What will then become of me after ſuch an unreaſonable forfeiture of my native liberty? I will tell thee in one word: From a rational creature, I ſhall be changed to a brute; from a man to a ſot; and, having now ſome ſparks of virtue, I ſhall then be made the rendezvous of all vice.

Think not that I go about to make thee hate the manner of life thou haſt choſen. Though I eſteem thee miſerable, do not judge ſo of thyſelf. Thou mayeſt find a great deal of pleaſure in that reſtraint, which to me would be the moſt inſupportable calamity in the world; and it may be as eaſy for thee to ſubmit to the will of another, as it is hard for me to comply with my own. I am of ſo wavering a conſtitution, that I cannot without great difficulty pleaſe myſelf; much leſs could I be able to humour the extravagancies of a ſoul different from mine. I have obſerved, that ſhould I follow the motions of my own proper inclination at all times, I ſhould do many things whereof I might afterwards repent. Why may not the caſe be the ſame, or worſe, if I blindly obey

the will of a ſtranger? Am I ſure that he is a good man? or, if he be ſo to-day, how do I know but that he may be otherwiſe to-morrow? Nay, what ſecurity can be given me, that if he be a ſaint this hour, he will not be a devil the next? ſince the temper of a man varies as often, and ſuffers as many alterations, as the elements do, out of which he is compounded. Where then can be the reaſon of giving myſelf wholly up to any man's diſpoſal all my lifetime? Is it not ſufficient to obey the ſovereign prelate who commands the whole church, yet impoſes not the dictates of his own will as a law, but governs all Chriſtians according to the ancient traditions, ſtated canons, and decrees of the apoſtles, fathers and councils? whereas thoſe who preſide over the convents of the religious, many times rule arbitrarily, commanding their ſubjects to do thoſe things which are diametrically oppoſite to the very fundamental rules of Chriſtianity, and contrary to the law of nature. The more I think on it, the greater is my averſion for this private blind obedience.

Thou wilt ſay, that a regular life is the way to perfection; I grant it: But cannot a man lead a regular life unleſs he be immured in a convent? or be perfect, if his mind be not ſquared to the retirements of a cloiſter? I will tell thee my ſentiments freely, and without a maſk. The nature of every thing is its perfection; there are perfect ſinners as well as perfect ſaints. Thus we ſay, ſuch an one is a perfect drunkard, fornicator, cheat, tyrant, or the like. I aſk thee, Whether this ſort of perfection may not be (I wiſh I could ſay, is not too often actually) found within the walls of a religious houſe? On the other hand, doſt thou think it impoſſible to find the perfection of virtue in the mixed life of the world? Be not a cynic, nor condemn things whereof thou haſt made no experiment. Remember how many kings and queens,

princes and nobles, have been canonized for ſaints, who, in the midſt of ſo many ſplendours, kept their eyes undazzled; whoſe ears never let in the blandiſhments of flatterers, nor the malicious whiſpers of the envious; whoſe hands were never polluted with innocent blood, nor their thirſt quenched with the tears of widows and orphans; but in all things they conſerved an inviolate purity, modeſty, and integrity of manners. Theſe perſons were perfect in the midſt of imperfections, and regular in the height of human diſorders; ſaints upon earth, and angels among men.

Aſſuredly it is not impoſſible for a man (let his condition be what it will, public or private, ſervile or free), to conduct himſelf evenly, and by a rule, through all the meanders and mazes of human life. I muſt confeſs this is very difficult, and all men have not that divine art. Few can walk on pinnacles, and not make falſe ſteps; ſuch is our life, and happy is he that makes the feweſt. Yet there is a dexterity, with which whoſoever is acquainted, need not go to a monaſtery to inquire the way to bliſs.

Thou wilt perhaps accuſe me of too much bluntneſs and ill manners, in thus declaiming againſt that kind of life which thou haſt entered into; but pardon the freedom I take with my friend, and reſt ſatisfied, that though I affect not a recluſe life myſelf, yet I honour thoſe, who, having once engaged themſelves therein, perſevere with conſtancy, from which I ſhall never perſuade thee or any man to depart.

Paris, ult of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1644.

V.—*To* MUSTAPHA, *Berber Aga.*

A FRENCH merchant, lately come from Iſpahan, brings intelligence, that the chan of the Uſbeck Tartars is arrived at that city, to crave aid of the preſent Sophi of Perſia againſt his rebellious children, who have depoſed him, and bereaved him of one of his eyes. The ſophi has given him a royal reception, going himſelf in perſon above a league out of the city to meet him, accompanied with all his nobles. This gentleman came away before the Tartarian prince had ſucceeded in his deſign; but it was generally ſuppoſed that Cha Abbas would aſſiſt him with a conſiderable army of horſe and foot, as alſo with money to carry on the war.

This king is not thirteen years of age, yet takes upon himſelf the management of public affairs. He is addicted to drinking of wine, a great lover of muſic and women, of a noble inclination, yet ſomewhat too paſſionate. He commanded the belly of one of his pages to be ripped up for breaking a cryſtal baſon which he much admired; yet afterwards, repenting of what he had done, he cauſed him to be honourably buried, and a ſtately tomb to be erected over him; he alſo inquired out ſuch of his kindred as were living, to whom he gave large penſions.

There has been little of action in theſe parts ſince the ſignal defeat that was given to the French by the forces of John de Wert and General Mercy. Four French mareſchals were taken priſoners, with all the chief officers, ſix thouſand ſoldiers, beſides their ammunition and baggage.

In this action, it is ſaid the Spaniſh horſe behaved themſelves very bravely, ſpurred on with an ambition to recover the glory they ſeemed to have loſt in ſo many

battles. They ruſhed into the French quarters with a fury which ſoon put them into diſorder, and afterwards diſpoſed them to quit the field.

Before this battle began, it is ſaid there were ſeen two armies of birds fighting in the air, which engaged ſo furiouſly, that the ground was covered with their dead bodies; and that morning, when one of the French mareſchals was going out of his tent with a piſtol in his hand, in order to try it, the barrel ſplit, and tore his hand in pieces. Theſe are now looked upon as prodigies and ominous ſigns of the loſs they afterwards ſuſtained; but, had the victory been on their ſide, nobody would have taken notice of them.

The God that gives victory when and to whom he pleaſes, grant, that the Ottoman arms may be ever ſucceſsful againſt the infidels.

Paris, 25th of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1644.

VI.—*To the* Visier Azem, *at the Porte.*

Thou that art the principal ſupport of the Ottoman empire, under the Grand Signior, oughteſt to be informed of all things which may either threaten damage, or promiſe aſſiſtance, to the throne which reſts on thy ſhoulders.

I paſs away ſome of my time among ſeamen, eſpecially ſuch as ſail in the Levant; their very breath is a relief when I am chamber-ſick, or ſtifled with the cloſe vapours of Paris. I fancy their lungs tranſport hither the breezes of the Mediterranean, or the more wholeſome airs of Aſia. I talk ſo familiarly with them in their marine dialect, that they ſcruple not to take me for a tarpaulin, and, therefore, entertain me without reſerve as one of their crew.

This very evening, I was with ſome of theſe retainers to Neptune. Among the reſt of the diſcourſe I had with them, we touched upon the Dardanelles which guard the Helleſpont. They taxed the Chriſtian princes with cowardice, or unpardonable negligence, that they have never attempted to force their paſſage through that channel into the Propontis, and block up the imperial city by ſea, and ſet it on fire, eſpecially the royal ſeraglio, from whence are iſſued out the decrees of life and death to the whole earth.

I told them, they were miſtaken in the ſtrength of thoſe caſtles which command that important avenue, and that no ſhips ever durſt venture within their reach without leave; when one of them ſtarted up, and made this anſwer: "Sir, we have veſſels impenetrable as rocks, which dare come to an anchor under the very walls of thoſe ſuperannuated forts, and defy all the Turkiſh artillery to remove us thence. We only want a commiſſion from our king to try the experiment."

I tell thee, ſupreme miniſter, I found too much reaſon in his anſwer to make room for a reply; wherefore, diſſembling for a while the agony I was in for the welfare of the Sublime Porte, I took my leave of the company, and immediately ſet pen to paper, to let thee know what is in the hearts of theſe infidels.

I am not verſed in the art and method of fortification; yet pardon an error of loyalty and zeal, if I commit it, in propoſing to thee the neceſſity of erecting platforms all along the oppoſite ſhores of the Helleſpont, to ſtrike terror, and prevent the enemy from attempting that, which, in all probability, would not fail of ſucceſs.

Thou that art all wiſdom, wilt know how to make a right uſe of this hint from the faithful Mahmut, who never thinks himſelf happy, but when he does ſome ac-

ceptable ſervice to the invincible ſovereign of the ſea and land.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon, of the year 1644.

VII.—*To* OUCOUMICHE, *his Mother, at Grand Cairo.*

THOU mayeſt better imagine than I can expreſs the mighty joy I felt, when I firſt opened thy letter, and read the name of her that conceived me, written by her own hand, whereby I am aſſured that thou art yet alive, and in health. Believe me, it came in a ſeaſonable time, to reſcue me out of a diſmal melancholy which had ſeized my ſpirits. Surely Fate directed thy pen, and Providence timed the arrival of the veſſel, which brought me this happy news from Afric, in the ſaddeſt hour of all my life. Juſt as the meſſenger knocked at my chamber-door, where I ſat overwhelmed with doleful thoughts, the whole world ſeemed to me a vaſt wilderneſs or deſart, inhabited only by beaſts of prey, where the great and ſtrong devour thoſe whoſe weakneſs cannot arm them in their own defence; a mere ſtage of tragedies, the ſhambles of cruel butcheries and murders. In this figure did my troubled imagination repreſent the earth, with all the race of Adam dwelling upon it. If I could propoſe to myſelf ſuch a thing as a friend in the world, I know not how long it would be, before that very perſon, whom I had greateſt reaſon to eſteem as ſuch, might prove my mortal enemy;—of ſo brittle a compoſition is the fidelity of man! I looked upon my life not as my own, but altogether lent me; I eſteemed not only men, but beaſts, and the very inanimate things, my creditors, for the permiſſion I had to breathe. I thought myſelf highly indebted to the fire, that it did

not burn me to death in my ſleep, and no leſs to the winds, that they did not blow the houſe down where I lodge, and bury me in its ruins; for where would be the injuſtice, if any of thoſe elements, which are the ingredients of my life, ſhould become the inſtruments of my death? I conſidered, that as I neither made myſelf, nor knew how I came to be what I am, ſo I was ignorant when and by what means I ſhould ceaſe to be. Perhaps I might be ſtruck with a thunderbolt from heaven, or ſwallowed up by ſome greedy chaſm in the earth. A tile from a houſe might put a ſtop to the motions of this machine of fleſh, or a fall from a horſe might break its maſter ſprings. My preſent ſtation I looked upon as precarious, ſince thoſe very perſons who appointed me this employment to ſerve one turn, would not ſcruple to take off my head to ſerve another.

In theſe melancholy thoughts was I almoſt drowned, when thy letter came, and ſtruck a light out of the midſt of darkneſs. I am now ready to die with exceſs of joy, who before was half killed with extreme ſadneſs.

But tell me, my dear mother, in the name of our holy Prophet, what motive induced thee to quit the wholeſome air of Greece, for the noiſome and peſtilential vapours of Egypt? Is Cairo a more eligible ſeat than Conſtantinople? Or, becauſe thou haſt loſt thy ſecond huſband, wilt thou be wedded to an incurable grief, and think no mourning ſufficient, unleſs thou go in pilgrimage to his very grave, there to diſſolve in tears, and mingle thyſelf with his aſhes? He died in Cairo, and is there interred; and thou mighteſt have lived in Scio, or any part of Greece, without blemiſhing thy widowhood. People will ſay, thou aimeſt at the fortune of the Epheſian widow, who found a living huſband in the ſepulchre of her dead one; but I, who know thy virtue, have other

thoughts of thee; yet I cannot approve thy thus becoming tenant to a charnel-houſe: Therefore, the beſt advice I can give thee is, to return to the imperial city again, to the company of thy friends and acquaintance; or, at leaſt, to return to thyſelf, and be not tranſported with an extravagant ſorrow for one whom thou ſhalt never ſee again. Tears cannot recover the dead, nor can thy warmeſt ſighs inſpire him with breath. He is divorced from thee by an irrevocable law; and whilſt thou art in vain lamenting for him on earth, he may be celebrating new and joyful nuptials in heaven, being eſpouſed to ſome of the beautiful daughters of paradiſe. Be perſuaded then, that he has quite forgot thee, having engaged himſelf in freſh amours above; that he is in the arms of ſome ſurpaſſing beauty of Eden, and that thou haſt no more intereſt in him. Let this conſideration aſſuage thy grief, cure thy fondneſs, and make thee begin to think of another huſband. Thoſe who make their firſt viſits to the French widows, after the uſual formalities of condolence are over, take the liberty to tell them, "That they muſt live by the living, and not by the dead." This comfortable proverb is often uſed, even before the funeral ſolemnities are finiſhed; and thou haſt now paſſed away above two years ſince thy huſband's death in fruitleſs mourning. It is time to conſult thy future happineſs, and, abandoning thy commerce with the dead, to become ſociable with the living.

The Great Creator, who is God of the Living and not of the Dead, inſpire thee to take ſuch meaſures as may beſt comply with the ends for which he made thee, and repleniſh thy latter days with double the bleſſings of the former.

Paris, 22d of the 4th Moon, of the year 1642.

VIII.—*To* Muslu Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

It is no ſmall ſatisfaction to me, that ſince the death of Cardinal Richlieu, I have ſtarted no reaſons to apprehend any deſigns in this court againſt the empire of the true believers. The French grandees have paſſed away a whole year, without giving much trouble or alarm to the reſt of the world. Every one minds his own affairs, and all puſh forward to get neareſt the queen-regent. The miſunderſtanding between her and the Duke of Orleans increaſes daily, and this divides the court and city into two factions. Cardinal Mazarini ſeems to be the man deſtined to balance the authority of both parties. He ſpins his fortune with as fine a thread as his predeceſſor, being ſenſible, that though the court love him not, yet they cannot ſubſiſt without him. He inherits the memoirs and inſtructions of Cardinal Richlieu, and his ſpirit too, as well as his miniſtry, being a man of an invincible courage and exquiſite forecaſt. The greateſt enemy he has, is a lady of the court (for I will not compare the malice of the Duke of Beaufort to that of a woman); they call her Madam de Chevereux, a perſon of a keen wit and good judgment, a profeſſed enemy to all that had any dependence on Cardinal Richlieu; and I could never learn any other ground of her hatred to Mazarini, but his being the creature of that miniſter.

The late king had conceived an irreconcileable averſion for this lady, ſuſpecting her to be inſtrumental in carrying on a private correſpondence between his wife (the now queen regent) and the Spaniards. To avoid the conſequences of his anger, ſhe fled into Spain, but is lately returned to this court. It is ſaid, the queen received her with all the outward marks of affection at

firſt, but ſuddenly grew cold and eſtranged, when ſhe began to attempt againſt Cardinal Mazarini. This made the lady unite her intereſt with that of the Duke of Beaufort, who very well matches her in the imperiouſneſs of his temper, and his hatred of the cardinal. They both agree in their endeavours to ruin him, but I believe the female perſecution to be the moſt dangerous. The Duke has made too great a noiſe to do any conſiderable execution on a man, who has the wit to conceal his reſentments, and ſtrike before he is perceived. In a word, the duke finds himſelf in a priſon, while the cardinal is every day more and more eſtabliſhed in the queen's favour.

In the mean while, I inſinuate myſelf into all men's company, from whom I can hope for any intelligence: Amongſt the reſt, I have obſerved a courtier, who often goes between the grandees, and ſeems to be entruſted with great ſecrets; he is very ſparing of words, and makes his ſhoulders do the office of his tongue. I have ſometimes entered into a diſcourſe with him about the queen, the cardinal and others; but all his anſwers are compriſed in Italian rhetoric, a ſhrug and a grimace. This ſilent language ſpeaks very efficaciouſly to me, and I eſteem him worthy to be courted, who knows ſo well how to bridle his tongue. I ply this politician every day with addreſſes, and tell him a great deal of feigned news, that I may tempt him to utter ſome that is true. He is a great privado of Madam de Chevereux, often waits on the queen, ſometimes viſits the cardinal, and is every day converſant with one or other of the nobles. If I can win this man, I hope to penetrate farther into the myſteries of the court.

The God, from whom nothing is hid, ſo diſpoſe of all human events, that the empire of the muſſulmans may be

eſtabliſhed, notwithſtanding the cabals and plots of the infidels.

Paris, 16th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1644.

IX.—*To* SIGNIOR LORENZO DEL' CASA BIANCA, *a Genouſe at Marſeilles.*

THOU ſendeſt me ſtrange and ſurpriſing news, that the Malta galleys have taken the eldeſt ſon of the Grand Signior, and heir of the Ottoman empire, captive at ſea, as he was ſailing to Egypt.

I tell thee, if ſuch a thing were true, the Grand Signior would not fail to ſend ſuch a force as ſhould dig up the very foundations of that iſland, and caſt it into the ſea.

But I can reſolve thee, that there is nothing more of truth in this ſtory, ſaving, that about ten veſſels of the Grand Signior's, bound for Alexandria, on board of one of which was Sultan Mahomet's nurſe with her ſon, much about the age of Sultan Mahomet, were taken by ſix galleys of Malta, whereby the Malteſes were enriched with a great treaſure of ſilver, gold, and jewels, beſides ſlaves.

This intelligence I have received from my correſpondents at Conſtantinople, men that are no ſtrangers to the ſeraglio, but ſuch as have the ear of the Prime Viſier.

They ſay, indeed, the Grand Signior took a particular fancy to this nurſe's child, often played with it, and ſeemed to careſs it with more complacency than his own ſon Sultan Mahomet, which gave ſo great a diſguſt to the ſultaneſs the mother of Mahomet, that ſhe procured the baniſhment of the nurſe and her child, who, in their voyage to Alexandria, were taken captives by the Malteſe gallies, as has been ſaid; and this is the ground of the report.

However, Sultan Ibrahim is ſo exaſperated againſt the Malteſes for this depredation, that he has ſworn by God and Mahomet, never to ſheath his ſword till he has revenged the injury, by laying waſte the iſland, putting the knights to death, and leading the inhabitants into captivity.

He has vented his rage already on the Captain Baſſa, cauſing him to be ſtrangled for not guarding the ſea better; and, it is ſaid, he threatens a war with Venice on the ſame account, becauſe the Malteſe galleys, after this piracy, put aſhore in Candia, where they recruited their veſſels with all neceſſary proviſions.

I expected the ſilks laſt week which I wrote for, and the oil of Calabria. Send them by the firſt opportunity.

Paris, 28th of the 5th Moon, of the Year 1644.

X.—To Dosit Ogiou.

All Europe rings with the report of the ſultan's ſon being taken captive by the Malteſe galleys. No doubt but thou haſt heard ſuch a diſcourſe among the Franks at Conſtantinople, and thou knoweſt the intrigues of the ſeraglio. It is pleaſant, that the Kuzlir Aga's ſlave ſhould have no father for her child; that he himſelf ſhould adopt it for his own; that the mother of it ſhould be preferred to be nurſe to Sultan Mahomet; that Sultan Ibrahim ſhould ſingle out this fatherleſs ſon of an eunuch, to ſport with him, take him in his arms, and treat him with all the endearments that are naturally ſhowed by parents to their own children.

The French ladies laugh at this ſtory, and ſay, that the ſeraglio begins to grow more civilized, and to exchange the ſeverity of Conſtantinople for the gallantries

of Paris. But let them laugh that win; the Malteſes have moſt reaſon to careſs themſelves for their good fortune in ſuch a prize.

They ſay, the grand prior treats his young captive with a moſt profound attach and veneration, imagining he has in cuſtody the heir of the Ottoman empire; for they know not the true ſecret, but are poſſeſſed with a real belief, that young Sultan Mahomet is in their hands.

Let what I have ſaid be as the words of thy nurſe, when ſhe prated a thouſand impertinencies to thee within a month of thy nativity. In fine, be truſty to thy friend.

Paris, 10th of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XI.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

It is not unknown at the divan, how the princes of Italy have worried one another theſe two years. I diſpatched long ago ſome memoirs of the feuds between the Barbarinis and the Duke of Parma. The pope upholds the former, making the quarrel his own, in defence of the eccleſiaſtic ſtate: The Venetians, the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, the Duke of Modena, with the French King, intereſt themſelves in the cauſe of the latter. He is a prince of an active ſpirit, and darts up and down like lightening through the pope's territories. If he has loſt Caſtro, Montalto, and other places of ſtrength in this war, it is but by way of exchange; having poſſeſſed himſelf of as conſiderable holds belonging to his enemies. Yet, the Barbarinis, ſheltering themſelves under the protection of Pope Urban, ſeem to triumph, and promiſe themſelves an entire victory, uſing the artifices of ſuperſtition to weaken the duke's credit; and becauſe ſome

of his veſſels, which carried above a thouſand ſoldiers, were caſt away, they would perſuade the credulous world, that Heaven fights againſt him. They likewiſe had deſigned to build a fort and a bridge over the river Po, to open a way to themſelves into the confederates country, and to ſhut it up to all invaders of their own; but were prevented by the Venetians, who ſent ten thouſand men to ſtop the building of the bridge, or to demoliſh it, if built.

In the mean while the confederates, though they ſeemed to eſpouſe the duke's quarrel, yet trifled with him, protracting their aſſiſtance, and diſputing about punctilios; every one reſtraining the conditions of their friendſhip, within the limits that would beſt ſquare with the intereſt of their own ſtate. They had all armies on foot, but could not agree how to diſpoſe of them. The Venetians demanded ſuch a poſt as might be moſt advantageous to that republic; the Duke of Tuſcany would have the main body of their forces ſo quartered, as to cover his dominions. Thus each party purſued their own claim, while their enemies gained time, and put themſelves in a poſture, either to march into the territories of the confederates, or defend the eccleſiaſtic ſtate.

Certainly, it is fatal to the Chriſtians to be thus divided among themſelves, even when they have greateſt cauſe of union. Yet the Duke of Parma, the very ſoul of this confederacy, breaks through all their demurs and heſitations, impatient of fruitleſs delays; ruſhes into Ferrara, takes Bondeno, abandoned by the garriſon; after that La Stellata, a place of greater ſtrength; but proceeding forward, the Barbarins encamped not far from Ferrara, the better to obſerve the progreſs of the confederates, and ſo put a ſtop to the motions of the duke.

He and his friends had twenty thouſand men in the field, to which the Venetians, not long after, added ſix thouſand more. They were in different bodies, and as they quartered themſelves, ſo the papal forces removed their camp. Several ſkirmiſhes paſſed between them, but no great execution done.

In the mean while, the Venetians were not idle by ſea, having ſeveral barks and galleys full of armed men coaſting along the pope's territories. They took five forts on the ſhore; and piercing farther into the country, made themſelves maſters of Ariano, a great town, and ſacked Codegoro, putting all to the ſword, and laying the place in aſhes.

On the other ſide, the Barbarinis ſeized on Spilimberto, Vignivola, and ſome other weakly guarded towns on the frontiers of Modena, and killed two hundred of the confederates, who had inveſted Crevalcuore. Cardinal Antonio, on the pope's ſide, has the management of the war; a man of an aſpiring genius, and very ſubtle. He, perceiving the Duke of Tuſcany, incenſed at the late loſs, had taken the field with a conſiderable army, ſends ſix thouſand men to oppoſe him, but they were raw and undiſciplined ſoldiers, and could not hinder the duke's forces from ſeizing an important paſs, and reducing the city of Pieve, Montelcone, Caſtiliano del Lago, and Paſſignano.

While the ſons of war were thus buſied in the field, the agents of peace were not wanting on all ſides, to accommodate the differences that threatened all Italy with fatal conſequences; but they did no more than amuſe one another with ambiguities, ſubterfuges and evaſions; while the Barbarinis ſought to gain time, and draw the King of Spain to countenance their intereſt. The Venetians, ſenſible of this underhand dealing, proteſted, by

their ambaſſador at Madrid, that they would unite with the French crown, if his Catholic Majeſty ſhould by indirect ways ſtrengthen the Barbarinis. The king, apprehenſive of ſuch a league, forbears to meddle in an affair which might be ſo injurious to Spain, and gives inſtructions to his ambaſſadors at Rome and other courts of Italy, to mediate a peace which might be advantageous to the confederates.

The treaties however came to nothing, and the mediators finding themſelves eluded, ſuſpended their negotiations, and gave freſh opportunity to the men of arms to play their parts. Cardinal Antonio aſſaulted Nonantola with four thouſand men, but was defeated by the Venetians, who ſlew ſeveral hundreds of his ſoldiers, and took two hundred priſoners. After this the confederates plundered all the country of Ferrara, and took Vergato, defended by eight hundred men. In the ſurpriſal of Bazano, they killed above two hundred of the enemy; and marching forward, took Monteria, Serravalle, and other places; while Cardinal Barbarini's forces were cut off at Burgho St. Sepolchro, where he loſt eight cannon, four petards, with abundance of proviſions.

It would be an endleſs taſk, to recount all the ſkirmiſhes and battles that have paſſed between them. I only inform thee of the moſt remarkable, that thou mayeſt inſert them in the regiſter of the Ottoman empire.

To conclude this letter, it will be worth thy obſervation, that the pope falling ſick, and his death feared, did much conduce to put an end to theſe differences; for the Barbarinis now being apprehenſive of the advantage his death would give the confederate princes, were very forward to embrace any overtures of peace; ſo that by the dexterity of the French miniſters, it was at laſt concluded, and all differences adjuſted; the Duke of Parma's

territories being reſtored to him, the cenſures of the church taken off, and the eccleſiaſtic ſtate put in the ſame condition it was in at the beginning of the war.

I ſhall continue to ſend thee ſuch intelligence, as may be ſerviceable to thee in that eminent ſtation thou enjoyeſt in the empire of the true believers; and ſhall think myſelf a very happy man, if I can by any means acquire thy favour.

Paris, 23d of the 6th Moon, of the Year 1614.

XII.—*To* LUBANO ABUFEI SAAD, *an Egyptian Knight.*

ONE would think that there were yet ſome of the antient race of giants on earth. Here is a man come to this court, full eight foot high, a Finlander by nation; he looks like ſome poſthumous birth of the ſons of the Titans. He is maſter of prodigious ſtrength, and challenges any two, the ſtouteſt men in France, to throw him a fall. I have ſeen him take two boys of ten years of age, on the palm of each hand, and lift them up from the ground together, with both his arms ſtretched out to the full length, and walk ſixty paces with them in this poſture; at the end of which ſtage, he ſet them down again on their feet, without the leaſt violence or ſtraining. There are none ſo hardy as to accept of his challenge; for they know he will not ſuffer them to come nearer than the extremity of his arm; and ſuch is the monſtrous ſtrength of his hand, that he will either infallibly throw them down, or ſtifle them with his graſp. He talks of travelling into Turkey; if he does, I hope he will have more diſcretion than to venture within the ſeraglio, leſt he incur the fate of the renowned Muſcovite wreſtler, in Sultan Amurath's time. Thou remembereſt

that tragedy, which made all the brave and the generous condemn Amurath's cruelty. He was a ſtout prince himſelf, and it looked like envy in him, to puniſh the efforts of courage in his ſlaves with ſo unrelenting a rigour. But he was himſelf a ſlave to his paſſions, and jealouſy had the predominance in his temper. That vice betrayed him to horrid violences, of which, thou art not ignorant, having been privy to ſeveral of his amours.

This puts me in mind of a Spaniſh cavalier, who had a very virtuous and beautiful wife, which, thou wilt ſay, are two rare companions. He kept a Moor in his houſe, whom the lady had one time cauſed to be ſeverely beaten. The Moor ſecretly vowed revenge. He had an intrigue with one of the lady's women, to whom he imparted his mind. They conſpired together, to accuſe the lady of lightneſs and infidelity to her huſband's bed. The cavalier, their maſter, was naturally jealous, as generally are all the Spaniards. Theſe two poſſeſſed him with a belief, that the gardener had frequent acceſs to his lady's chamber, and undertook to make him an eye-witneſs of it. Whereupon, one of them goes privately to the gardener, and tells him, that the lady would ſpeak with him; whilſt the other runs to the lord, and bids him make haſte, for that the gardener was at that inſtant with his lady. The impatient cavalier haſtens up ſtairs, and meeting the gardener coming out of the door of his chamber, ſtabs him to the heart, without any farther expoſtulation; and, ruſhing furiouſly into the chamber, ſerves his wife in the ſame manner; but coming down again, the maid, ſtruck with remorſe at ſo black an event, fell down at his feet, confeſſing her crime, and declaring, that her lady was innocent. The Spaniard, raging mad at a conjunction of ſo many misfortunes, ſtabs the maid and the negro; and laſt of all, to complete the tragedy, kills himſelf.

I have often wondered, that ſome ſuch fatal conſequences did not attend the jealouſy of Sultan Amurath. He ſpared not to rip up the bellies of his pages, for the ſake of two or three melons; and it is a miracle, that he did not ſacrifice half the ſlaves of the ſeraglio, on the account of his miſtreſſes.

Thou art now in a better ſtation, and free from reſtraint. Act according to reaſon, and let not paſſion bias thee one way or other.

Paris, 5th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XIII.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THOU haſt often required an account of the parliament of France, which is the ſupreme court of the kingdom. Though the name be known at the Sublime Porte, yet the miniſters are unacquainted with the power and authority of this ſenate.

When it was firſt inſtituted, it conſiſted of twelve peers, an hundred biſhops, and all the prime nobility of the land, who had power to give audience to foreign ambaſſadors, to adjuſt all differences of the ſubjects; in fine, it might then be called the ſovereign tribunal, from whence there could be no appeal. Three foreign kings have ſat as members of this court. It was in thoſe days ambulatory, following the king whitherſoever he went; but now it is always aſſembled at Paris, in the palace which Philip the Fair built for his own dwelling-houſe. This parliament is divided into ſeven chambers, whereof that which they call the Great Chamber is the chief. There belong to this chamber, ſeven preſidents, twelve counſellors, the king's cadi, or attorney, with a great number of advocates, and men of the law. The pre-

ſidents and counſellors are clothed in ſcarlet, which ſtrikes an awful reverence into all that approach their preſence. Some call this the Golden Chamber; and well they may, ſince that glittering metal is thought to be the umpire of moſt cauſes that are tried in this court. He that brings moſt gold, is ſure to have his buſineſs firſt diſpatched, and to come off conqueror; for as their preſent power is little elſe but a mere formality, ſo is alſo their juſtice. The kings of France have gradually ſo clipped their original authority, that now they ſeem to be but the ſhadow of their ancient ſelves. They never pretend to meddle with eccleſiaſtical affairs; that was always out of their juriſdiction. The muſti of Rome claims this prerogative as his right. From whence thou mayeſt obſerve, how maimed and imperfect is the royalty of Chriſtian Kings, who cannot puniſh their own ſubjects, if clergymen, without the pope's permiſſion. Yet though this chamber cannot meddle with the eccleſiaſtics, they have a privilege to diſpoſe of the regency, during the king's minority; as is evident in the late queen-mother, Mary de Medicis, and the preſent Anne of Auſtria, who were both by the parliament declared regents. They alſo confirm all the king's edicts; neither does he proclaim war without their conſent, or eſtabliſh any alliance.

There are alſo beſides this, ſix other chambers of parliament, five whereof are called Chambers of Inqueſts, and they conſiſt of two preſidents, twenty counſellors, and a convenient number of lawyers. The ſixth chamber, is a collection out of all the reſt, and contains no leſs than two hundred officers. Here all criminal cauſes are tried, which are either immediately, or by appeal, brought before them; as in the chambers of inqueſts, controverſies of the civil law are decided.

It is a pleaſant ſight to ſee the men of the law all in

their habits, which are very glorious and rich. Indeed, all the citizens of Paris are extremely gallant in their apparel. But I cannot be reconciled to their laviſh cuſtom of changing the faſhion of their clothes almoſt with every moon.

This vanity has been forbid in all well-ordered commonwealths; and thou knoweſt, our Eaſtern people would as ſoon be ſtripped of their ſkins, as change the faſhion, which has been in uſe for immemorable ages. Here they have no diſtinction of dreſs, the noble and vulgar, rich and poor, go all alike; you cannot diſcern a ſlave from a prince by his garb.

Paris is divided into four parts, the city, the univerſity, the town, and the ſuburbs. It is about three leagues in circuit; ſeated advantageouſly enough, but wanting fortifications. Henry IV. had added ſome ſtrength to it, had he not been apprehenſive of the ſeditious humour of the inhabitants, who in time might make an ill uſe of his kindneſs, and ſhut thoſe gates againſt him which he ſhould build for their defence againſt a foreign enemy.

The court is generally at St. Germain en Lay, one of the king's royal manſions, ſeated on the top of a mountain, which commands a proſpect of a large and beautiful valley. I have been there often, that I might be the better able to penetrate into the conduct of Cardinal Mazarini, who is never from the queen-regent. I have already tranſmitted to the Sublime Porte, ſuch intelligence as I could gain of this great miniſter's intrigues. I will now entertain thee with a glimpſe of this palace, that thereby thou mayeſt conjecture at the magnificence of the kings of France.

It is divided into two parts, the old and the new. The former was built by Charles I. the latter by Henry IV. That may boaſt of its antiquity, but this is ſo

majeſtic and coſtly a ſtructure, as ſufficiently demonſtrates, that modern architects come not far ſhort of the ancient Romans. The rooms are all lofty and large, the roofs and ceilings admirably contrived and adorned; the whole conſiſts of ſo many courts, that it rather looks like a town than the ſeat of one family.

But pardon me, illuſtrious Kaimacham, if I tell thee, that none of the kings of the Eaſt can match this monarch in the gardens belonging to this palace. I ſaw there ſuch a charming variety of delightful objects, as made art ſeem to ſurpaſs nature, and even to outdo itſelf. In a word, the Chriſtian princes are very ingenious in the contrivance of their pleaſures, and make all the elements contribute to their recreations. Thou haſt often ſeen the artificial fireworks which are exhibited at Conſtantinople at our feſtivals, and on all occaſions of public joy; but thou haſt never beheld ſuch waterworks as are expoſed in the gardens of this palace every day. There, by the mere force of this liquid element, inſtruments of muſic are ſet at work, which afford an harmony little inferior to the beſt conſort in the world; and, which extremely adds to the pleaſure, one may at the ſame time behold ſeeming muſicians playing on them, and keeping as exact time with their fingers, on the keys of organs, ſtrings of viols and lutes, as if they were living perſons. There you may ſee all manner of mechanic trades exerciſed by ſtatues, who do every thing with a proper action, and are very eager at their employments, ſo long as the water gives them motion; when that ceaſes, they all return to their primitive inactivity. From hence you paſs to a ſeeming ſea, with tritons moving on dolphins, and ſounding their ſhell trumpets before Neptune, who is drawn in a chariot by four tortoiſes. The ſtory of Perſeus and Andromeda, is alſo acted to the life by

mere ſtatues. But the moſt ingenious piece of workmanſhip, is Orpheus playing on a viol, while the trees move, and wild beaſts dance round about him. This is ſo coſtly an invention, that as one of the overſeers of the waterworks told me, a ſtring of Orpheus's viol being broken, coſt the late King Lewis thirteen hundred crowns to repair it again.

We Mahometans are apt to value ourſelves too high on the ſcore of our princes grandeur. We boaſt, we flouriſh, and are guilty of a thouſand inſults, deſpiſing and putting the reſt of mankind under our ſandals, as if none of the race of Adam underſtood the world but we, or had the wit and power to carve out to themſelves the ſame felicities we enjoy. The monarchs of the Eaſt ſtyle themſelves, the only happy ones, poſſeſſors of infinite treaſures, kings of the world, ſhadows of God, and what-not! The Great Mogul, with his omrahs and rajas, pride themſelves in their elephants; ſo do the kings and mandarins of China and Tonquin. The Sophi of Perſia, ſwells at the ſight of his immenſe treaſures of gold and precious ſtones; glorying, that the very ſhoes of his horſes are of the moſt exalted metal; alſo the mangers wherein they feed, and the nails whereby they are faſtened to the ground. The Cham of Tartary rejoices in the multitude and ſtrength of his horſes, his winged chariots and waggons; and that when his armies riſe and ſit down, the earth trembles with their weight and motion. It is true indeed, the Grand Signior, who is the wiſeſt of the wiſe, and the greateſt of theſe great ones, is not guilty of this vanity. He is deſtined by the Lord of the univerſe, to chaſtiſe the follies both of the Eaſt and the Weſt; yet his ſlaves cannot forbear rhodomontadoes. I have heard ſome of our huffing janizaries tell the Greeks of Conſtantinople and Pera, that the

royal ſeraglio is the moſt magnificent fabric in the world; and that the garden belonging to it is a perfect tranſcript of paradiſe. Thou wilt not approve ſuch brags as theſe, when thou conſidereſt how expert the infidels are in building; and that they ſpare no coſt to erect ſuch edifices, whoſe very ruins may proclaim to future ages the magnificence of their founders. And as to their gardens, they are ſo regular and beautiful, adorned with ſo many delicacies of Nature and art, that one would think they were made by ſome traditional diſciples of Adam; and that they had their rules from the primitive planter of the world.

The French king has other houſes and gardens of pleaſure round about Paris, where the court interchangeably divert themſelves during the ſummer.

I humbly kiſs the hem of thy veſt, craving thy protection againſt the malice of my enemies.

Paris, 16th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XIV.—*To the Moſt Illuſtrious* Visier Azem, *at the Porte.*

Since the loſſes which the German Emperor has received from the arms of Ragotſki, I am informed by Nathan Ben Saddi, that the emperor deſigns to ſend a ſplendid embaſſy, with extraordinary preſents, to the ſultan, in hopes to prevail on him not to protect that prince.

It is true, Ragotſki is of a violent and changeable ſpirit, and therefore no great confidence is to be repoſed in him; yet I take it to be the intereſt of the ſultan, rather to win him by offices of kindneſs and friendſhip, than to make him his enemy, by deſerting him in this juncture.

He is at the head of a potent and formidable army, has taken Solnock, Breden, Marnatz, together with the ſtrong caſtle of Sendar near Caſſovia, and many other places of luſs importance, whereby a way is laid open for his army to overrun all Hungary, if aſſiſted with the Ottoman forces. Thus will he do the office which, they ſay, the jackall performs to the lion, that is, to hunt out the prey, and ſecure it for his maſter and ſovereign.

Beſides, the fortune of this prince ſeems to invite our farther aſſiſtance, for he has had great ſucceſs all along this war; whereas the Ottoman forces no ſooner appeared on the frontiers of Moravia, but ſix thouſand of them were encountered by the Germans, and routed.

Should the ſultan deſert him now, he may be compelled to reſign himſelf, with all Tranſylvania, to the protection of the German Emperor. It is not ſafe to run the riſk of ſuch an event: Tranſylvania cannot ſupport itſelf. Either the ſultan muſt continue his protection, or the Germans will ſoon find the way to plant their garriſons in the four capital cities, and reduce the whole country under their obedience.

Paris, 27th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XV.—*To* Ayis, *Baſſa, at the Porte.*

The pagans, in painting Fortune blind, diſcovered but the dimneſs of their own ſight; and it was a double error to offer ſacrifice to her, that could not diſcern her votaries; yet, in my ſentence, the Chriſtians are more to blame, who term her inconſtant, partial, bawd, whore, and what not. Theſe are profanations of providence, and impious ſcandels caſt on eternal deſtiny. Fortune and Chance are but nicknames of Fate, ſince there is no-

thing abſolutely caſual in the world. They ſee the virtuous perſecuted, while the vicious laſſult and flouriſh, and they tax Heaven with unequal diſpenſation of rewards and puniſhments, as if, with Epicurus, they thought the adorable Numen took no care of things on this ſide the Empyræum, and reſted in an eternal ignorance of human affairs.

Doubtleſs the infidels are in an incurable error: They pore on the outſide of common events, and look no farther; they behold not the hidden chain of cauſes, nor the inviſible hand which diſpoſes all contingencies with admirable order and decorum. Hence it is, that what comes not to paſs but by the certain decree of Fate, appears to theſe buzzards only as an accidental occurrence, and the mere effect of chance.

But thou, who art inſtructed in the doctrines of truth, wilt have other thoughts of that which befel a poor man, not long ſince, in theſe parts. This perſon was charitable to exceſs, for he gave away all that he had to relieve the neceſſities of others, chooſing rather to throw himſelf naked upon providence, than to deny an alms to any one that aſked him, ſo long as he had any thing to beſtow. Being at length, by his conſtant liberalities, reduced to a very indigent condition, he was forced to betake himſelf to digging for his livelihood: Yet notwithſtanding he gained his own bread with hard labour, he ceaſed not to ſhow his wonted kindneſſes to the poor, giving them whatſoever he could poſſibly ſpare from his own neceſſities. One day, as he was digging in a field belonging to the Duke of Montmorency, he found ſeveral earthen pots full of gold, ſuppoſed to be buried there in the time of the civil wars. The good man carries this huge treaſure by degrees home to his houſe, with all imaginable privacy, and having diſtributed the great-

eſt part of it in works of charity, he was going with his laſt reſerve to the houſe of a decayed gentleman, to whom he gave a ſufficient ſum to repair his ſhattered fortunes, being all that he had left, when, as he returned homeward, he found a jewel in the highway, which being ſold, yielded him ten thouſand crowns; a noble bank for new liberalities, and a convincing argument, that there was ſomething more than chance which thus ſtrangely recruited his purſe, that it might never ceaſe to be opened in largeſſes to the poor.

Who will not ſay, that Fate had a hand in the death of that ſoldier, in the Duke of Anguien's army, who maliciouſly and wrongfully accuſed his comrade of raiſing a mutiny? For the incenſed general took a fuſee, and diſcharged it at the innocent perſon, thinking to have killed him on the ſpot; but it proved otherwiſe, the bullet paſſing through ſome part of his body, and through half a dozen tents, ſmote the ſlanderer in the pan of the knee, which put him into ſo violent a fever, that he died in two days; while the other, whom before his death he confeſſed to be innocent, lives yet a witneſs of this remarkable ſtroke of divine Nemeſis.

The faithful watchman of the Sublime Porte, Mahmut, ſalutes thee with humbleſt obeiſance, and wiſhes thee in all things a favourable and benign deſtiny.

Paris, 12th of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XVI.—*To* NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a Jew at Vienna.*

SINCE I came to this city, I have learned the art of making watches, which I exerciſe not for lucre, but to comply with a precept of the Alcoran, wherein alſo I find no ſmall diverſion, it being a relief to melancholy to be in action.

Should the eccleſiaſtics of the Latin church be made ſenſible that I practiſe a mechanic trade, they would think me a ſcandal to their profeſſion, ſince I wear the habit of a clerk. They eſteem it next door to ſacrilege, for a gown-man to condeſcend to the labours of the laity: They would pull my caſſock over my ſhoulders, ſhould they catch me in this honeſt crime, forgetting, that the primitive profeſſors of their religious orders got their bread by making of baſkets.

The box I ſend thee contains ſome of my merchandiſe, being deſigned as preſents for ſome of the miniſters of the Porte, and my other friends at Conſtantinople. I deſire thee to take care in ſending it ſafe, that the watches may receive no damage by water.

It is reported here, that the emperor is ſick; thou wilt do well to inform me of the truth. I hear alſo, that prodigies have been lately ſeen at Vienna, which the French interpret as forerunners of his death, and ſigns of approaching deſolations in Germany. I am not credulous of all things which the vulgar ſay on ſuch occaſions, yet I cannot deny, but that the angels who preſide over kingdoms and empires, may be the monitors of mankind, and, by raiſing unuſual ſpectacles in the elements, may warn mortals of future alterations. This was the opinion alſo of thy countryman Joſephus, who ſays, that immediately before the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, there was a voice heard in the temple of Solomon, ſuppoſed to be uttered by angels, ſaying, "Ariſe, let us go hence;" as if the guardian ſpirits of that city were then forſaking their charge.

In this place, not long ago, were ſeen three ſuns together, or, at leaſt, the appearance of ſo many. This the ſuperſtitious conſtrued as an omen of ill luck, while the court-flatterers ſaid, they repreſented the Duke of

Orleans, the Prince of Conde and Cardinal Mazarni, who have now united their intereſts, after a long time of animoſities and miſunderſtandings. I look upon this apparition to be only a natural production, reſulting from the reflections of the ſun-beams on a bright cloud. It is eaſy to ſolve ſuch phenomena without a miracle; yet ſome, I confeſs, have the ſtamp of a ſupernatural power in their very front. I myſelf once ſaw two mighty armies marſhalled in the air, who acted all the bloody tragedies of war, and made Arabia deaf with the noiſe of their artillery, yet not a cloud at that time to be ſeen; but I remarked no extraordinary event to follow it. It is hard to trace the Omnipotent in ſuch myſterious works, or learn the drift of Providence.

I deſire thee to uſe thy utmoſt diligence to penetrate into the deſigns of the court where thou reſideſt. It is an honourable poſt, to ſerve the greateſt monarch in the world. Be faithful and vigilant, ſo may God and the Grand Signior heap greater favours on thee. Adieu.

Paris, 21ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XVII.—*To* SOLYMAN AGA, *Chief Eunuch of the Women.*

I PERCEIVE by thy letters that our heroic ſultan is very induſtrious to take off the ſcandal of impotence, which the ladies at his firſt acceſſion to the throne faſtened on him, having now ſeen a fourth ſon born to him in the ſeraglio. A multitude of ſubjects is the glory of a monarch, and a ſtrong defence in time of war; and the multitude of the prince's children is the ſecurity of his people both in war and peace.

The ſultan's adventure as he was going to Scutari puts

me in mind of an accident which befel one of the ancient king of Egypt, who, as he was walking in the royal garden at Memphis, eſpied an eagle flying toward the place where he was; at which ſight he ſtood ſtill, gazing on the king of birds, till at length the eagle arriving to that part of the air which was over his head, lets fall a woman's ſhoe at his feet. The king, ſurpriſed at this accident, took up the ſhoe, and ſurveying its exquiſite ſymmetry and form, thence took his meaſures of the lady that had worn it, and ſuddenly grew enamoured of the unknown fair, proclaiming through all Egypt great rewards to any that could diſcover the owner of that ſhoe. At length, a certain beautiful courtezan of Naucratis, named Rhodope, was proved to be the miſtreſs of it, who being brought to the king's preſence, he took her to his bed, making her the partner of his empire.

This lady had a much better fate than the tall Armenian woman with whom Sultan Ibrahim fell in love on the like occaſion; for Rhodope, after ſhe had enjoyed her honour many years, at laſt died peaceably in her bed, and was entombed in one of the pyramids of Egypt; whereas thou telleſt me, that this Armenian, ſoon after her exaltation to the ſultan's embraces, was ſtrangled by the queen-mother's command. I tell thee it was a bold and cruel act, and were the ſultan ſenſible how ſhe was murdered, he would not ſpare to vent his indignation againſt her that bare him.

Paris, 2d of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XVIII.—*To* Donet Oglou.

One would think it an eaſy matter for a ſtranger to conceal himſelf in ſo vaſt and populous a city as is Paris,

eſpecially one who makes ſo mean and contemptible a figure as does the ſuppoſed Titus of Moldavia. I little thought that the lowneſs of my ſtature and the deformity of my body would have attracted any curious eyes, but that my very habit would have protected me from all ſuſpicion, and that I might have paſſed an age undiſcovered amongſt the infinite crowds of people who throng both the houſes and ſtreets of Paris; yet there are ſome critical moments of our lives wherein Fate delights to ſport with us, to throw ſtumbling-blocks in our way to entangle us in difficulties and perils. This is a neceſſary diſcipline of Heaven to rouſe men from the lees of ſecurity and confidence in their own ſtrength and abilities, and to inſtruct us, that Providence alone can extricate us out of the labyrinths we often fall into.

I was walking yeſterday before the great temple of this city, which is dedicated to Mary the mother of Jeſus, when on a ſudden I was accoſted (by one whom I little imagined to have ſeen in Paris) with theſe words: "Mahmut! how came you by this habit? What make you in this place? Are you a Chriſtian, or do you thus diſguiſe yourſelf for other ends?" Thou mayeſt eaſily imagine what a terror ſeized me when I knew that he who ſpoke to me was my old maſter at Palermo. It brought to my remembrance all the cruel blows and ſtripes I had received during that irkſome captivity, and I could almoſt have fancied myſelf ready for the baſtinado. However, diſſembling my confuſion, I anſwered briſkly, "Sir, you are miſtaken in the perſon; my name is not Mahmut, but Titus. I am a Chriſtian and a Catholic; if you are ſuch yourſelf, you have no reaſon to upbraid my habit, ſince I wear it as a badge of my profeſſion, being a ſtudent and candidate of the prieſthood.

This anſwer, inſtead of ſatisfying him, did but aug-

ment his jealouſy, and being of a paſſionate temper, he broke out into fierce language, calling me Turk, infidel, ſlave, dog, and all the ill names his fury could ſuggeſt. He ſpoke ſo loud, that it was taken notice of by the people as they walked by, who began to gather about us to learn the occaſion of ſo much noiſe. I then condemned myſelf for not rather owning myſelf to him, and inviting him to ſome more retired place, where I might give him an account of my circumſtances. I looked upon myſelf as a dead man, and would gladly have ſuſtained ſeven years of ſervitude again in Sicily to have been rid of the fear I was now under of a more terrible puniſhment.

While I was in this confuſion of ſpirit, thinking of nothing but racks and tortures, the noiſe of the rabble who flocked about us had alarmed the people that were at their devotions in the church, who came running out to inquire the cauſe of ſuch a tumult. Among the reſt, a friar, eminent for his learning and virtue, and who had a particular eſteem and friendſhip for me, perceiving the matter, came up cloſe to me, and taking me by the hand, ſpoke aloud theſe words: "Sirs, forbear to injure a ſtranger in the court of the mother of God. I know this man very well, and will be reſponſible for him; he is a Catholic clerk, and ſervant of the living God." The rabble gave a great ſhout at the end of this harangue; and had not my Sicilian maſter made a narrow eſcape, they would have endangered to tear him in pieces. I know not what became of him afterwards, but I attended the friar into the temple, where we ſtaid during the celebration of their maſs, and then he conducted me through the inner parts of the temple by private ways into the lodgings of the prieſts, whence we iſſued out by a poſtern, and taking boat, we croſſed the river Seine into the fields. The friar

congratulated my eſcape from the hands of the multitude, and I returned him a thouſand thanks for lifting me out of the mire.

Thou ſeeſt, dear friend, that the Arabian proverb ſpeaks not in vain, when it ſays, "That the habitation of danger is on the borders of ſecurity;" and "That a man never runs greater hazards than when he leaſt fears them."

He that turns the ſcales of life and death, good and evil, grant that ſome happy emergency may always ariſe to divert the perils which thou ſhalt incur in this uncertain life.

Paris, 7th of the 9th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XIX.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

THIS court is now in mourning for the death of the chief mufti, or pope; and indeed there ſeems to be more than mere ceremony in it, he having all along favoured the French intereſt. He had almoſt paſſed the twenty-ſecond year of his pontificate, which few of the popes have done ſince St. Peter, a diſciple of their Meſſias, from whom they pretend to derive their ſucceſſion. Their hiſtories ſay, that this Peter was the mufti of Rome five-and-twenty years, and that ſince him, not one, whether he was elected young or old, has enjoyed the ſovereignty ſo long. Thoſe that have approached neareſt to it were Adrian I. Sylveſter I. and this Urban VIII. who is now dead. It is reported, that at their coronation, the maſter of the ceremonies kneeling down, burns flax before him that is elected, and with a loud voice repeats theſe words thrice: "O holy father! think not you are to live here as long as did St. Peter; but let this flame put you in

mind of the vanity of the world, and how ſwiftly the glory of it paſſes away."

Cardinal Pamphilio ſucceeds him in the Roman chair, and has given himſelf the name of Innocent X. it being the cuſtom always at their promotion to aſſume the name of ſome holy man (a ſtrange piece of hypocriſy, as if that was ſufficient to atone for their own wicked lives); but none of them has preſumed to take the name of Peter, out of reſpect to the firſt vicar of Jeſus. This Pamphilio is above threeſcore and twelve years of age, by whoſe exaltation the family of the Barbarinis, to whom he was a profeſſed enemy, begin to fall into diſgrace. Cardinal Antonio, one of that family, is taxed with embezzling the treaſure of the church committed to his truſt.

He flies to France for ſuccour; and though he had no great reaſon to expect Cardinal Mazarini's friendſhip, having formerly oppoſed his intereſt at the Roman court, in the time of the late Pope Urban, yet this cardinal, by an exceſs of generoſity, has eſpouſed his cauſe, and engaged his maſter, the King of France, in his quarrel.

What will be the iſſue of this contention, time will evince; but men begin to talk already, that the King of France will carry a war into Italy, which will ſhake the walls of Rome itſelf.

Thus there is no ſtability in human affairs; but time and Providence perpetually ſtart new events.

God grant that thou mayeſt live to ſee the Ottoman creſcent on the top of St. Peter's church in Rome.

Paris, 6th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XX.—*To the* VISIER AZEM, *at the Porte.*

THE great preparations which Sultan Ibrahim is making by land and ſea affords a ſubject of diſcourſe to all Chriſtendom, but adminiſters a ſpecial occaſion of jealouſy to the republic of Venice.

They look on his declared intentions to invade Malta only as a cover or cloak to his real deſigns upon themſelves, being confirmed in their ſuſpicion by the complaints which the ſultan made to Soranzo, their reſident at the Porte, when he delivered himſelf with an air that expreſſed far deeper reſentments than his words.

Nor can the artificial ſtrains of courteſy which are uſed toward the reſident, blind or cancel the apparent affront and contempt which he received from the kaimacham, who refuſed to give him audience after ſome hours attendance, though at the ſame time Prince Ragotſki's envoy was admitted at the firſt word.

Theſe conſiderations, with others of the like nature, have ſufficiently alarmed the Venetians, ſo that they are making all the ſeaſonable preparations that are requiſite to oppoſe the torrent of the Ottoman fury and rage, which they apprehend is to be poured on them. This they perform with all imaginable diligence and ſecrecy, being neither willing to give a juſt ground of jealouſy to the ſultan, nor yet to be ſurpriſed unprovided.

There have lately been extraordinary conſultations in the ſenate about theſe affairs, ſome diſapproving theſe warlike preparations, others promoting them; one party judging, that a peace ought rather to be purchaſed with a tender of gold; a contrary ſide pleading, that ſuch a purchaſe would be both diſhonourable and diſadvantageous, ſince upon every new diſguſt the Ottomans would commence, or at leaſt threaten a war, on purpoſe to erect

a continual mart for peace, the ſale thereof being like to prove ſo profitable to them. Among the reſt of the ſenators, Signior Grimaldi made an oration, of which I have obtained an authentic copy; and it ſpeaks thus:

"This glorious republic, which has flouriſhed for ſo many ages, ought not, in my opinion, to become the merchandiſe of upſtart ſhepherds. It is needleſs to recount our original, or wipe off the ancient duſt of our primitive records, that we may be able to tell the world we are the relics of Troy. It is bootleſs to put you in mind how this moſt ſerene and flouriſhing ſtate laid her firſt foundations in the ſea, and built her neſt in the floods; that the Nereids fled to her ſhadow, and the reſt of the ſea gods, even Neptune himſelf, courted her alliance and protection. Suffice it to ſay, that this victorious ſtate, thus founded and built, has ſpread her conqueſts through Iſtria, Dalmatia, and Epirus; has annexed unto her government Corfu, Cephalonia, Zant, and Crete, with many other iſlands of the Adriatic and Mediterranean ſeas; and that this virgin commonwealth has preſerved herſelf undefloured theſe twelve hundred years, in all which time ſhe never ſubmitted to the luſtful tyranny of any foreign conqueror; and muſt ſhe now become a common proſtitute to infidels, be bought and ſold at any rate, and pay the price of her own ſlavery? Has this moſt auguſt ſenate, by a long ſeries of ſucceſsful wars, been exalted to the height of ſovereign power, and is ſhe now to be braved into a baſe and mercenary peace, the gilded maſk of abject ſlavery? We that have ſtemmed the torrent of Ottoman invaſions, and reſiſted the puiſſance of all Aſia, muſt we now pull down our own banks, and tamely let the proud inſulting enemy in, paving his way with gold? Rouſe up, my lords, the ancient

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genius of this mighty ſtate, awaken the old Venetian valour, and unleſs you reſolve always to bear the Ottoman yoke, now ſhake it off, and make a war your choice rather than your laſt remedy.

"The eyes of all the Weſtern nations are fixed on this auguſt aſſembly; the fate of Chriſtendom is now in the ſcales; it is in your power alone to turn the doubtful balance; it is from your unſhaken valour the Chriſtian world expects a benefit, which ſhall be recorded on the pillars of eternity. Suffer not yourſelves, moſt excellent lords, to be cajolled by the ſpecious pretences of the Ottoman fox, but confide in your own illuſtrious arms, and the juſtice of your cauſe, which will not fail to attract the favours of divine providence. Let not thoſe laurels, which have been all along ſprinkled with the noble blood of your renowned anceſtors, be tamely taken from your heads, and trampled under the feet of infidels. Whom do you fear? A man ſupinely lulled in wanton pleaſures, drowned in the ſoft delights of his ſeraglio, a fitter champion for the field of Venus, than for the bloody toils of Mars, the harſh fatigues of war! But what do you dread? The bugbear title of Grand Signior? It is in our power to check his boaſted grandeur, and make him ſenſible, the ſtate of Venice has a ſword can match the Turkiſh ſcimitar.

"Do but reſolve, the work is half done. I feel already, in my mind, bliſsful preſages of a laſting peace, the effect of a juſt and ſeaſonable war, which is much to be preferred to the precarious truce (for it deſerves no better title) which they deſign to cheat us with, in contemplation of our gold; a truce which they will break at pleaſure, to ſtart new grounds of compoſition. Thus, could we drain the Indies dry, we muſt refund our treaſure into the Ottoman coffers, and all too little to ſatiate

their greedy avarice and tyrannous demands. Thus would the moſt ſerene republic of Venice be poſtponed to the divan of Algiers, who have already ſhaken off the Turkiſh yoke, retaining indeed the ſervile name of ſubjects, but refuſing the tribute they were wont to pay. Let us not ſuffer that barbarous little ſtate thus nobly to aſſert their liberty, whilſt we reſign our necks to the yoke. Our fleets are numerous, our ſoldiers diſciplined, our ſeamen bold and expert, our treaſury full of the nerves of war. Let us be in a readineſs, and if Sultan Ibrahim dares be the firſt aggreſſor, then beat drum, ſound trumpet, and every man to his poſt."

This huffing harangue of Signior Grimaldi, though it met with ſome abettors in the ſenate, yet the counſel of the graver and wiſer heads prevailed, which was, to ſend orders to the Venetian reſident at Conſtantinople, to ſound the inclinations of the ſultan, and, if poſſible, to make a pecuniary accomodation.

This intelligence I received from a Jew living at Venice, one whom I confide in, and who gives me a conſtant and faithful account of all the important occurrences of that ſtate. He is familiar with Girolamo Puſſerla and Bernardino Lupulo, two of the ſenators who voted for peace, by which means he can eaſily feel the pulſe of the Venetian ſtate, nothing of moment being concealed from him by theſe clariſſimos.

The late action of Giacomo de Riva, ſupracreditor of Tine, againſt the ſhips of Tripoli and Tunis, is interpreted to be done altogether in his own defence. I doubt not but it will be otherwiſe repreſented at the Porte; but I wiſh ſome men's groundleſs diſcontents, and the private intereſts of others, be not improved to the notion of public injuries, by the artifice of ſuch as wiſh not well to the Ottoman Empire.

I discharge my duty, in sending thee the best intelligence I can in this juncture.

God, the Supreme Monarch of the Universe, dispose these overtures, and all other human events, to the exaltation of the Ottoman empire, and the propagation of the true faith.

Paris, 13th of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXI.—*To* Mirza Muhammed Effendi, *Vicar to the Mufti.*

The Jews have a proverb, "That he who breeds not up his son to some trade, makes him a thief." And the Arabians say, "That an idle person is the devil's playfellow." Therefore, our holy and wise lawgiver has commanded all true believers to exercise themselves every day in some manual occupation. Neither is the sultan upon the throne any more exempted from obedience to this universal precept, than he who cleans the streets. The soul of man is active as fire; or, to take our comparison, as the Hebrews do, from another element, it can no more cease from being busy, than water can withhold itself from running out of every hole of a sieve. Men will be always exerting their faculties one way or other; and there is no medium between good and evil. Whosoever is not employed in one, must necessarily fall into the other. These are the points to which all the lines of human actions tend, the centres where all our affairs meet. But though there be no such thing as a mediocrity between these two extremes, and every man is within the circumference either of virtue or vice, yet there are certain steps and degrees in each, specific differences also, which take their rise and proportions from

nature, morality and religion. Thus, human prudence teaches us, of two evils, to chooſe the leaſt, while the divine oracle inſtructs us, not to ſtand upon niceties and punctilios with virtue, but to puſh forward till we arrive at an heroic generoſity.

As for me, who ſerve the Grand Signior in this ſtation, I am forced to compound with the law, and capitulate with the ſeverer precepts of the Alcoran. I tell many a lie, that I may do the more effectual ſervice to truth: I am compelled to deny my religion, that I may prepare a way for others to propagate it. By oblique and remote fetches of policy, I accompliſh the direct intentions of juſtice, while I commit little vices among the infidels, to introduce great virtues; thus making good the counſel of the Perſian philoſopher, "That it is neceſſary for him who would reach his journey's end, ſometimes to go round about." And thou knoweſt what encouragement has been given me, being aſſured by the ſovereign prelate of our holy law, that while I keep in the orb of my duty to the Grand Signior, I am out of the devil's circle.

If thou wouldeſt know how I buſy myſelf at my hours of leiſure, I make watches, not knowing how better to ſpend my vacant time, than in framing an inſtrument whereby I may perceive how time paſſes away. This little engine points out each minute, and meaſures exactly the ſucceſſion of hours; it keeps pace with years, yet outruns not months. It is the journal of the ſun, a faithful record of his daily travel through the heavens. In a word, it is the ſecretary of time, and a compendious hiſtory of the firſt-born iſſue of eternity.

Eliachim the Jew takes ſome off my hands, and the reſt I preſent to the grandees, or any body whom I would oblige. I have ſent ſome by the way of Vienna,

to the moſt venerable mufti, and to thyſelf, as alſo to others of my friends at the Sublime Porte. They are all ſealed up, with directions to thoſe for whom they are deſigned. I wiſh that this mean teſtimony of my duty and affection may be accepted, and that my ſuperiors would from hence conclude, that I am no bad huſband of my time.

The Unchangeable Eſſence who moves all things, yet is moved of none, who ſets all the ſprings and wheels of nature agoing, yet remains himſelf in eternal reſt, beholding all things paſt, preſent, and to come, with one undivided glance, grant, that I may be approved of Heaven, while I obey the mufti and his vicar on earth.

If thou favoureſt the cauſe of the merchant who brings thee this letter, thou ſhalt do well. He will inform thee of his affairs. God increaſe thy felicity.

Paris, 22d of the 10th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXII.—*To* HALI OMRI, *Baſſa.*

THOU that art exalted from a page to one of the higheſt dignities in the empire, and poſſeſſeſt an eminent ſhare of the ſultan's favour, wilt not be diſpleaſed if Mahmut, whom thou haſt formerly honoured with thy friendſhip, puts thee in mind of ſome qualifications that are requiſite in a favourite. I know thy abilities are great; yet he that walks on pinnacles will not refuſe the aſſiſtance of any kind hand that offers it, nor tax a man with preſumption for endeavouring to preſerve him from a fall.

It will not be ſufficient, that thou art very zealous to ſerve the ſultan, to aggrandize his honour, and prop the imperial dignity; nor that thou art extremely accurate in managing the affairs committed to thy charge; that thou

art aſſiduous and extraordinary careful, not addicted to recreations and pleaſure; that thou art rigorouſly juſt, deaf to flattery and inexorable to bribes, but in all things ſolicitous for thy ſovereign's intereſt and greatneſs, without any other bias, ſave that of untainted loyalty. All theſe, I muſt confeſs, are great virtues in a ſtateſman and a favourite, yet they may become vices by their exceſs as well as their defect; and he that ſteers not his courſe in the golden mean, may ſoon precipitate himſelf into ruin. But it is alſo neceſſary for thee to have an eye to the ſatisfaction of the ſubject, as well as to the prince's prerogative. It will not be ſafe to immolate the people's intereſts and liberties to the humours and caprices of the ſovereign; neither will he thank or reward thee for ſuch a dangerous piece of zeal; nay, ſhould he himſelf command thee to do any thing which would intrench on their rights and privileges, thou oughteſt rather to ſhow thy fidelity, in humbly remonſtrating to him the ill conſequences of ſuch a proceeding, than by a blind obedience to betray both him and thyſelf to the public odium. On thee, to be ſure, it will faſten, however thy maſter may eſcape, and thou muſt fall a victim to appeaſe the incenſed multitude, and ſave him harmleſs.

This was the caſe of the Duke d' Olivarez, the late miniſter and favourite of the King of Spain. He was endued with all the forementioned virtues requiſite in a ſtateſman; but his immenſe zeal to advance the king's prerogative betrayed him to ſuch meaſures of oppreſſion and tyranny, as were the occaſion of his ruin.

The Spaniards claim certain franchiſes and immunities, which, when granted them, they pay a voluntary homage to the Caſtilian crown. D' Olivarez ſought to bereave them of theſe their native cuſtoms and liberties,

which by degrees gave ſo general a diſguſt to that apprehenſive nation, that they broke out into an open rebellion. Hence ſprung the revolt of Catalonia and Rouſſillion, and the totel defection of Portugal. He thought by rigour to drive theſe people to extremes, making them fall into treaſon, and then taking advantage of their crimes, to make his maſter more abſolute. But theſe indirect courſes never proſpered; and we now ſee the Duke of Braganza, by this means, eſtabliſhed in the throne of Portugal, that kingdom quite rent from Spain, and the other provinces in the hands of the French.

The Spaniſh grandees, ſenſible of the mal-adminiſtration of the favourite duke, grew diſguſted, withdrew from the court and from their charges, leaving the king almoſt deſtitute of attendants at home or officers abroad; yet none durſt diſcover the grounds of their diſcontent, till the Conſtable of Caſtile broke the ice on the following occaſion: The conſtable is one of the prime nobility of Spain, deducing his pedigree from a race of kings. Him had Olivarez made his mortal enemy, by propoſing a match between a ſon of his and the conſtable's daughter. This ſon, whether natural or only adopted, is not certainly known; but he had lived an obſcure and debauched life, not ſo much as taken notice of, unleſs for his diſſolute manners and enormous crimes, which had once expoſed him to the ſentence of death, had he not met with better fortune than he deſerved. All the nobles were highly diſguſted, when they ſaw this prodigal owned by Olivarez for his natural ſon and heir, inveſted with the higheſt dignities of the kingdom, and made maſter of prodigious riches, eſpecially ſince he was noways worthy of ſuch preferment, retaining ſtill his former vices, and giving everywhere proofs of an abject and baſe genius. To ſee ſuch an one made preſident of the

Indies, and at the height of honour, in a fair way to ſucceed the duke in the miniſtry, irritated the whole court, and drove the Conſtable of Caſtile to impatience. He utterly refuſes the match, diſdaining that his daughter ſhould be linked to ſuch an upſtart; he remonſtrates to the king the exorbitant ambition of Olivarez; in fine, being ſeconded by other lords of the court, and by letters from the German Emperor, he ſo far prevailed on the king, that his eyes began to be opened, and he now clearly ſaw, that all the diſorders of the government owed their origin to the ill conduct of Olivarez: Wherefore, taking the advice of his faithful counſellors, he baniſhed him the court, deprived him of all authority, confined him firſt to a place not far from Madrid, and afterwards to Thoro, a city in Old Caſtile.

Thus fell that great miniſter through his own ambition to riſe; ſeeking by unwarrantable methods to ſecure his maſter's favour, he incurred the height of his diſpleaſure, and brought upon his own head an irrecoverable diſgrace and ruin.

I ſend thee this example as a teſtimony of my friendſhip and fidelity, and that thou mayeſt inform the divan of the true grounds of this man's misfortune. The king has now taken the reins of government into his own hands, though it is thought too late.

I wiſh thee an increaſe of virtues and happineſs, and that thy moderation may keep thee ſtedfaſt in the ſultan's favour.

Paris, 4th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXIII.—*To* DGNET OGLOU.

IT is, thou knoweſt, a conſiderable time ſince I was love-ſmitten with the beautiful Daria, who was fair as an angel, and diſcreet above any mortal creature. It is hard to ſay, whether the beauty of her mind, or that of her body, ſtruck deepeſt impreſſion on my ſoul. How long were the nights and how ſhort my ſlumbers, and what a general diſtraction of thoughts was I in! I could not abide my chamber, and, when I went out, no other place could pleaſe me. I knew not what I ſaid or thought, whether I dreamed or was really awake, ſtood or ſat, went backwards or forwards, all poſtures and places being alike, ſeeing none of them could afford me the relief I ſought after.

I imagined no leſs, but that I muſt thus languiſh on; yet I find, that time and abſence have at length made way for reaſon. Marvel not, dear Oglou, I have ſuffered theſe tranſports. Our paſſions are not in our power; we cannot love and hate when and whom we pleaſe. There is a conformity of blood, wherein the ſtars, they ſay, work wonders. It is true, no man can love and be wiſe at the ſame time; but, prithee, tell me, didſt ever know any wiſe man, who was not one time or other in love? Remember thine own paſſion for the ſame object, which will make thee the eaſier to excuſe mine. I will tell thee a ſtory, which I have ſomewhere read; which, if it does not palliate, yet will not aggravate my weakneſs.

A certain country man having loſt his aſs, came to the muezin, or cryer, deſiring him to give notice at the door of one of their moſques; which he did for three ſeveral feſtivals. But no news being heard of the animal, the owner urged the muezin to continue his former pro-

clamations, with the reward of a fat pig to the finder. The muezin being an arch wag, and tired with the fellow's importunity, one day, when the ceremonies of their superstitious worship was ended, and people flocked amain out of the mosque, he made this following proclamation: "If there be any man here amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly profess, he never was in love, he shall have a fat pig."

An ungainly, loobily fellow, who was leaning listening on his staff, bawled out, "That he could safely take his oath, he was the person who had never been in love." Whereupon the muezin taking him by the sleeve, presents him to the country man, saying, "Here, friend, I have found your ass, the pig is mine."

Rejoice with me for the recovery of my liberty, and believe an experienced man, when he tells thee, that a man's love to his friend, though it be not so violent and strong as that to his mistress, yet is more solid and lasting.

Paris, 12th of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXIV.—*To the Invincible* Visier Azem, *at the Porte.*

Since thou, who art the centre and source of all dignity, hast drawn back one ray of honour into thyself, whose emanation before made some of thy slaves illustrious, with the title and power of captain bassa; since thou thyself, I say, who art always generalissimo by land, vouchsafest also at this juncture to become bassa of the sea, I wish that both elements may prove propitious to thee, and fate crown thy arms with the height of success. May the King of the waters proclaim a nesirum wherever thou sailest, and may the winds pay homage to the

banner of the Ottoman empire. In a word, may yielding waves and timely gales convey thee ſafe and proſperous to Venice, and may fortune always attend that courage, which never forſook thee when thy maſter's honour lay at ſtake.

The empire of the Oſmans is highly obliged to providence, for ſuch a valiant and experienced leader of their armies. There is need of the reſolution of Alexander the Great to encounter with all the formidable difficulties and hazards of this war. Thou art not marching againſt the ſoft and effeminate Perſians, men drowned in the luxurious debaucheries of Aſia, and enervated by continual voluptuouſneſs; but thou muſt combat with the fierce Raſcians, hardy Servians, the valiant inhabitants of Dalmatia and Iſtria, men inured to toils and fatigues, and ſteeled in blood and ſlaughter. I tell thee, there is no ſtate in the world that takes more care to breed her ſubjects up in all the diſcipline of war, than this republic. Thou haſt heard of the famous arſenal of Venice; wilt thou believe what Adonai the Jew has told me, concerning that nurſery of war? He is newly come from thence, and ſays, that this arſenal alone is half a league in circuit; that there is but one gate and channel into it, by which their veſſels paſs in and out; that in this place, as in a ſeminary, are bred up an infinite number of ſlaves, who are a little commonwealth by themſelves. Some of theſe are employed all the year round, in making galleys, galleaſſes, pinnaces, brigantines, and other ſhipping, with all materials belonging to them, as maſts, oars, &c. Others make bullets, chains, anchors, cannon, and all kinds of artillery. A third ſort are buſied in making ropes, ſails, ſhrouds, and ſuch like naval implements.

He ſays moreover, that in this magazine are contained,

40,000 piſtols, 200,000 daggers, 60,000 partizans, javelins 100,000, croſs-bows 30,000, long-bows 50,000, with 500,000 ſwords; muſkets 200,000, 1000 cannon, as many ſakers, 500 culverins. All theſe are preſerved as a treaſure of war, beſides infinite quantities of all manner of weapons and ammunitions, which are daily carried from hence to furniſh their ſhips by ſea, and their armies and forts by land. Thou wilt conclude from hence, that this is a wiſe and martial nation, and that the conqueſt of Venice will coſt much ſweat and blood.

Wilt thou hear what this Jew ſays of their public buildings, which are all made of the beſt marble? He counts ſixty-ſix pariſh churches, fifty-two monaſteries, ſix-and-twenty nunneries, eighteen chapels, ſeventeen hoſpitals, and ſix ſchools. He numbers fifty-ſix courts of juſtice, ten gates of braſs, four hundred and fifty ſtone bridges, eighty thouſand boats, which cannot be ſerved with leſs than double that number of watermen. The inhabitants of this city are computed to be 800,000. By all this, thou mayeſt comprehend the greatneſs and wealth of this republic, and that it is no inglorious enterpriſe to carry on a war againſt it.

Theſe infidels give public toleration to harlots, which is practiſed not only in this city, but all over Italy, and brings a vaſt revenue into the treaſury. The whore-pence of Venice is ſaid to amount yearly to 100,000 zechins.

The multitude of Jews does alſo mightily enrich that city, who have no leſs than nine ſynagogues there. They are maſters of infinite wealth, and engroſs the greateſt part of the Levantine traffic, whereby Venice is become ſuperlatively wealthy, and has acquired the epithet of rich. This is grown a faſhion in Italy, that

every city has its peculiar title, as, Rome the Holy, Padua the Learned, Milan the Great, Naples the Proud, and Venice the rich.

One thing extremely pleaſes me, and had it not a ſhow of idolatry, I could not but applaud it, as an argument of the generoſity of this ſtate. Adonia tells me, that there are no leſs than 165 marble, and 23 brazen ſtatues, erected by the order and at the charges of this republic, in honour of the like number of valiant ſoldiers, who have merited well of the public. This is an efficacious encouragement to others, a ſpur to virtue, the cheriſher of martial ardour: And Venice herein ſeems to imitate the gratitude of ancient Rome, which never ſpared any coſt to honour her heroes, and render their memory immortal.

God grant thee victory over theſe infidels, that at thy return, laden with the Venetian ſpoils, thou mayeſt rejoice in the royal careſſes and favour of our glorious ſultan, and that not only Conſtantinople, but all the Ottoman empire, may celebrate triumphs for the ſucceſs of thy arms.

Paris, 21ſt of the 11th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXV.—*To* Dgnet Oglou.

It appears by thy melancholy letter thou haſt not forgot the loſs thou formerly ſuſtained by fire, but ſtill continueſt to diſturb thyſelf with diſmal apprehenſions of ſpending thy days in ignominious poverty. I am afraid thou didſt ſet thy heart too much on thy wealth, which makes thee ſo uneaſy under thy misfortune. Perhaps thy money was thy maſter, and God, in removing it from thee, has made thee free, and thereby fitted thee for the contemplation of the univerſe.

Never fear want; the ſame providence which took care of thee before thou cameſt into the world, will never be wanting to thee now thou art in it. It is but a little that we need, and it will not be long, before it will be impoſſible for us to want any thing. Poverty never meets the thinking and induſtrious; and a man may ſatisfy nature, without the leaſt obligation to fortune, who, when ſhe ſeems moſt angry with us, ſcarce ever denies us neceſſaries. The belly, indeed, is a troubleſome creditor, yet is quieted with a little. Seneca tells us, that Epicurus confined himſelf to a narrower allowance than that of the ſevereſt priſons to the moſt heinous offender; and found himſelf at eaſe too in a ſtricter diet, than any man in the worſt condition needs to fear. But the miſery of it is, we are governed in all things by opinion, and every thing is to us as we think it to be.

The ſame great man tells us of one Apicius, who poiſoned himſelf for fear of ſtarving, when he had two hundred and fifty piaſters in his coffers. And another more modern philoſopher relates, that a rich man, an acquaintance of his, falling mad, ſnatched up a ſtraw, and complained he muſt periſh with hunger, for he ſaw there was no grain in the empty huſke.

It is ſaid of the Emperor Galba, that he was wont to weep, when he ſaw his table better covered than ordinary. And I have read of a certain Chriſtian mufti, who was ſo wretchedly covetous, that he would ſteal privately into the great moſque of Rome, and put out the lamps there to ſave charges.

But methinks, I hear thee murmuring me an anſwer, that this was never thy humour; and theſe citations make little impreſſion on a man, that has had his houſe and goods burnt, and narrowly eſcaped in his own perſon.

Shall I tell thee then, what happened lately in theſe parts, which will perhaps make thee more contented, and thankful for thy life, ſeeing what was theſe poor peoples lot, might have been thine.

Certain conſiderable merchants coming to this town, and lodging at an inn, not far from my quarters, the houſe being full of gueſts, they were forced to be content with an upper room, where, entertaining one another with pleaſant diſcourſe, to paſs away the time till ſupper, on a ſudden the kitchen was all in a flame, unfortunately increaſed with combuſtible matter lying near the chimney; ſome ſay, there was great quantity of oil and gunpowder, (an odd ſtorehouſe to lay ſuch commodities in). However, the fire appeared ſo ſuddenly and violently, that in a moment all the floor under them was ſeized with it.

Theſe gentlemen, who were two ſtoreys high, in a chamber towards the ſtreet, as ſoon as they heard the cry of fire, began to make towards their trunks and portmanteaus, which were locked up in a large coffer, the key of which hung at their hoſteſs's girdle. They were for going down to fetch it, but the fire had in a manner conſumed all beneath them. Whilſt they were buſied in trying to break open the coffer, and to take out every man his own, their chamber became inſtantly ſo full of ſmoke, as was like to choke them. They could neither ſave themſelves by going up or down, the houſe being all over in a flame. Moreover, their neighbours ſeeing their own houſes in danger, were ſo concerned for themſelves, that they had no time to pity others; ſo that few people attempted to ſuccour theſe poor gentlemen, who, on their ſide, endeavoured with great pieces of wood to force a paſſage; but the walls and windows were too ſtrong to give way to their efforts,

being ſecured with thick iron bars, faſtened in the ſtones. In this lamentable condition, having this inexorable flame before their eyes, which had already ſeized on the chamber, tearing the hair of their heads, and ſtamping on the ground, they ſent forth ſuch dreadful ſhrieks as moved all that heard them to extreme compaſſion.

They threw their gold and ſilver into the ſtreets in vain, crying for help; the fire being ſo increaſed, that before the people could bring ladders and other inſtruments to break a way into the chamber, theſe poor wretches miſerably periſhed in the flames.

Thank God thou haſt ſtill thy life and ſenſes; turn theſe laſt the right way, and thou wilt find thou haſt loſt nothing.

Paris, 21ſt of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXVI.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

The Spaniards are the proudeſt people in the world. They ſtrut like cranes as they go along the ſtreets, and walk by rules of geometry. Here are many of them in this city, ſince the revolt of Catalonia and Rouſſillon. The French accuſe them of uncomplaiſance and ill manners, in that they will not change their habit or gait, in a country ſo averſe from formality.

They are extremely addicted to rhodomontados, as thou wilt eaſily gueſs by this which follows: Lewis XIII. aſking a Spaniſh officer, who was a priſoner of war, "Why the Kings of Spain went not in perſon to the wars, as the kings of France?" he anſwered, "If the king, my maſter, ſhould lead his own army into the field, the whole earth would tremble under him."

Another being aſked, "Why the Spaniſh King in his ſtyle, boaſted, that the ſun was his helmet," replied, "Becauſe that luminary never ſets on all my maſter's territories." But the Frenchman wittily retorted, "He will neither ſet nor riſe on any of your maſter's dominions e'er long, if the great Lewis goes on with his conqueſts."

Indeed, to paſs from jeſt to earneſt, this victorious king continually pares away ſome part or other of the Spaniſh monarchy. I have acquainted the miniſters of the divan with the moſt important paſſages of this war, except the taking of Graveling, which I did not then think ſo conſiderable a place, as I am ſince informed it is. It is a ſea town, lying on the northern ſhore of France, and commanding the narrow ſeas between the continent and England. Some ſay, that it is one of the ſtrongeſt towns in Europe. The French King, by the conqueſt of this place, is in a condition to give the law by ſea to the northern nations.

The great God, who protects the Ottoman empire, ſet limits to the conqueſts of this Chriſtian king, and ſo continue the wars of theſe infidel princes, that neither any of them may be in a condition, nor all of them together be agreed, to make head againſt the arms of our invincible ſultan.

Paris, 3d of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXVII.—*To* Dicheu Hussein Bassa.

Thou haſt already in the Divan heard of the preſent convulſions of the Engliſh ſtate. I communicated to the Viſier Acem what intelligences I had received of the troubles of that kingdom; beſides, the imperial city is

full of ſtrangers of all nations, who maintain correſpondences with their ſeveral reſpective countries; whence it comes to paſs, that whatſoever is done in the moſt remote corners of the earth, is ſoon known to the miniſters of the Sublime Porte, which is the ſanctuary of the whole world. But I ſhall gratify thee in unveiling the interior of thoſe events which have made ſuch a noiſe. Thou art naturally curious in thy reſearches, and I ſhall preſent thee with ſome additional remarks which I have made on the Engliſh affairs ſince I wrote to the ſupreme miniſter on that ſubject.

I acquainted him, that the late Cardinal Richlieu had a hand in embroiling that iſland, as he had in exciting the tumults of Catalonia, and promoting the revolution of Portugal. The part which he acted was by proxy. He had his agents there, to blow up into a flame the ſparks which lay ſmothering in the breaſts of that diſcontented people. Thoſe of the Latin church reflect on it as a judgment on the Engliſh nation, that they have never been free from conſpiracies, ſeditions and rebellions, ſince the time they ſhook off their obedience to the Roman mufti, which was in the days of King Henry VIII. as if that revolt in point of religion had been the ſource of all the following tumults and diſorders in the ſtate. It is certain religion has great influence on men's morals, and where a liberty of innovating is once allowed, it makes continued progreſſions. Some French antiquaries ſay, that the Engliſh embraced the Roman communion for the ſpace of ſeven hundred years, and that during ſo long a time they never had any civil ware, but ſuch as were made on the account of ſucceſſion to the crown; but that after they had changed their faith, they were always reſtleſs, ſtill hatching ſome alteration in the government. I know not how far theſe obſervations are

juſtifiable, men being generally partial to their own cauſe; but the preſent ſtirs in that iſland ſeem to owe their increaſe, if not their birth, to the latitude which the ſubjects take in matters of conſcience. Whilſt every man carves out to himſelf ſuch a religion as beſt pleaſes him, without being accountable to the ſtate, or paying any tribute, as is the practice of the Ottoman empire, hence it is few men's ambition to conform to the religion of the prince, but every ſect endeavours to perſuade both prince and people to ſubſcribe to their ſentiments; and the moſt potent party threatens all the reſt with the ill conſequences of war, in caſe their tenets be not eſtabliſhed. Among all the religions which divide the inhabitants of that iſland, there is none for which they have ſo general an averſion as that which they call the Roman Catholic, though it were once the eſtabliſhed religion of the country. This is now become the public eye-ſore; and the reſt of the ſects, though they are at immortal difference with each other, yet all join heart and hand to oppoſe this common bugbear. The French ſay, that the Proteſtants are like the Engliſh maſtiffs, two of which I remember were preſented to Sultan Amurath by the French ambaſſador, with this character of them, "That though, when they quarrelled, they will fight with each other to death, yet, ſhould a bear be let looſe upon them in the midſt and heat of their fury, they would ſoon become friends, and turn the battle upon their ſavage enemy." Such, they ſay, is the humour of the Engliſh ſectaries; and the factious have improved it ſo far as to faſten the odium of the vulgar on the king himſelf, by ſuggeſting, that he deſigns to introduce the Roman religion into that country, whereas, according to the relation of travellers and knowing men, he is a zealous Proteſtant. This is the pretence of taking up arms againſt him; an artifice by

which rebellion is generally uſhered in, whilſt the defence of religion is made a cloak for ſacrilege and treaſon.

The infidels have found out a way to divide a man from himſelf by metaphyſical niceties; a ſcience wherein the true believers are happily ignorant. They are actually in arms againſt their ſovereign, yet they declare they fight for him, maintaining their rebellion by this ſophiſtry, that they fight againſt his natural perſon to defend his political, as if they could ſeparate one from the other. Some thinking men ſay, it is well if they do not divorce his ſoul from his body by the help of theſe juggling diſtinctions.

His viceroy in Ireland has already loſt his head, for no other crime but his loyalty to his maſter, who is blamed for giving conſent to the execution of ſo faithful a miniſter: Yet the curious pretend to trace the footſteps of juſtice in this man's deſtiny, ſince he fell a ſacrifice to the ſame democratic principles whereof he had formerly been a zealous patron, having been obſerved to be once a great oppoſer of the royal prerogative. If this be true, it ſeems as if Nemeſis herſelf had brought him to his puniſhment.

Thou wilt wonder at the preſumption of theſe people in diveſting the king of the military power by ſea and land, and aſſuming it themſelves, eſpecially when thou conſidereſt, that this is the eſſential prerogative of ſovereignty, without which it is but an empty title.

Our invincible ſultans are poſſeſſed of ſuch an uncontroulable authority as cannot be tranſferred to any ſubject, or to all the ſubjects of ſo vaſt an empire put together, but is only communicated at the imperial pleaſure, as rays from the ſun, whoſe emanations, though they are immenſe and infinite, yet do they not in the leaſt diminiſh or weaken that immortal fountain of light. But the Engliſh have not that veneration for their prince as is

found in the muſſulmans; they eſteem him but the truſtee of the commonwealth, the creature of the populace, having imbibed the principles of Ariſtotle, Cato, and other democratic philoſophers, who teach, that the ſovereign power is originally in the people, and but tranſmitted from them to the prince, by way of deputation and credence. My letter to the prime viſier will inform thee what the Engliſh parliament is. At this time, as I am informed, it conſiſts for the moſt part of men of this ſtamp; yet they do not openly profeſs theſe antimonarchic tenets, but, under the maſk of loyalty, amuſe the credulous multitude with ſpecious pretences of making the king the moſt glorious monarch, and his ſubjects the happieſt people in the world: But it is thought he will rather confide in his arms, the juſtice of his cauſe, and the protection of God, than ſuffer himſelf to be any longer cajolled by their falſe rhetoric.

He has given them battle once, wherein they ſay the victory was in an even balance, and neither ſide could claim it.

The rebels have put to death the Engliſh mufti, whom they call the Archbiſhop. They ſtruck off his head with an axe in the open ſtreet, on the tenth day of the firſt moon of the year 1643.

Before I conclude this letter, I ſhall relate to thee a paſſage which happened in this king's infancy, worthy of remark. In former ages, there were a ſort of philoſophers or prophets in England, whom they called Druids and Bards. Theſe inſtructed the people in the belief of a God, the immortality of the ſoul, and other principles of natural religion. They foretold things to come, and had acquired ſo great a reputation, that the kings of that country would undertake no affair of moment till they had firſt conſulted theſe oracles. It is ſaid there are yet

living ſome of that prophetic race in the mountains of Scotland, one of which, a man of great ſanctity and wiſdom, being an hundred-and-twenty years old, came to viſit this king's father, at which time he ſaw this king, being then an infant, in his nurſe's arms, whilſt his elder brother and heir of the crown ſtood by. The old man, after his compliments to the father, takes the infant prince in his arms, and beſtows his benediction on it in theſe terms: "Hail, royal babe, heir of the two crowns; thou ſhalt reign a long time happily, but in the end a fleur-de-luce ſhall be thy bane." The nobles that were preſent thinking that the extremity of age had bereaved him of his reaſon, were ready to thruſt him away, offering to take the child from him, and telling him, "That he miſtook, for this was not the heir of the crown, but his brother who ſtood by;" but he, with a compoſed look and an aſſured carriage, made anſwer, "That what he ſpoke was truth;" adding withal, "That the elder brother ſhould die before his father, and that this ſhould live to inherit the kingdoms of Scotland and England." The event has made good ſome part of his prophecy, for his elder brother died at twelve years of age, and he at this day poſſeſſes thoſe two kingdoms; but how the fleur-de-luce ſhall be his bane, time muſt evince. It is thought that by it is meant the French king, becauſe that is the arms of the royal blood of France. It is hard to determine of future events; yet there are ſome, who, obſerving the influence which this court has had on the Engliſh commotions, and how far Cardinal Richlieu has engaged King Lewis XIII. in revenging the affronts which were given to his ſiſter, the Queen of England, by that inhoſpitable nation, make no difficulty of interpreting this propheecy, but conclude, that the unfortunate King of England will at length fall a victim to the French reſentments, though his own ſubjects be inſtrumental to his ruin.

I will continue my intelligence of the Engliſh affairs as I receive them. In the mean while, I pray the great God to protect the muſſulman empire from ſedition and treaſon, and keep the ſubjects of Sultan Ibrahim in their due obedience.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXVIII.—*To* Bajazet Ali Hogia, *Preacher to the Seraglio.*

Here are to be met with in theſe weſtern parts infinite numbers of people, who not only deſpiſe and viliſy our law, but their own, and openly ſcoff at all religions in the world. Theſe are known by the name of Libertines or Atheiſts, which is to ſay, people that profeſs themſelves enemies to the belief of a God; a lewd and unthinking herd of animals, who dare not be alone, leſt they ſhould come to the remembrance of themſelves, and be wiſer.

Theſe people are in ſome ſort like Ninus, that great Aſſyrian monarch, who vaunted he never ſaw the ſtars, nor deſired it; worſhipped neither ſun nor moon, never ſpoke to his people, nor took any account of them, but was valiant in eating and drinking.

He was ſaid to have this inſcription on his tomb:

I was formerly
NINUS,
The great lord of the world,
And lived as thou doſt,
But am now nothing but duſt.
All the meat I have eaten,
All the handſome women I have enjoyed,
All the worſhip that was paid me,

And all the riches I was poſſeſſed of,
Have failed me;
And when I ſet forward
From this *world* into the inviſible *ſtate*,
I had
Neither gold, nor horſe, nor chariot.
I am now, I ſay,
But the duſt thou treadeſt on.

Such another was Sardanapalus, one of the ſucceſſors of Ninus in that monarchy, and in the corruption of his manners, an effeminate prince, a ſlave to his luſts, and not worthy of an imperial crown. It was not to his virtue or courage that Nineveh was obliged for ſuſtaining a ſiege of eight-and-twenty moons, but to the impregnable ſtrength of her own walls; for ſo ſoon as he was told that the oracle was fulfilled, and that the river Euphrates was joined in league with his enemies, and had, by an unuſual flood, broke down a conſiderable part of the walls in which he truſted, all his bravery vaniſhed, he ſhowed he was a coward, and killed himſelf for fear of death: Yet ſuch was the ſordid impotence of his ſpirit, that even in this way he durſt not die alone, but taking his concubines and neareſt attendants, with all his gold and jewels, he forced them to accompany him into the hollow of a funeral pile, which he fired with his own hands, and burnt his ſervants with himſelf. I do not eſteem it an effect of courage to make death a ſanctuary from the inevitable miſeries of a hated life; but to be either willing to die in the height of human enjoyments, or to be reſolved to live and outbrave thoſe very calamities which would tempt any man to die, is the peculiar marks of an heroic reſolution.

However, thus died Sardanapalus, having deſired that a monument might be erected to his memory, with this inſcription:

SARDANAPALUS
Lived much in a little time,
Having always gratified his ſenſes:
He built two cities,
Anchiala and Tarſus,
In one day;
Performed the taſk of many years
In four-and-twenty hours:
Adviſes thee, reader, to imitate his example;
Eat, drink, and enjoy thyſelf,
For
After death there is neither pleaſure nor pain.

Theſe were but pigmies in atheiſm in compariſon of others. Dionyſius, the Sicilian monarch, was a giant in infidelity. He not only committed ſacrilege, but made it his paſtime. He drolled upon the gods while he robbed their temples, into which he never entered without a jeſt, nor departed from their altars without a ſatire. He put a woollen garment on the image of Jupiter Olympius, inſtead of the golden robe with which King Hiero had clothed it, and excuſed the ſacrilege by ſaying, "Exchange was no robbery," and "That he conſulted the eaſe and health of the god both for ſummer and winter." He played the barber to the ſtatue of Æſculapius, and ſhaved off his golden beard, ſaying, "That ſince Apollo, his father, was beardleſs, it was but good manners for the ſon to be ſo too." When he came into a rich temple in Syracuſe, and ſaw in the hands of Mars a ſword, whoſe hilt was thick ſet with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, he made a mock obeiſance, and took the ſword from the extended arm of the image, ſaying, "The god of war preſented him with that ſword, as an earneſt of his future victories, and he ſhould be very ungrateful and impious not to accept the gift of the deity." It was

a naſty affront which Nero put upon the Syrian goddeſs, when he cauſed his excrements to be thrown in her face.

Theſe were royal atheiſts, and nobody durſt controul their impious pranks. The libertines now-a-days are more modeſt and politic; they dare not violate temples, nor profane the altars of the Chriſtians openly, but ſecretly they undermine all religion, and diſpute people out of their faith.

Some of theſe atheiſts maintain the world to be eternal; others hold, that it came by a fortuitous concourſe of atoms, which, after an eternal dance in an infinite ſpace, at laſt jumbled together into that exquiſite order we now behold and contemplate. They profeſs themſelves diſciples of Epicurus, yet wilfully corrupt the doctrines of that virtuous philoſopher, who, though he taught that the ſupreme felicity of man conſiſted in pleaſure, yet never meant that of the body, but the purer joys and tranquillity of the mind, ariſing from a life led according to reaſon; whereas theſe modern Epicureans place their higheſt contentment in the ſatisfaction of their ſenſual appetites; a jolly crew, who number their days by debaucheries, and reckon that hour miſpent wherein they have not drawn ſome line of voluptuouſneſs; and, as if they had conſecrated themſelves to Bacchus and Venus, women and wine divide the moſt important actions of their whole lives.

They are profeſſed enemies to the doctrine of the reſurrection, of good and evil ſpirits, of the day of judgment, of heaven and hell: They eſteem religion only as an invention of politicians to reduce the world under ſome form of government, and ſpare not to call Moſes and Jeſus the ſon of Mary impoſtors, as well as Mahomet our holy lawgiver: They laugh at miracles, and ridicule pro-

phefies; and you had as good talk to them of a man in the moon as of an apparition from the dead.

Thefe fort of libertines are not only to be found in the court of France, but in general all over Europe; the contagion is epidemic, the infection has fpread itfelf through clergy and laity, nobles and vulgar, infomuch as he paffes for a man of no wit who has not a fpice of atheifm.

This will not feem ftrange when thou fhalt know, that even among their muftis themfelves there have been fome Lucians, who eſteemed religion but an old wife's tale, and ufed the moft important articles of their faith but as inftruments of ambition and avarice, to aggrandize themfelves, and fill their coffers. Leo X. a famous Roman pontiff, will be recorded to all pofterity for that farcafm of his on Jefus, the Meffias of the Chriftians, "How much are we enriched by this fable of Chrift!" Indeed, if we reflect well on the maxims and practices of that court, it will not be hard to conclude that gold is the great god of the Romans, and the ultimate object of their adoration, fince that alone can open or fhut heaven and hell, no piety or virtue, no prayers or tears, alms or penances, being available, unlefs made fo by the meritorious adjunct of this powerful metal. Neither need the moft enormous finners defpair of pardon, if they have but Pluto for their proctor, and gold for their apology, there being certain rates fet upon all fins, which, if paid, thofe of the deepeft dye are as readily abfolved as the fmalleft peccadillo.

This fpiritual merchandife of fouls in the fupreme court of Chriftendom has in no fmall degree contributed to the atheifm of the age, while religion is thereby rendered cheap and vile, a mere artifice of government, a ftratagem of the prieſthood to keep fools in awe and fubjection; and therefore, fuch as have a better opinion of themfelves,

and would be thought men of ſenſe, take occaſion to carp at the very fundamental principles of all religion, and to diſpute againſt the being of a God. Rather than tamely couch under the luggage of manifeſt impoſtures, they, like wild colts, throw off the yoke even of natural religion and common morality; and becauſe they have too much ſenſe to be abuſed with religious umbrages, and too little faith to ſwallow all the pious frauds of the church for undoubted oracles of Heaven, they will have no faith at all, nor give any credit to the dictates of correct reaſon, but turning ſceptics in all things, are ſtedfaſt to nothing but the ſatisfaction of their luſts, looking upon it as ill huſbandry of the preſent time to ſquander away the leaſt moment on the thoughts of a future life.

But thou, venerable Hogia, who haſt been preſent at the myſteries of the holy ſepulchre, and kiſſed the floor of Abraham's Oratory, art happy in the poſſeſſion of a blameleſs faith; thou haſt renounced the vain pleaſures of ſenſe, and thy life is one continued ſeries of abſtinence, prayer, faſting, alms, and other good works. Having been bleſſed with frequent viſions of paradiſe, and anticipations of the immortal ſtate, pray that Mahmut may perſevere in the faith of a muſſulman, and the integrity of a loyal ſlave to the Grand Signior.

Paris, 20th of the 12th Moon, of the Year 1644.

XXIX.—*To* Ecri Boysou, *a White Eunuch.*

I CANNOT forget the time ſince thou and I ſat together in the Chiofs at Scutari, and entertained each other with the ſtories of the ancient Greek poets. The proſpect which that gallery afforded renewed our memory of ſeveral nations ſtrife about the birth-place of Homer, and

from thence gave us occaſion to diſcourſe and make compariſons between him and Heſiod, Orpheus, and the reſt of the celebrated poets, philoſophers, and ſages of the Eaſt. I remember we paſſed by degrees from one ſubject to another, till at length we fell upon the tranſlation of their heroes, and the genealogy of their gods. Thou wilt ſay, I have a good memory, ſhould I now rehearſe the ſeries of our converſation on this point; but I will not be ſo troubleſome for the ſake of applauſe. Though I often think over thy ſentiments with infinite delight, yet I will not repeat them here, leſt I tempt thee to throw away my letter before thou haſt half read it; only give me leave to put thee in mind how thou didſt theſt vindicate the infant world for placing thoſe excellent ſouls in heaven who had been illuſtrious benefactors to mankind on earth; and that though after ages fell into the crime of idolatry, by giving divine honours to the firſt inventors of arts and ſciences, and by ſacrificing to the manes of departed heroes, yet it was thy opinion, that thoſe who firſt conſecrated them to immortality, and a fame that ſhould know no end, did but perform the rites of gratitude, execute the dictates of innocent nature, without ever dreaming of the religious ceremonies which their deluded poſterity ſuperinduced.

To do thee juſtice, this was a noble thought, full of humanity, and exactly ſquaring with unbiaſſed reaſon; and I muſt confeſs I owe the frequent cure of my melancholy to the force of this generous ſentiment.

The Chriſtians, eſpecially here in the Weſt, outgo the Jews in the ſuperſtitious narrowneſs of their principles; and as the latter confined ſalvation to the lineage of Jacob, ſo the former reſtrain it to the Latin church. I have often converſed with ſome of their learned dervifes on the theme of the Pagans ſalvation, but can by no ar-

guments beat them off from their inveterate prejudice. They will not allow ſo much as one of the heathens to be ſaved, and but a hundred and forty-four thouſand of the Jews, accounting twelve thouſand of every tribe. This is the ſevere arithmetic of the Weſtern religion, whoſe profeſſors thereby render themſelves greater infidels than thoſe they damn. It is to be hoped there is a larger calculation with God for the number of the bleſſed, or elſe one would think hell would be too populous, and the devil would be forced to make frequent decimations, and ſend colonies abroad, to make room for the ever freſh glut of his new guests.

For my part, who was educated in the impartial rudiments of truth, in the ſerene principles of the Mahometan faith, I believe that there are ſome ſaved of all religions, and that at the day of judgment there ſhall be erected a fourth banner for ſuch to reſort to who never heard of Moſes, Jeſus, or Mahomet. Aſſuredly there is no malice in the Omnipotent, and he will not damn men for their involuntary ignorance of his revealed laws, provided they live up to the genuine dictates of nature and reaſon, which are the trueſt ſtandards of virtue and poſitive religion.

The Chriſtians have a heaven for their ſaints, and a hell for ſinners; in this they agree with the muſſulmans. They have a limbo for infants that die unbaptized, and another for the virtuous Iſraelites who lived before the Meſſias. Their charity had been complete, had they provided a third for juſt and virtuous men of all religions, whom it is too hard to damn on the ſcore of what they know not, ſo long as they unblameably practiſe whatſoever good they know. The chapter of priſons in the Alcoran ſeems to contain a more equal diſtribution of juſtice, when it aſſigns a middle place between para-

diſe and hell to thoſe who have led an indifferent life, equally chequered with virtue and vice. They there ſhall behold the joys of the bleſſed and the torments of the damned, yet ſhall neither taſte of the one, nor feel the other, but paſs their time in a tedious neutrality between the height of bliſs and the depth of miſery.

But what muſſulman will queſtion the ſalvation of the Gentiles, when the Book of Glory itſelf tells us, that Alexander the Great was an holy prophet, and yet we know he neither was of the ſeed of Abraham, nor was he ſo much as circumciſed.

My converſe with the learned derviſes in this city has taught me ſome of their ſchool diſtinctions, among which they uſe a pretty one in the damnation of unbaptized infants, teaching, that ſuch are damned to the pain of loſs, but not to the pain of ſenſe. I am apt to think this diſtinction may very well be adapted to the caſe of many men, who, as their virtues are not of that heroic ſtamp as to carry them directly to paradiſe, ſo neither are their vices of ſo black a tincture as to ſink them immediately to hell. I believe there are proportionate rewards and puniſhments for all ſorts and degrees of virtue and vice, and that the ſouls of the departed are marſhalled and diſpoſed in receptacles agreeable to their proper rank and quality; and if I can but get to Virgil's pleaſant greens and ſhady woods, the fortunate manſions of innocent and juſt men, I will not envy the heroes, nor deſire to be canonized among the gods. Elyſium or paradiſe are much one to me; I ſeek not the name, but the nature of bliſs. Provided I may but gain a place of reſt and refreſhment, and be admitted into agreeable company, I will not complain, nor diſturb the peace of the bleſſed, with an ambitious queſt of the higheſt dignities in hea-

ven, as if a man could not be happy unleſs he be made a viſier of the bench above.

Let thou and I, dear Egri, live in ſuch an exact conformity of manners here, that when we go hence, we may by the Divine Numen be both diſpoſed in the ſame apartment and ſociety, carry our friendſhip along with us to that other world; and let us make a covenant, that whoſoever dies firſt ſhall ſoon appear to the ſurvivor, and give him a true account of his ſtate, if it be in the power of the dead to perform ſuch bargains.

In the mean time, I counſel thee to make much of this preſent life, not by ſordid voluptuouſneſs and vice, from which I know thy natural averſion, but by borrowing from each element an occaſion of improving thy ſcience and virtue. This is the way to be raiſed above the elements, in which at preſent thou art a ſojourner, and to attain thy native ſkies and kindred ſtars, where the renowned poets, philoſophers, lawgivers, and other virtuous men, are gone before us, expect our coming, and are ready to welcome us to the rights of their happy ſociety. Adieu.

Paris, 13th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year 1645.

XXX.—*To the* Selictar Aga, *or Sword-Bearer.*

It is apparent that the ſtates of the world are void of compaſſion, and that they are altogether actuated by a principle of intereſt.

Monſieur la Tuilliere, ambaſſador from France to the King of Denmark, arrived at that court with ſpecious pretexts of mediation, promiſing to do his utmoſt to accommodate the differences between the two crowns of Denmark and Swedeland with all poſſible advantages to

the former; but when the buſineſs came to the trial, when he ſaw King Chriſtian advancing into the field againſt Guſtavus with an army of near twenty thouſand men, which in all likelihood would have given the Swedes occaſion to repent their raſh and unjuſt incurſions, he charmed the good-natured old king with ſuch fair promiſes and ſubtle inſinuations, that he cauſed him to retreat at the moment of giving battle.

In the ſame manner dealt Galaſſo with the king, who did but make a ſhow with his forces, without doing any effectual ſervice; for when he might have compelled the Swediſh general either to fight or retire, he ſuffered him freely to paſs through Holſtein, and return into Germany.

The curious and inquiſitive lay the blame of this treachery on Cardinal Mazarini, whoſe piſtoles, they ſay, had corrupted Galaſſo, and made him run counter to his maſter's inſtructions.

But, in my opinion, this is an unjuſt cenſure of the cardinal, who was afterwards known to be inſtrumental in ſpurring on the Hollanders to compoſe theſe quarrels, which at laſt was accompliſhed by the dexterous mediation of this great miniſter.

I wiſh the differences between our glorious ſultan and the Venetians were as well adjuſted with honour to the Ottoman empire.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1645.

XXXI.—*To the* Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of State.*

The wars of Germany and Swedeland are the principal ſubject of diſcourſe all over Europe, eſpecially in this

court, which has a great intereſt in the good ſucceſs of the Swediſh arms, the houſe of Auſtria being the moſt formidable enemy that France has in the world.

General Torſtenſon marches about like another Scanderbeg, victorious wherever he ſtrikes. It was to his own ruin that Galaſſo ſuffered him to paſs quietly through Holſtein, when, in conjunction with the Däniſh army, he was in a condition to give him battle, or compel him to retire.

No ſooner was Galaſſo ſeparated from the Danes, and encamped near Madgeburgh, but Torſtenſon began to obſerve his motions, and lay down not far from him, between whom there paſſed many ſkirmiſhes, which very much leſſened the German army. Beſides, they were extremely incommoded for want of proviſions, ſo that at his return to Bohemia, he could preſent the emperor with but a few of his men, and give but a ſhallow account of the loſs of the reſt.

In the mean time, Coningſmark and Papenheim, two other Swediſh commanders, are not idle, having taken Staden and Boxtehawdt, with moſt of the other important places in the archbiſhopric of Bremen.

Thus the German affairs decline apace, and the Swedes, who not long ago were obſcure, and ſcarce regarded, begin to make a conſiderable figure in the world.

I ſhall ſend thee a conſtant account of what is moſt remarkable. God augment thy felicity.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1645.

XXXII.—*To* Berber Mustapha, *Aga.*

The bloody battle of Jankow has unperched the imperial eagle, which can no longer endure the ſmoke of Swediſh gunpowder.

The German court is removed in a great fright to Prague in Bohemia, there to curſe the avarice of the ſoldiers, whoſe greedy deſire of the Swediſh prey betrayed the German army to the ſwords of their conquerors.

This battle was fought on the ſixth day of the third moon of this preſent year. Goetz, one of the Imperial generals, was killed in the firſt onſet, which ſo inflamed Baron John de Werdt, that with four thouſand men he brake into the left wing of the Swedes, putting them into an irrecoverable diſorder. The Germans, ſeeing their enemies retreat in much confuſion, fell to plundering the baggage. General Torſtenſon, turning their covetouſneſs to his advantage, lets them alone till they were all entangled and loaden with booty, then ſuddenly falls upon them, and turned the fortune of the day to his own ſide.

There were above three thouſand of the Imperialiſts killed upon the ſpot, and four thouſand taken priſoners, among whom were the Generals Hatsfeldt, Mercy, Broy, Zaradeſkie, and ſeven other principal commanders.

By this fatal ſtroke, the Swedes have opened to themſelves a paſſage into Moravia, Auſtria, and Hungary; ſo that, in time, they may extend their conqueſts even to the confines of the Ottoman empire.

I pray the Great God to continue the wars between theſe infidel nations, that ſo, not attending to the general intereſt of Chriſtendom, but weakening each other, they may at length become a prey to the true believers.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1645.

XXXIII.—*To* Osman Adrooneth, *an Aſtrologer at Scio.*

I know not whether it be an effect of the ſtars, or the ſport of ſpirits, that has happened here lately; whether it proceeds from heaven or hell, nature or magic art, chance or deſtiny; the marks it has left behind are very terrible, and the aſtoniſhment is not yet off from the people's hearts.

Three days ago, I was riding from Paris to Saint Germain en Lay, where the court reſides. When I was got about half way on the road, there aroſe a ſudden blaſt of wind, which ruſhing vehemently among the trees, made an uncouth noiſe, and ſtruck me with ſome ſurpriſe and horror: But my amazement was ſoon increaſed, when I perceived the hedges and trees that grew along the road ſide torn up, and carried away by an inviſible hand. I was afraid my horſe and I ſhould have been taken up for company, for this whirlwind paſſed very near us, twiſting in all that was in its way, and ſwiftly moving in a circular figure, it grew to ſuch a bigneſs, by the continual addition of trees, hedges, ſtones, earth, &c. that it ſeemed like a flying wood.

I tell thee, though I was not without ſome apprehenſion of danger, yet hitherto this was the pleaſanteſt and moſt diverting ſpectacle that ever I ſaw in my life. Trees are a very grateful object on the earth, but they are much more ſo in the air; and eſpecially at that height and diſtance, they affect the eye with unſpeakable delight. I was raviſhed to ſee a moving foreſt almoſt as high as the clouds. The pendulous gardens of Babylon would have appeared but a trifle, in compariſon of this noble ſcene

I followed it with my eye as far as I could, till at

length my ſight was intercepted by a thick ſhower of rain, which drove me into a houſe for ſhelter, where, before I came away, I was informed, that what I eſteemed ſo delightful, proved very tragical to the neighbouring villages. Falling down from that height I left it at, and ſcattering its former load, it fell violently into the groves and orchards, tearing up ſome thouſands of trees by the roots, and carrying them away like chaff in the air, throwing down many hundreds of houſes, removing others from the foundations, and doing the poor huſbandmen ſuch irreparable damages, as the like has not been known in the memory of man.

Common humanity taught me to pity theſe infidels, and the natural principle of ſelf-preſervation made me bleſs myſelf, that I had eſcaped ſo imminent a danger. But tell me, thou who art converſant in the ſecrets of nature, who knoweſt the influences of the ſtars, and the hidden force of the elements, What is the cauſe of theſe wild fits and convulſions of the air? The ſuperſtitious here ſay, the devils are let looſe at ſuch a time from their infernal priſons, to keep a carnival, and play their wanton pranks in open light, there being no holidays in hell. Others believe magicians are at work, and, by the force of ſpells, raiſe hurricanes and ſtorms. But the learned ſay, that theſe are only the effects of nature, proceeding from meteors and exhalations in the air. I, for my part, never puzzle myſelf with a vain ſearch after that which cannot be demonſtrated. If theſe hurricanes be natural, then it is certain, nature does not diſcover her power at all times, nor in the conſtant ſeries of her works, but has her reſerves, and times of ſtate, wherein ſhe diſplays herſelf with greater pageantry to create reſpect, ſince the unthinking part of mankind is ſooner taken with ſuch unuſual events as make a noiſe, than with the ancient

ſtanding miracles of the creation, the ſilent and regular motions, exquiſite order, and never-ceaſing activity of the ſun, moon and ſtars. Thus, we are never ſenſible of the heat that is within us, or the circulation of our blood, becauſe we are always habituated to feel it from our embryo.

I tell thee, ſage Oſman, if I have any dread upon me, it is of earthquakes, becauſe they take from us all ſure footing. From thunder, lightening, and all the ſtorms in open air, Tiberius's remedy may ſecure us; nay, the very beaſts will be our guides to ſome ſafe den or cave; but from an earthquake there is no retreat, that undermines and blows us up without any warning, neither have we time or means to eſcape. This makes me always think I walk upon a cobweb, ſo thin and brittle is this outward cruſt of earth we tread on.

He that founded the earth, and has admirably kneaded this globe together with water, grant us a refuge in time of danger, and an eternal ſanctuary in paradiſe.

Paris, 1ſt of the 2d Moon, of the Year 1645.

XXXIV.—*To the* KAIMACHAM.

I NEED not apologiſe for my long ſilence. Eliachim aſſures me, he has acquainted Nathan Ben Saddi with the occaſion of it, by whom the news of my impriſonment might be tranſmitted to the Sublime Porte. When I was firſt ſeized upon, I had not the liberty to ſend for Eliachim, or ſee any body that I deſired to ſpeak with; but that honeſt Jew ſoon heard the news, and writ to Vienna, to prevent any diſpatches that might come from thence, or from Conſtantinople. He has now fully convinced me of his fidelity, which I ſo long ſuſpected, and

I dare truſt him henceforward with the moſt important concerns of my commiſſion. His ſagacity and conduct in this occurrence is worthy of acknowledgment and reward, having dexterouſly blinded Cardinal Mazarini, who is an Argus, baffled his ſevereſt ſcrutinies, and been highly inſtrumental in procuring me the liberty I now again enjoy.

The Arabian proverb ſays, "The camel that travels often to Mecca, will return lame at laſt." I had, for a long time, eſſayed to penetrate into the drifts of this cardinal, as well as of thoſe of his predeceſſor Richlieu, yet found nothing but riddles. One might as ſoon trace Arethuſa in her wanderings under ground, or purſue a man in the intricate mazes of Dædalus, as diſcover the intrigues of this ſtate-ſerpent. His deſigns are a perfect labyrinth. However, walking one day in one of their churches, I caſt my eye on a ſtone in the pavement, juſt before the image of the Virgin Mary, which, by the perpetual kneeling of many thouſand votaries, was worn away half a cubit. The ſight of this made me conclude, that there is no difficulty ſo great, which, by aſſiduous induſtry and conſtant reſolution, may not be overcome. Cheered with this thought, I determined with myſelf never to faint, or give over my moſt ſtrenuous endeavours to unlock the cabinet of this great miniſter, wherein I knew all the ſecrets of Europe were laid up. I left no ſtone unturned to compaſs my deſign; I haunted the court daily, and followed the cardinal like his ſhadow. I inſinuated with his followers and creatures, flattered the ſoft and ambitious, preſented gifts to the covetous; was merry and frank with ſome, reſerved and grave with others: In fine, I ſo aimed to comport myſelf with every one, that I might win all. At length, knowing that there was a private agent from Prince Ragotſki

come to this court, my zeal for the Grand Signior ſuggeſted to me, that if I could wind myſelf into this man's acquaintance, I ſhould be able to unravel ſome great ſecret, and do an acceptable ſervice to the Ottoman empire.

Opportunities are ſeldom wanting to the watchful and diligent. I had acquaintance enough at the court, and, appearing often in the retinue of Mazarini, and the cardinal ſometimes fingling me out, and diſcourſing with me in the preſence of the Tranſylvanian, this ſtranger took more than ordinary notice of me, which gave me occaſion to addreſs myſelf to him, in hopes to accompliſh my purpoſe. But fate had otherwiſe decreed. The agent remembered my face, and told me in the Sclavonian tongue, that he had ſeen me in the Grand Signior's ſeraglio. It is not hard for thee, illuſtrious Kaimacham, to conceive the diſorder I was in at this challenge. But, reſuming courage, I replied, "That it was poſſible he might have ſeen me there; for I had formerly ſerved a German ambaſſador at the Ottoman court, in quality of ſecretary." He ſeemed ſatisfied with my anſwer, diſſembling his farther thoughts; but, as I afterwards perceived, I owe my confinement to this fatal interview. No doubt but he remarked the particular ſtation I was in at the ſeraglio, when he came thither to negotiate for Prince Ragotſki, in Sultan Amurath's time; for, before I went to bed that night, I was ſent for to Cardinal Mazarini, and ſtrictly examined about my country, my religion, my buſineſs at Paris, and other matters, and was ſent away priſoner to the Baſtile, which was formerly a citadel erected to awe this town, but not being found ſerviceable in that kind, is ſince made a priſon. That which moſt puzzles me is, that I was not confronted face to face with this Tranſylvanian. My confinement was

very cloſe, being denied the uſe of pen, ink and paper, and the acceſs of any of my friends. Indeed, I knew not what uſe to make of thoſe materials, nor durſt I write to any body, leſt I ſhould have brought them into the ſame ſnare, and done myſelf a greater diſſervice. All my comfort was, that I had left no writings in my lodgings which could diſcover the affairs of my commiſſion. It is true, when I was ſearched, they found the Alcoran in my pocket, which gave a mighty jealouſy to the cardinal; but I excuſed it by ſaying, I kept that book that I might not forget my Arabic, in which the cardinal knew I was well ſkilled, having formerly ſeen a tranſlation which I made out of that language for Cardinal Richlieu. Beſides, they found in my chamber, Plutarch's Lives, the Annals of Tacitus, Livy's Roman Hiſtory, a Philoſophical Treatiſe of Averroes, and a ſmall Tract of St. Auguſtine, one of the Chriſtian fathers; which made it appear as reaſonable to conclude me a Pagan or a Chriſtian, for having their books by me, as a Turk for having the Alcoran.

I ſtill perſiſted in aſſerting myſelf to be Titus of Moldavia, and that I was a Chriſtian, (Heaven forgive the perjury)! I had a friar ſent to me, who exhorted me to a confeſſion of my ſins, thinking this way to pump the mighty ſecret from me. But this turned to my advantage, for calling to mind a learned and ingenious friar, with whom I had converſed, and contracted ſome friendſhip, I ſignified my reſolution to confeſs myſelf to him. This is a privilege could not be denied me, it being lawful for every man to chooſe his own confeſſor. The friar was ſent for, and this being the only time I was like to ſpeak to any of my friends without witneſſes, I improved the advantage; and to make my confeſſion ſeem the more ſincere, I accuſed myſelf of what I never

was guilty of, telling him with a well counterfeited ſorrow, that the true reaſon of my abandoning Moldavia, was becauſe I had murdered a near kinſman there. My confeſſion ended, and abſolution granted, the friar embraced me, and told me, that he would do me all the ſervice he could in order to my releaſe. I expreſſed my gratitude in the beſt terms I could, and begged of him to viſit me often, ſince he was the only perſon would be allowed to do me that kind office. I will not detain thee longer, ſage baſſa, in expectation of the iſſue.

This honeſt friar was as good as his word; he was admitted to ſee me almoſt daily without ſuſpicion. I truſted him with Eliachim's acquaintance, which rendered him very ſerviceable, for he often brought me money from the Jew, when he knew not how otherwiſe to convey it to me. In a word, between them both, they ſo wrought on the cardinal, that after ſix moons impriſonment I was releaſed, and am now in more credit than before.

The great God grant, that the malice of the infidels may always turn to the advantage of the true believers; and that from their jealouſies, occaſions may ariſe to promote the intereſt of the Ottoman empire.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1645.

XXXV.—*To the Venerable* MUFTI.

AT length I am releaſed from a tedious impriſonment, the occaſion of which the Kaimacham will acquaint thee with. Had this happened in Spain, my uſage had been much worſe; and for this reaſon, I eſteem France the nobleſt and freeſt kingdom within the pale of the Latin church; that it never would ſubmit to the tyranny of

the inquiſition, which is a kind of eccleſiaſtical divan, or high-court of judicature, where crimes againſt the church and ſtate are tried. It was firſt erected at the inſtance of one Dominick, who for this meritorious project was afterwards canonized a ſaint. The original deſign of it was, to extirpate the Moors and Jews out of Spain and Portugal; but now it is made a trap for all ſtrangers, and eſpecially thoſe they call heretics. Whoſoever falls into it, is commonly fleeced of his eſtate, and not ſeldom chouſed out of his life; for the firſt thing the holy fathers-inquiſitors do, is to make a zealous and devout inſpection into the poſſeſſions of the priſoner. If they find him rich, that is ſufficient to make him criminal; and the good fathers will take a pious care to diſpoſe of his wealth. They have their ſpies in all companies, who inform them of men's words and actions. Theſe hounds are always upon the ſcent, and will ſmell a heretic out if he breathes within the purlieu of their hunt. A man dares not ſay his ſoul is his own in theſe countries, nor claim the privilege to exerciſe his reaſon. The inhabitants live in a moſt abject ſlavery to the prieſthood, and travellers muſt drag the chain, bridle their tongues, and curb their actions, for their own ſecurity. But in France the inquiſition is abhorred, and an immortal averſion conceived againſt the tyranny and cruel practices of the Spaniards. The people are of more generous tempers, the laws are not ſo rigorous, and yet they come far ſhort of the juſtice of the Ottoman empire. Though my confinement was tedious, yet it was tolerable, and if I could not be happy in a priſon, ſo neither was I properly miſerable.

When evil ſurpriſes us, we commonly affright ourſelves, by beholding it in its groſs bulk; our ſcattered ſpirits are aſtoniſhed at an infinite bugbear; whereas,

if we take a more particular ſurvey of the dreadful object, anatomize and view it piece by piece, we find, that the greateſt part of what ſo diſmayed us, had no other exiſtence than in our own imaginations. Thus when I was firſt ſeized by Cardinal Mazarini's order, I preſaged to myſelf no leſs than inſufferable tortures, an ignominious death, and (which affected me with the moſt ſenſible grief), the diſcovery of my commiſſion, and the affairs of the Sublime Porte. When I firſt entered the priſon, I bid adieu to all joy and comfort in this life, and thought of nothing but preparing myſelf for that other world, where I hoped to be renewed again to immenſe pleaſures, the delights of paradiſe, as a reward of my ſufferings for that law, which was brought down from heaven by the angel Gabriel.

Theſe were my firſt thoughts in priſon; but when ſleep had compoſed my ſpirits, and time had rendered me more familiar with the place of my reſtraint, I began to think it was not impoſſible to live, and even to regain my liberty. However I reſolved to alleviate the cauſe of my reſtraint, by contracting my deſires within a narrower compaſs, and circumſcribing my wiſhes within thoſe walls which confined my body. I framed to myſelf felicities out of the contemplation of my miſery, and by conſidering what I enjoyed, I pacified my diſcontent for what I wanted. I was not ſo cloſe ſhut up, but that I could at pleaſure let in freſh air, and take a proſpect of the city and adjacent fields at my window. This made me reliſh my priſon with ſome degree of content. The want which moſt afflicted me, was that of fountain water, which I durſt not ſo much as aſk for in ſuch quantities as are requiſite to the cleanneſs of a muſſulman, leſt I ſhould have confirmed them in the ſuſpicion which was the occaſion of my impriſonment; for I was ſure my actions would be narrowly obſerved.

The ſame caution made me not refuſe to eat of ſwines fleſh, and drink freely of wine, when once invited to the governor's table. It is true, I had great ſcruples and fears upon me; but I comforted myſelf with thoſe paſſages in the Alcoran, which ſeem to indulge us this liberty in caſe of neceſſity, by aſſuring us, that God is the merciful of the merciful, and that he requires not unreaſonable performances of his creatures: otherwiſe I ſhould have thought every morſel I ſwallowed of that execrable meat would have chocked me, and every draught of wine have been my poiſon. Tell me, great oracle of truth, whether in this I have not ſinned? I think myſelf not innocent, till thou haſt pronounced me ſo. However, this frankneſs in eating and drinking with the Chriſtians, without the leaſt reſerve or niceneſs, contributed ſomething to their better opinion of me. Men are generally ſo wedded to their own cuſtoms, that he looks like a monſter who thwarts them, and does not comply with the preſent mode. And the French have a proverb, "That when a man is at Rome, he muſt live like the Romans."

I believe I was invited to this collation in order to a diſcovery, and had I refuſed to eat and drink what was before me, it had, no doubt, been a convincing argument to theſe infidels, that I was a muſſulman.

If I have ſinned in this point, I humbly crave thy abſolution and prayers: but if I have done well, inform me, that ſo I may have peace of conſcience.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1641.

XXXVI.—*To* MEHMET, *an Eunuch Page in the Seraglio.*

THOU haſt long ago heard of my impriſonment at Paris, let not the news of my releaſe be unwelcome to thee. If thou didſt then ſympathiſe with my ſufferings, now take a ſhare in my joy. I believe thou haſt friendſhip enough to do both; and I am willing thou ſhouldſt divide the one with me as well as the other.

I will not therefore make thee melancholy with a rehearſal of my fears and apprehenſions, my wants and diſcontents, with other doleful circumſtances of a priſon. I am now at liberty, let ſadneſs vaniſh. Yet I have not ſo forgot my late grief, as to be now exceſſive in my joy, ſince I am liable to the ſame, or a worſe diſaſter again. It is never good to be ſecure, while we are ignorant what is the next potion that fate is tempering for us. Moderation keeps a man upon his guard; and if any ſtroke of misfortune be aimed at him, he is aware of the blow, and ſo can either dexterouſly ward it off, or at leaſt take honourable quarter; whereas he that ſuffers himſelf to be diſſolved, and his mind unbent with proſperity, is taken captive by evil, without being able to make any eaſy conditions for himſelf. I love to have my eyes open, and to look round the whole horizon of contingencies: I watch for the very poſſibilities of misfortune, that ſo I may not be catched napping by a calamity, but be always in a ſtate to fence, or make compoſition.

I will now tell thee with more freedom than I did the mufti, what happened to me during my impriſonment. The governor of the citadel where I was confined, invited me one day to a banquet. I need not give thee

an inventory of the various diſhes with which his table was furniſhed: Our entertainment was generous, he regaled me beyond the expectation of a priſoner; and had there not been a deſign it, I ſhould have admired the bounty of this infidel. But his treat was a ſnare, and contrived for a teſt of my religion, whether I was a diſciple of Mahomet or Jeſus? Thou knoweſt the Chriſtian's eat ſwines fleſh, and drink wine, which the muſſulmans have in abomination. We had plenty of both at this feaſt, and I durſt not be ſqueamiſh at either. I tell thee, though I ate of the one with little pleaſure, yet I drank of the other without any diſguſt. Theſe Nazarenes imitate the ancient Grecians at their banquets, in drinking of healths to ſuch as they moſt eſteem. The governor plied me with glaſſes, and I quaffed liberally. Policy and ſelf-preſervation taught me to begin the debauch; and the charms of that tempting liquor would not ſuffer me to ſhrink to the end. The wines of France are very delicate, and we had choice of the beſt. The pleaſure I enjoyed at this banquet, had almoſt reconciled me to the diſciples of Hali; and I could have wiſhed our Prophet had been in a better humour, when he forbid us the juice of the grape. He promiſes us rivers of wine in paradiſe, and while I was in my cups, I thought he might connive at us for taking a glaſs or two ſometimes on earth. If thou haſt not yet taſted this enchanting liquor, I wiſh thee to abſtain as long as thou liveſt; for otherwiſe thou wilt find it very difficult to overcome the deſires of it, or to live without it. For my part, I greedily longed for it before ever I taſted it, becauſe it was forbid: And now I have often had my fill of it, my appetite is increaſed. The more I drink, the greater is my thirſt after it, which is never like to be quenched, till I ſhall drink at the original fountains of wine in paradiſe.

I do not think it is ſo great a ſin as our doctors would make us believe; ſince the divine lawgiver preſcribes abſtinence from wine, rather as a counſel than a command. If thou art of another opinion, I cenſure thee not. The late Sultan Amurath was of my mind; and many grandees at the Porte count it no hereſy. All the danger lies in the exceſs. I am no advocate for drunkards.

Let theſe things be ſpoken like words in a dream, which cannot be remembered again. Thou haſt prudence enough to take care, that this letter fall not into the hands of ſuch as ſhall diſpoſe of it in the wall of the Hazoda. It is evident that I love thee, in that I thus frankly diſcloſe ſuch paſſages as I would not have others be privy to.

After all, I declare I ſhould eſteem myſelf much more happy, might I exchange Paris for Conſtantinople, and the moſt delicious wines of Europe, for the wholeſome ſherbets of Aſia.

May Heaven fulfil my deſire to ſee thee once again, with the reſt of my friends at the ſeraglio. Continue thy affection to Mahmut, who loves his friends without hypocriſy. Adieu.

Paris, 24th of the 7th Moon, of the Year 1645,
According to the Chriſtian Style.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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